



# MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE

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FOR THE USE OF THE

*HIGHER CLASSES IN INDIAN SCHOOLS*

BY

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## PREFACE.

MOST of the higher reading-books in English Literature that have hitherto been used in our Indian Schools, having been originally compiled for the use of English boys, are in many ways unsuited to the capacities and tastes of Indian students, whilst some of those compiled in this country, having been restricted (by the laws of copyright and by other causes) to the earlier portion of Modern English Literature, have become more or less obsolete. The book of 'Selections' which is now offered to the public represents an attempt to meet the want here indicated,—the want of a reading-book which, whilst it offers to Indian students the best models of a pure and simple style in an interesting and instructive form, contains nothing that is not 'within easy range of their comprehension and ordinary experience.' I have selected every passage with the utmost care, always keeping these points in view. I have endeavoured to make each extract complete in itself, and to take care that all are of a nature likely to interest young Indian students, to give them a fair idea of the style of the authors quoted, and to teach them to write and speak good English. The poetical extracts, which are neither numerous nor long, are all as simple and easy as possible. No author has been used of an age earlier than that of Addison, and no poet earlier than Goldsmith, and I have been able, by the courtesy of many distinguished living writers, and of several great publishing firms, to give more than usual prominence to the writings of the present day and of the present century.

It is believed that a style formed by the study of Addison and Goldsmith may be improved and modernised by the study of easy specimens of later writers—of De Quincey and Charles Lamb, of Kingsley, Freeman, Matthew Arnold, and others. The comparative difficulty of the English of the present day to Indian students has made the task of selection in many cases a very laborious one, but my toil will be more than repaid if it result in the wider diffusion amongst the educated youth of



India of an intelligent acquaintance, however slight, with the works of the best modern authors

I have to acknowledge my deep obligations to the great living writers who have permitted me to make extracts from their works, many of whom express very kind sympathy with this attempt of mine, and the warmest interest in everything connected with Indian education. To Dr Freeman especially, to Professor Max Müller, to Canon Kingsley, to Mr Froude, and to Mr Matthew Arnold, I am particularly indebted, also to Mr Newman, Mr Tennyson, Mr Robert Browning, Mr Smiles, Sir Arthur Helps, and Mr W G Palgrave. I have to thank Mr Charles Dickens for permission to use the works of his late distinguished father, and Mr Browning for a similar permission with regard to the writings of the late Mrs Barrett Browning. I have received no less courtesy from the great English and Scotch publishing firms, to whom—to Messrs Macmillan, to Mr John Murray, to Messrs Strahan, to Messrs Chapman and Hall, to Messrs Smith, Elder, and Co, to Messrs Blackwood and Sons, and to Messrs A and C Black—I beg to offer my cordial thanks for their several permissions to use the copyright works (under their control) of Kingsley, Freeman, Heber, Tennyson, Dickens, Alison, Thackeray, and De Quincey.

I venture to believe that the introduction of numerous Indian scenes and Oriental stories will prove a valuable feature of this little collection, for the right to use these, I have to offer my best thanks to Major Osborn, to Dr Hunter, to Mr Talboys Wheeler, and to Mr Griffith.

Finally, I wish to express my appreciation of the kind help I have received from many distinguished Native scholars in making these selections. Professors Peary Churn Sircar and Mohesh Chunder Banerjea, of the Presidency College, Bâbu Prasanna Kumâri Sarvâdhikâri, Principal of the Sanskrit College, Bâbu Bholanauth Paul, Head Master of the Hindu School, and Bâbu Grish Chunder Deb, Head Master of the Hare School—have all favoured me by looking through most of the proof sheets, and I have made a good many alterations and additions in accordance with their advice.

R. L.

# INTRODUCTION.

BY THE EDITOR

## *On the Study of English Literature in Indian Schools*

THE study of English literature occupies a large portion of the time of boys in the higher classes of nearly all Indian schools of the upper grade. The objects aimed at in this course of study are manifold, but of these, by far the most important is that of teaching the boys to understand and write good English. It must of course be remembered that there are other ends also to be attained, which must not be lost sight of: first, that of conveying to the minds of the youth of India those valuable lessons of truth and morality which adorn the pages of the greatest English writers, secondly, that of giving them useful information about the world in which we live, and about the common things of every-day life, without which information no boy can be said to be *educated*, thirdly, that of instructing them in the wonders of modern Science, which can as yet be learnt only in the languages of Europe, and lastly, that of enabling them to appreciate and to enjoy the beauties of Literature, which is one of the highest and purest and most ennobling pleasures of which the human mind is capable. But, after all, these are only the secondary aims of the instruction in English literature that is given in Indian schools, and they will be attained most easily and most thoroughly in the long run, if the attention of the boys during the greater portion of their school-course be directed mainly to the great object of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the language itself in its best form.

A thorough knowledge of a language implies two things—*first*, the possession of a large vocabulary in that language—that is, the knowledge of the meanings and uses of such a large number of words as may be sufficient to convey all possible forms of thought, and *secondly*, a familiarity with the idiom of that language—that is, a knowledge of the various ways in which the words should be combined, in order to express correctly and adequately the sentiments which are intended to be conveyed. A large English vocabulary can only be

obtained by the careful and intelligent reading, repeated over and over again, of the works of a considerable number of the best English writers on various subjects, and an accurate knowledge of the idiom of the language, though it may be partially learnt from grammars, can only be thoroughly acquired by the same laborious process

As soon as an Indian boy has learnt the English letters, he is usually set to read easy words and simple sentences from a 'Primer,' and if the exact meaning of each word, and the general meaning of each sentence, be fully and clearly explained to him in his mother-tongue, he will in this way at once begin to acquire a stock of English words. The character of the boy's future knowledge, in point of accuracy and thoroughness, will much depend on the care and labour which may be bestowed on these early lessons. Every word, with its meaning in the vernacular, should be learnt by heart and frequently repeated to the master, and should be written out again and again, as soon as the boy can write the English character. Almost simultaneously with these simple reading-lessons, it is well to accustom the learner to the elementary rules of grammar, which, like the reading-lessons, should be copiously explained in the vernacular, and both rules and explanations should be written out and committed to memory. It may be noticed here that those Primers are the best in which both words and phrases are taken from the works of standard authors, and it would be well if the explanations given to boys, even in their earliest lessons, were framed so as to correspond exactly to the sense in which the particular words or phrases are used by those authors.

The system, thus briefly sketched, should be rigorously followed out in every part of the school-boy's course, its details will of course require to be modified and developed in the various stages of that course. But throughout, the boy's reading should be confined as much as possible to the works of the great masters of English prose and English poetry, or at any rate to the writings of authors whose style is formed upon these models. At an early period in the boy's school-life he should daily learn by heart a short extract from Addison, Goldsmith, or Cowper. These repetition-lessons will take the place of the 'words and meanings' learnt by heart at the earliest stage, and as time goes on, a wider range of more modern and more difficult authors may be selected. Poetical extracts are especially useful for this purpose, for the exact words and phrases are more easily retained in the memory when they are in a metrical form, and a judiciously graduated series of easy selections—

beginning with Goldsmith and Cowper, passing on to Scott and Wordsworth, and ending with Tennyson and Browning — will teach the learner as much good English of the present day as the same quantity of the best prose, and will not strain the memory so severely. The grammar lessons commenced in the lower classes are of course continued and extended in the higher. The learner now has this advantage, that he can illustrate the meaning of each rule by instances drawn from his reading-book, and the master can show his pupils that every sentence of Addison's *Essays*, every line of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, may be thus used as examples of grammatical construction.

The use of written exercises should be largely extended in the middle and higher portions of the school course. The kind of exercise which is most useful in the formation of a good style is probably that which is called 'translation and retranslation'. The master gives his pupils a short extract from a great English author to be translated into their vernacular language, and when this is done, the original is taken away, and the pupils are directed to retranslate their exercise into English. By this method the boys are insensibly led to adopt the best models for their English composition, and the connection between the vernacular and the English phrases and forms of construction, having been impressed on their minds from two different points of view, is likely to be thoroughly mastered. Every boy ought to be accustomed to work of this kind for some years, before he is allowed to attempt any original English composition.

The question has often been asked, Whose writings furnish the best model of English style that can be recommended to Indian students? The inquiry is a very important one, and especially so to those who have to direct the English teaching of the boys in our Indian schools, for experience teaches that an inaccurate or inelegant style acquired in early youth is seldom, perhaps never, got rid of in later life. And yet it is probable that the question has never been satisfactorily answered, and indeed the only possible answer, that would be likely to meet with the approval of all competent judges, would be a negative one—showing what books or kinds of books should not be studied by the young student. The fact is, it is practically impossible to form a good style on the model of any one author, or even on the model of the writings of any one period. The beauties of the original style are nearly always exaggerated into blemishes, and its distinctive features at the best are apt to become offensive mannerisms in the process of imitation. If the student's

reading be, too exclusively confined to the classical English of the age of Addison, his style almost invariably becomes archaic. The dignified eloquence and the rounded and somewhat pompous sentences of Johnson naturally degenerate, when copied by any but the greatest masters of composition, into bombastic and ridiculous nonsense. On the other hand, the very terseness and vigour of the best recent authors render them obscure and difficult to Indian students, just as the English school-boy finds the Latin of Tacitus far harder and more unmanageable than that of Livy. The prose of Addison and Goldsmith, of Robertson and Paley, is not, as a rule, so concise as that of the greatest authors of the present century, and it certainly does not furnish so valuable a model for direct imitation, to those who wish to write good English of the present day, but perhaps for the very reason that it is not so concise, it is far more readily and thoroughly grasped, in all its fulness of meaning, by the young learner. The almost flouid beauty of De Quincey—the easy and careless grace of Charles Lamb—the half-tender, half-cynical humour of Thackeray—the artistic elegance of Ruskin—the gentle earnestness of John Henry Newman—the fervid eloquence of Floude—the exquisite refinement of Matthew Arnold, all present difficulties of style to the young Indian student, which he will not find in the writings of the later years of the eighteenth century. Of all great living authors, it seems probable that Kingsley and Freeman are almost the only two whose writings are generally readily understood by the boys of our Indian schools. Even in these two cases, the unknown and foreign scenes so frequently depicted by the former, and the abstruse or at least unfamiliar nature of the historical discussions of the latter, render them difficult, and make it impossible for Indian boys to study any one of the works of either author, as a whole, until a later period than even the most advanced stage of their school course. When we turn to poetry, the case is even stronger, and it will be obvious to everyone competent to form an opinion on the subject, that the dreamy and generally archaic splendour of Tennyson, and the grand philosophical refinements and abstractions of Browning, must generally be lost upon the minds of the youth of India—who nevertheless can take an honest and intelligent pleasure in the unadorned simplicity of Goldsmith and the graceful tenderness of Cowper.

It was asserted above that the writings of the eighteenth century do not furnish so valuable a model for *direct* imitation to those who wish to write good English of the present day, as the writings of more recent authors, and this appears to be an

obvious truth. The language has changed with the age, and if any living author were to publish an English style of Johnson, or even of Addison, he would only be ~~laughed~~ <sup>laughed</sup> at for his pains. Here then, appears the dilemma which confronts the teacher who wishes to offer to his pupils suitable models of English composition. The style of the eighteenth century is antiquated and modern imitations of it are ridiculous, whilst the style of the nineteenth century is difficult from a multiplicity of causes, and therefore hardly capable of being successfully imitated by a very young foreigner. It seems unbecomingly unjust to teach boys a great deal of Johnson, and then to laugh at them because they write pompously, on the other hand, for the reasons mentioned, it is impossible to teach boys to write the English of Freeman or Froude—or indeed any good English—by accustoming them only to the works of these recent authors.

The following suggestions are offered as an attempt to point out the true and satisfactory solution of this difficulty, which, it is believed, may possibly be found in a judicious combination of the earlier and the more recent English literature in our higher school course. Let the boys, at a comparatively early period—say, some three or four years before the time at which most of them hope to exchange school for college—commence the systematic study of such a combination, with especial reference to the formation of a good style, and it will be the duty of the master to arrange the course in such a way as may best effect this object. At first, the boys' reading will chiefly consist of the clear and easy writings of the earlier authors, and therein will be directed to selected passages having a general application, and not suited only to the circumstances of any one age or nation. For instance, the easiest of the moral and philosophical essays of Addison and Goldsmith, and their observations on common scenes and objects, will be preferred to social scenes which can only be thoroughly understood by one who has been brought up in the midst of European society. Similarly passages which are full of classical allusions taken from Greek and Roman history and mythology, or from modern European history, will be avoided during the early stage of the boys' reading, though it must be remembered that English literature is so saturated with such ideas that it will be necessary for the learner, at a somewhat later stage, to be taught to grapple with them. Of all Johnson's works, *Rasselas* is perhaps the best suited, both in subject and in style, to the capacities of the learner at this early period of his studies, for the subject is interesting and amusing

in itself, and may be made highly instructive, whilst the style is more simple and less pompous than that of most other works by the same author, and possesses in a high degree the cleanliness and fulness always characteristic of his writings. Simultaneously, or nearly so, with these easy lessons may be read some extracts, selected for their extreme simplicity, from a few modern authors, especially from those works written particularly for children. The delightful account of the phenomena of earthquakes, from the Rev Canon Kingsley's *Madame How and Lady Why*, the introductory sections of general Aryan history from Mr Freeman's *Sketch of European History*, some simple extracts from the late Mr Dickens' *Child's History of England*, may well be introduced into the course at this point.

Some clever and observant Bengal schoolmasters have noticed that their pupils readily take to, and understand, English accounts of Indian scenes and Indian stories, at a very early stage of their English reading. This is quite natural, for the boys' own experience, and the traditions of their homes, supplement their scanty knowledge of the language, and help them to understand words and phrases which might otherwise be meaningless to them. This fact will not be lost sight of in the course we are supposing, and passages from Heber's *Indian Journal*, and from the writings of well-known living Anglo-Indian authors, may well be given to Indian students at an earlier age than that at which they will be fit to read passages of like difficulty, referring only to foreign scenes. The great advantage of this reading will be that, combined with the study of Kingsley and Freeman above recommended, it will early serve to *modernise* the style of the learner, which might otherwise become so closely moulded on that of the eighteenth century writers as to be incapable of receiving a more modern form at a later stage.

It appears unnecessary to describe the proposed course in all its further details. The selections given in the following pages indicate its extent and scope, and from the point at which we have arrived above, the future reading of the learner will be arranged almost (if not exactly) in chronological order, passing from the earlier writers to the later. The course in poetry should be arranged so that the poets and the prose writers of the same age may be read together. It has already been pointed out that one of the best uses to which poetical extracts can be put, in such a course as that which is now proposed, is to serve as daily repetition-lessons.

A few words have been prefixed to the extracts from each author, giving his date, the names of his most important or

most widely-read works, and (in many cases) the characteristic features of his style. It is hoped that these remarks may be of value to the learners, as giving them some slight acquaintance with the history and general character of the best modern English literature, and also to the masters, as serving the purpose of an index or guide-post to aid them in arranging the course so as to suit the capacities of their pupils. For instance, in the short notice prefixed to an extract from Paley, attention has been particularly directed to the fact that, amongst all our great prose writers, the style of Paley is that which is most free from ornamental digression and allusion. A judicious teacher will at once infer that such a style, being at the same time eminently pure and forcible, is peculiarly useful as a model by which to correct that tendency to a florid and discursive style, which is often observed in young writers of this country. In those cases in which an author's style (though generally good and worthy of imitation) is marred by any defect or mannerism which ought to be avoided, or is marked by any peculiarity difficult of imitation, it is advisable for the master to explain clearly the nature of the defect or the peculiarity to his pupils, before commencing the study of that author. Thus, he may with advantage point out to them that the solemnity of Johnson may easily degenerate into bombast, that the familiarity and ease of Lamb may degenerate into flippancy, and so on with other writers. In those cases in which the mannerism is excessive, and is generally found to be very contagious—as for instance in the case of Macaulay—it is probable that no beauty of language or general elegance of style will atone for the defect, from an educational point of view, and it is perhaps best to postpone the reading of such authors until a later period of the student's life than that which is usually passed at school.

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# SELECTIONS

FROM

## MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### PART I—PROSE

JOSEPH ADDISON,

BORN 1672, DIED 1719,

Is chiefly famous as an Essayist, though he was also a poet of considerable merit. He gained great popularity, and also the favour of the Government, by writing a poem, called *The Campaign*, in honour of the successes gained by the great general Marlborough. At a later period, in 1713, he published the tragedy of *Cato*, and these two are his best-known poetical performances. But his literary reputation mainly rests on the Essays which he contributed to the periodicals called the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*. These Essays treat of a vast number of different subjects, and are distinguished by the remarkable clearness of their style, and the appropriateness of the language to the sentiments. Addison's prose is always elegant and idiomatic.

He was also a successful politician. He held successively the important posts of Under Secretary of State, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Secretary of State.

#### *Time*

WE all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith *Seneca*, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble Philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar to his writings.

I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we

seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad in most parts of our lives that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands, nay, we wish away whole years and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it //

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not, however, include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action, and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow

The first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptation of the word. That particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man in business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party, of doing justice to the character of a deserving man, of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced, which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

There is another kind of ~~virtue~~ <sup>employment</sup> that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation, I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the Divine Presence keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most unactive. He no sooner steps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that Presence which everywhere surrounds him, or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its existence.

I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do, but if we consider further, that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage? But because the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

*3. method* The next method therefore that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine, but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a

man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short?

The *Stage* might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations

But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavour after a more general conversation with such as are able to entertain and improve those with whom they converse, which are qualifications that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful employments of life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all occasions have recourse to something, rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

A man that has a taste of music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense, when compared with such as have no relish of those arts. The florist, the planter, the gardener, the husbandman, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country-life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

But of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces as the reading of useful and entertaining authors. But this I shall only touch upon, because it in some measure interferes with the third method, which I shall propose in another paper, for the employment of our dead unactive hours, and which I shall only mention in general to be the pursuit of knowledge — *Spectator*, No 93

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### *The Same*

THE last method which I proposed in my *Saturday's* Paper, for filling up those empty spaces of life which are so tedious and burdensome to idle people, is the employing ourselves in the pursuit of knowledge. I remember Mr *Boyle*, speaking of a certain mineral, tells us, that a man may consume his

whole life in the study of it, without arriving at the knowledge of all its qualities. The truth of it is, there is not a single science, or any branch of it, that might not furnish a man with business for life, though it were much longer than it is.

I shall not here engage on these beaten subjects of the usefulness of knowledge, nor of the pleasure and perfection it gives the mind, nor on the methods of attaining it, nor recommend any particular branch of it, all which have been the topics of many other writers, but shall indulge myself in a speculation that is more uncommon, and may therefore perhaps be more entertaining.

I have before shown how the unemployed parts of life appear long and tedious, and shall here endeavour to show how those parts of life which are exercised in study, reading, and the pursuits of knowledge, are long but not tedious, and by that means discover a method of lengthening our lives, and at the same time of turning all the parts of them to our advantage.

Mr *Locke* observes, 'That we get the idea of time, or duration, by reflecting on that train of ideas which succeed one another in our minds that for this reason, when we sleep soundly without dreaming, we have no perception of time, or the length of it whilst we sleep, and that the moment wherein we leave off to think, till the moment we begin to think again, seems to have no distance' To which the author adds, 'And so I doubt not but it would be to a waking man, if it were possible for him to keep only one *idea* in his mind, without variation, and the succession of others and we see, *Ch* that one who fixes his thoughts very intently on one thing, so as to take but little notice of the succession of *ideas* that pass in his mind whilst he is taken up with that earnest contemplation, lets slip out of his account a good part of that duration, and thinks that time shorter than it is.'

We might carry this thought further, and consider a man as, on one side, shortening his time by thinking on nothing, or but a few things, so, on the other, as lengthening it, by employing his thoughts on many subjects, or by entertaining a quick and constant succession of ideas. Accordingly Monsieur *Mallebranche*, in his *Enquiry after Truth*, (which was published several years before Mr *Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding*) tells us, that it is possible some creatures may think half an hour as long as we do a thousand years, or look upon that space of duration which we call a minute, as an hour, a week, a month, or a whole age.

This notion of *Monsieur Mallebranche* is capable of some little explanation from what I have quoted out of Mr *Locke*, for if our notion of time is produced by our reflecting on the succession of ideas in our mind, and this succession may be infinitely accelerated or retarded, it will follow, that different beings may have different notions of the same parts of duration, according as their ideas, which we suppose are equally distinct in each of them, follow one another in a greater or less degree of rapidity

There is a famous passage in the *Alcoran*, which looks as if *Mahomet* had been possessed of the notion we are now speaking of. It is there said, that the Angel *Gabriel* took *Mahomet* out of his bed one morning to give him a sight of all things in the seven heavens, in Paradise, and in Hell, which the Prophet took a distinct view of, and after having held ninety thousand conferences with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this, says the *Alcoran*, was transacted in so small a space of time, that *Mahomet* at his return found his bed still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher, which was thrown down at the very instant that the Angel *Gabriel* carried him away, before the water was all spilt.

There is a very pretty story in the *Turkish Tales*, which bears some affinity to the subject we are now upon. A Sultan of Egypt, who was an Infidel, used to laugh at this circumstance in *Mahomet's* life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd, but conversing one day with a great Doctor in the Law, who had the gift of working miracles, the Doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the truth of this passage in the history of *Mahomet*, if he would consent to do what he should desire of him. Upon this the Sultan was directed to place himself by a huge tub of water, which he did accordingly, and as he stood by the tub amidst a circle of his great men, the holy man bid him plunge his head into the water, and draw it up again. The King accordingly thrust his head into the water, and at the same time found himself at the foot of a mountain on the sea-shore. The King immediately began to rage against his Doctor for this piece of treachery and witchcraft, but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper methods for getting a livelihood in this strange country. Accordingly he applied himself to some people whom he saw at work in a neighbouring wood. These people conducted him to a town that stood at a little distance from the wood, where, after some adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune. He lived with this woman so long, till he had by

her seven sons and seven daughters. He was afterwards reduced to great want, and forced to think of plying in the streets as a porter for his livelihood. One day as he was walking alone by the sea-side being seized with many melancholy reflections upon his former and his present state of life which had raised a fit of devotion in him he threw off his clothes with a design to wash himself according to the custom of the *Mahometans*, before he said his prayers.

After his first plunge into the sea he no sooner raised his head above the water but he found himself standing by the side of the tub, with the great men of the court about him and the holy men at his side. He immediately upbraided his teacher for having sent him on such a course of adventures and betrayed him into so long a state of misery and servitude, but was wonderfully surprised when he heard that the state he talked of was only a dream and delusion, that he had not stirred from the place where he then stood, and that he had only dipped his head into the water and immediately taken it out again.

The Mahometan Doctor took this occasion of instructing the Sultan, that nothing was impossible with God and that He, with whom a thousand years are but as one day, can, if He pleases, make a single day, nay a single moment, appear to any of His creatures as a thousand years.

I shall leave my reader to compare these eastern fables with the notions of those two great philosophers whom I have quoted in this paper, and shall only, by way of application, desire him to consider how we may extend life beyond its natural dimensions, by applying ourselves diligently to the pursuits of knowledge.

The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions. The time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thought, or, in other words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

How different is the view of past life in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly! The latter is like the owner of a barren country, that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental, the other beholds a beautiful and spacious landscape divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields, and can scarce cast his eye on a single spot of his



possessions, that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower — *Spectator*, No 94

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### *The Soul*

THE course of my last speculation led me insensibly into a subject upon which I always meditate with great delight, I mean the Immortality of the Soul. I was yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that establish this great point, which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret joys that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs, drawn —

*First*, from the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality, which, though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

*Secondly*, from its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that secret satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

*Thirdly*, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity are all concerned in this great point.

But among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it, which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass. In a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of, and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of further enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we

believe a thinking being that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of His infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her enquiries?

A man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted?—capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity, that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer, to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all

envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That Cherub which now appears as a God to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is, nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being, but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection? We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it, and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection but of happiness!—*Spectator*, No 111

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### *Instinct of Brutes*

My friend Sir Roger is very often merry with me upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry, he has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's nest, and several times sitting an hour or two together near a hen and chickens. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every fowl about his house, calls such a particular cock my favourite, and frequently complains that his ducks and geese have more of my company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country-life, and as my reading has very much lain among books of Natural History, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation. the arguments for Providence drawn from the Natural History of animals being in my opinion demonstrative.

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind, and yet there is not the least turn in the

muscles or twist in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life than any other cast or texture of them would have been

It is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descend from the parent to the young, so far as it is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as insects and several kinds of fish. Others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposit them in, and there leave them, as the serpent, the crocodile, and ostrich. Others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, till it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all of the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be *Imitation*, for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It cannot be *Reason*, for were animals indued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniences that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable, that the same temper of weather, which raises this genial warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves and the fields with grass for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?

Is it not wonderful, that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

The violence of this natural love is exemplified by a very barbarous experiment, which I shall quote at length, as I find it in an excellent author, and hope my readers will pardon the mentioning such an instance of cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually shew the strength of that principle in animals of which I am here speaking. 'A person who was well skilled in dissection opened a bitch, and as she lay in the most exquisite tortures, offered her one of her young puppies, which she immediately fell a licking, and for the time seemed insensible of her own pain. On the removal, she kept her eye fixt on it, and began a wailing sort of cry, which seemed rather to proceed from the loss of her young one, than the sense of her own torments.'

But notwithstanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent than it is useful to the young for so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves and what is a very remarkable circumstance in this part of instinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it, as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities

This natural love is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species Nor indeed in reasonable creatures does it arise in any proportion, as it spreads itself downwards, for in all family affection, we find protection granted and favours bestowed are greater motives to love and tenderness, than safety, benefits, or life received

One would wonder to hear sceptical men disputing for the reason of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty

Reason shews itself in all occurrences of life, whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but in what immediately regards his own preservation, or the continuance of his species Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men, but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding To use an instance that comes often under observation

With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance! When she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently that all parts may partake of the vital warmth! When she leaves them to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal! In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together, but in winter, when the rigour of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her

#### ADDISON.

attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison? Not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself, nor to mention her forsaking the nest, if after the usual time of reckoning the young one does not make its appearance. A chemical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence, than is seen in the hatching of a chick, though there are many other birds that shew an infinitely greater sagacity in all the forementioned particulars.

But at the same time the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity, (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species), considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner. She is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays. She does not distinguish between her own and those of another species, and when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, any thing more mysterious in nature than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but, according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers, in an immediate impression from the first mover, and the divine energy acting in the creatures.—*Spectator*, No 120

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#### *The Same*

As I was walking this morning in the great yard that belongs to my friend's country-house, I was wonderfully pleased to see the different workings of instinct in a hen followed by a brood of ducks. The young, upon the sight of a pond, immediately ran into it, while the stepmother, with all imaginable anxiety, hovered about the borders of it, to

call them out of an element that appeared to her so dangerous and destructive. As the different principle which acted in these different animals cannot be termed reason, so when we call it *Instinct*, we mean something we have no knowledge of. To me, as I hinted in my last paper, it seems the immediate direction of Providence, and such an operation of the Supreme Being, as that which determines all the portions of matter to their proper centres. A modern philosopher quoted by Monsieur Bayle in his learned Dissertation on the Souls of Brutes, delivers the same opinion, though in a bolder form of words, where he says, 'God Himself is the Soul of Brutes.' Who can tell what to call that seeming sagacity in animals, which directs them to such food as is proper for them, and makes them naturally avoid whatever is noxious or unwholesome? Tully has observed that a lamb no sooner falls from its mother, but immediately and of his own accord applies itself to the teat. Dampier, in his Travels, tells us, that when seamen are thrown upon any of the unknown coasts of America, they never venture upon the fruit of any tree, how tempting soever it may appear, unless they observe that it is marked with the pecking of birds, but fall on without any fear or apprehension where the birds have been before them.

But notwithstanding animals have nothing like the use of reason, we find in them all the lower parts of our nature, the passions and senses in their greatest strength and perfection. And here it is worth our observation, that all beasts and birds of prey are wonderfully subject to anger, malice, revenge, and all the other violent passions that may animate them in search of their proper food, as those that are incapable of defending themselves, or annoying others, or whose safety lies chiefly in their flight, are suspicious, fearful and apprehensive of every thing they see or hear, whilst others that are of assistance and use to man, have their natures softened with something mild and tractable, and by that means are qualified for a domestic life. In this case the passions generally correspond with the make of the body. We do not find the fury of a lion in so weak and defenceless an animal as a lamb, nor the meekness of a lamb in a creature so armed for battle and assault as the lion. In the same manner, we find that particular animals have a more or less exquisite sharpness and sagacity in those particular senses which most turn to their advantage, and in which their safety and welfare is the most concerned.

Nor must we here omit that great variety of aims with which nature has differently fortified the bodies of several

kinds, of animals, such as claws, hoofs, and horns, teeth and tusks, a tail, a sting, a trunk, or a proboscis. It is likewise observed by naturalists, that it must be some hidden principle distinct from what we call reason, which instructs animals in the use of these their arms, and teaches them to manage them to the best advantage, because they naturally defend themselves with that part in which their strength lies, before the weapon be formed in it, as is remarkable in lambs, which, though they are bred within doors, and never saw the actions of their own species, push at those who approach them with their foreheads, before the first budding of a horn appears.

I shall add to these general observations, an instance which Mr Locke has given us of Providence even in the imperfections of a creature which seems the meanest and most despicable in the whole animal world. *We may, says he, from the make of an oyster, or cockle, conclude that it has not so many nor so quick senses as a man, or several other animals nor if it had, would it, in that state and incapacity of transferring itself from one place to another, be bettered by them. What good would sight and hearing do to a creature, that cannot move itself to or from the object, wherein at a distance it perceives good or evil? And would not quickness of sensation be an inconvenience to an animal, that must be still where chance has once placed it, and there receive the afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul water, as it happens to come to it?*

I shall add to this instance out of Mr Locke another out of the learned Dr Moori, who cites it from Cudan, in relation to another animal which Providence has left defective, but at the same time has shewn its wisdom in the formation of that organ in which it seems chiefly to have failed. *What is more obvious and ordinary than a mole?—and yet what more palpable argument of Providence than she? The members of her body are so exactly fitted to her nature and manner of life. For her dwelling being under ground where nothing is to be seen, Nature has so obscurely fitted her with eyes, that naturalists can hardly agree whether she have any sight at all or no. But for amends, what she is capable of for her defence and warning of danger, she has very eminently conferred upon her, for she is exceedingly quick of hearing. And then her short tail and short legs, but broad fore-feet armed with sharp claws, we see by the event to what purpose they are, she so swiftly working herself under ground, and making her way so fast in the earth as they, that behold it*



*cannot but admire it Her legs therefore are short, that she need dig no more than will serve the mere thickness of her body, and her fore-feet are broad, that she may scoop away much earth at a time and little or no tail she has, because she courses it not on the ground, like the rat or mouse, of whose kindred she is, but lives under the earth, and is fain to dig herself a dwelling there And she making her way through so thick an element, which will not yield easily, as the air or the water, it had been dangerous to have drawn so long a train behind her for her enemy might fall upon her rear, and fetch her out, before she had completed or got full possession of her works.*

I cannot forbear mentioning Mr Boyle's remark upon this last creature, who, I remember, somewhere in his works observes, that though the mole be not totally blind (as it is commonly thought) she has not sight enough to distinguish particular objects Her eye is said to have but one humour in it, which is supposed to give her the idea of light, but of nothing else, and is so formed that this idea is probably painful to the animal Whenever she comes up into broad day she might be in danger of being taken, unless she were thus affected by a light striking upon her eye, and immediately warning her to bury herself in her proper element More sight would be useless to her, as none at all might be fatal

I have only instanced such animals as seem the most imperfect works of nature, and if Providence shows itself even in the blemishes of these creatures, how much more does it discover itself in the several endowments which it has variously bestowed upon such creatures as are more or less finished and completed in their several faculties, according to the condition of life in which they are posted

I could wish our Royal Society would compile a Body of Natural History, the best that could be gathered together from books and observations If the several writers among them took each his particular species, and gave us a distinct account of its original, birth, and education, its policies, hostilities, and alliances, with the frame and texture of its inward and outward parts, and particularly those that distinguish it from all other animals, with their peculiar aptitudes for the state of being in which Providence has placed them, it would be one of the best services their studies could do mankind, and not a little redound to the glory of the All-wise Contriver

It is true, such a Natural History, after all the disquisitions of the learned, would be infinitely short and defective Seas and deserts hide millions of animals from our observation.

Innumerable artifices and stratagems are acted in the howling wilderness and in the Great Deep, that can never come to our knowledge. Besides that there are infinitely more species of creatures which we not to be seen without, nor indeed with, the help of the finest glasses, than of such as are bulky enough for the naked eye to take hold of. However, from the consideration of such animals as lie within the compass of our knowledge, we might easily form a conclusion of the rest, that the same variety of wisdom and goodness runs through the whole creation, and puts every creature in a condition to provide for its safety and subsistence in its proper station.

Tully has given us an admirable sketch of Natural History, in his second Book concerning the Nature of the Gods, and that in a style so raised by metaphors and descriptions, that it lifts the subject above railleury and ridicule, which frequently fall on such nice observations when they pass through the hands of an ordinary writer — *Spectator*, No 121

### *Temperance*

THERE is a story in the *Arabian Nights' Tales* of a King who had long languished under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpose. At length, says the fable, a physician cured him by the following method. He took a hollow ball of wood, and filled it with several drugs, after which he closed it up so artificially that nothing appeared. He likewise took a mallet, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which strikes the ball, he enclosed in them several drugs after the same manner as in the ball itself. He then ordered the Sultan, who was his patient, to exercise himself early in the morning with these nightly *prepared* instruments, till such time as he should sweat. When, as the story goes, the virtue of the medicaments perspiring through the wood, had so good an influence on the Sultan's constitution, that they cured him of an indisposition which all the compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This eastern allegory is finely contrived to show us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exercise is the most effectual physic. I have described, from the general structure and mechanism of a human body, how absolutely necessary exercise is for its preservation. I shall in this place recommend another great preservative of health, which in

many cases produces the same effects as exercise, and may, in some measure, supply its place, where opportunities of exercise are wanting. The preservative I am speaking of is temperance, which has those particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season or in any place. It is a kind of regimen, into which every man may put himself, without interruption to business, expense of money, or loss of time. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives Nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers, that cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health, but did men live in an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those parts of the world are the most healthy, where they subsist by the chase, and that men lived longest when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught. Blistering, cupping, bleeding, are seldom of use but to the idle and intemperate, as all those inward applications which are so much in practice among us, are for the most part nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in countermiming the cook and the vintner. It is said of Diogenes, that meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had not he prevented him. What would that philosopher have said, had he been present at the glutony of a modern meal? Would not he have thought the master of a family mad, and have begged his servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish, and flesh, swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices, throw down salads of twenty different herbs, sauces of a hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberless sweets and flavours? What unnatural motions and counterferments must such a medley of intemperance produce in the body? For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies,

with other innumerable distempers lying in ambuscade among the dishes

Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal, but man, keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species; fish of that, and flesh of a third. Man falls upon everything that comes in his way, not the smallest fruit or excrescence of the earth, scarce a berry or a mushroom, can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, because what is luxury in one may be temperance in another, but there are few that have lived any time in the world, who are not judges of their own constitutions, so far as to know what kinds and what proportions of food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my readers as my patients, and prescribe such a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all persons, and such as is particularly suitable to our climate and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent physician. Make your whole repast out of one dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid drinking any thing strong, till you have finished your meal, at the same time abstain from all sauces, or at least, such as are not the most plain and simple. A man could not be well guilty of gluttony, if he stuck to these few obvious and easy rules. In the first case there would be no variety of tastes to solicit his palate, and occasion excess, nor in the second any artificial provocatives to relieve satiety, and create a false appetite. Were I to prescribe a rule for drinking, it should be formed upon a saying quoted by Sir William Temple, *The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good humour, and the fourth for mine enemies*. But because it is impossible for one who lives in the world to diet himself always in so philosophical a manner, I think every man should have his days of abstinence, according as his constitution will permit. These are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify her for struggling with hunger and thirst, whenever any distemper or duty of life may put her upon such difficulties, and at the same time give her an opportunity of extricating herself from her oppressions, and recovering the several tones and springs of her distended vessels. Besides that, abstinence well-timed often kills a sickness in embryo, and destroys the first seeds of an indisposition. It is observed by two or three ancient authors, that Socrates, notwithstanding he lived in Athens during that great Plague, which has made so much noise through all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by such eminent hands, I say,

notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring pestilence, he never caught the least infection, which those writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always observed.

And here I cannot but mention an observation which I have often made, upon reading the lives of the philosophers, and comparing them with any series of kings or great men of the same number. If we consider these ancient sages, a great part of whose philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious course of life, one would think the life of a philosopher and the life of a man were of two different dates. For we find that the generality of these wise men were nearer an hundred than sixty years of age at the time of their respective deaths. But the most remarkable instance of the efficacy of temperance towards the procuring of long life, is what we meet with in a little book published by Lewis Cornaro the Venetian, which I the rather mention because it is of undoubted credit, as the late Venetian Ambassador, who was of the same family, attested more than once in conversation, when he resided in England. Cornaro, who was the author of the little treatise I am mentioning, was of an infirm constitution, till about forty, when by obstinately persisting in an exact course of temperance, he recovered a perfect state of health, insomuch that at fourscore he published his book, which has been translated into English under the title of *Sure and Certain Methods of attaining a long and healthy Life*. He lived to give a third or fourth edition of it, and after having passed his hundredth year, died without pain or agony, and like one who falls asleep. The treatise I mention has been taken notice of by several eminent authors, and is written with such a spirit of cheerfulness, religion, and good sense, as are the natural concomitants of temperance and sobriety — *Spectator*, No 195

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## SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL D.

BORN 1709, DIED 1784

Lexicographer, essayist, poet, and critic His chief works are *A Dictionary of the English Language*, published in 1755, *Essays*, published in *The Rambler*, 1750-1752, *Essays*, in the *Idler*, 1758-1760, *Rasselas*, 1759, *Lives of the English Poets*, 1779-1781 He was a man of very great learning, and his style, though somewhat heavy, and delighting too much in long words and ponderous, antithetical sentences, is singularly correct and clear

### *Description of a Palace in a Valley*

YE who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia

Rasselas was the fourth son of the mighty emperor, in whose dominions the Father of Waters begins his course, whose bounty pours down the streams of plenty, and scatters over the world the harvests of Egypt

According to the custom which has descended from age to age among the monarchs of the torrid zone, Rasselas was confined in a private palace, with the other sons and daughters of Abyssinian royalty, till the order of succession should call him to the throne

The place, which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes, was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part The only passage by which it could be entered was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it had long been disputed whether it was the work of nature or of human industry The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth which opened into the valley was closed with gates of iron, forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy, that no man, without the help of engines, could open or shut them

From the mountains on every side rivulets descended, that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a

lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream, which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice, till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers. Every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass, or browse the shrubs, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns. The sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicing in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessaries of life, and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music. And during eight days, every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity, the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, in hopes that they should pass their lives in blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they to whom it was new always desired that it might be perpetual, and as those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suffered to return, the effect of longer experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new scenes of delight, and new competitors for imprisonment.

The palace stood on an eminence, raised about thirty paces above the surface of the lake. It was divided into many squares, or courts, built with greater or less magnificence, according to the rank of those for whom they were designed. The roofs were turned into arches of massy stone, joined by a cement that grew harder by time, and the building stood firm

century to century, deriding the solstitial rains and equinoctial hurricanes, without need of reparation

This house, which was so large as to be fully known to none but some ancient officers, who successively inherited the secrets of the place, was built as if Suspicion herself had dictated the plan. To every room there was an open and a secret passage, every square had a communication with the rest, either from the upper stories by private galleries, or by subterraneous passages from the lower apartments. Many of the columns had unsuspected cavities in which a long race of monarchs had repositied their treasures. They then closed up the opening with marble, which was never to be removed but in the utmost exigencies of the kingdom, and recorded their accumulations in a book, which was itself concealed in a tower, not entered but by the emperor, attended by the prince who stood next in succession

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### *The Discontent of Rasselas in the Happy Valley*

HERE the sons and daughters of Abyssinia lived only to know the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose, attended by all that were skilful to delight, and gratified with whatever the sense can enjoy. They wandered in gardens of fragrance, and slept in the fortresses of security. Every art was practised to make them pleased with their own condition. The sages who instructed them told them of nothing but the miseries of public life and described all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity, where discord was always raging, and where man preyed upon man. To heighten their opinion of their own felicity, they were daily entertained with songs, the subject of which was the *happy valley*. Their appetites were excited by frequent enumerations of different enjoyments, and revelry and merriment were the business of every hour, from the dawn of morning to the close of the evening.

These methods were generally successful, few of the princes ever wished to enlarge their bounds, but passed their lives in full conviction that they had all within their reach that art or nature could bestow, and pitied those whom nature had excluded from this seat of tranquillity, as the sport of chance and the slaves of misery.

Thus they rose in the morning and lay down at night, pleased with each other and with themselves, all but Rasselas, who, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, began to withdraw



himself from the pastimes and assemblies, and to delight in solitary walks and silent meditation. He often sat before tables covered with luxury, and forgot to taste the dainties that were placed before him. He rose abruptly in the midst of the song, and hastily retired beyond the sound of music. His attendants observed the change, and endeavoured to renew his love of pleasure. He neglected their officiousness, repulsed their invitations, and spent day after day on the banks of rivulets sheltered with trees, where he sometimes listened to the birds in the branches, sometimes observed the fish playing in the stream, and anon cast his eyes upon the pastures and mountains filled with animals, of which some were biting the herbage, and some sleeping among the bushes. The singularity of his humour made him much observed. One of the sages, in whose conversation he had formerly delighted, followed him secretly, in hope of discovering the cause of his disquiet. Rasselas, who knew not that any one was near him, having for some time fixed his eyes upon the goats that were browsing among the rocks, began to compare their condition with his own.

‘What,’ said he, ‘makes the difference between man and all the rest of the animal creation? Every beast that strays beside me has the same corporal necessities with myself. He is hungry, and crops the grass, he is thirsty, and drinks the stream. His thirst and hunger are appeased, he is satisfied, and sleeps. He rises again, and is hungry, he is again fed, and is at rest. I am hungry and thirsty like him, but when thirst and hunger cease, I am not at rest, I am, like him, pained with want, but am not like him, satisfied with fulness. The intermediate hours are tedious and gloomy. I long again to be hungry, that I may again quicken the attention. The birds peck the berries of the corn, and fly away to the groves, where they sit in seeming happiness on the branches, and waste their lives in tuning one unvaried series of sounds. I likewise can call the lutanist and the singer, but the sounds that pleased me yesterday weary me to-day, and will grow yet more wearisome to-morrow. I can discover in me no power of perception which is not glutted with its proper pleasure, yet I do not feel myself delighted. Man surely has some latent sense, for which this place affords no gratification. Or he has some desires distinct from sense, which must be satisfied before he can be happy.’

After this he lifted up his head, and seeing the moon rising, walked towards the palace. As he passed through the fields, and saw the animals around him, ‘Ye,’ said he, ‘are happy, and need not envy me, that walk thus among you, burdened

with myself, nor do I, ye gentle beings, envy your felicity, for it is not the felicity of man. I have many distresses from which ye are free, I fear pain when I do not feel it. I sometimes shrink at evils recollected, and sometimes start at evils anticipated. surely the equity of Providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments.

With observations like these the prince amused himself as he returned, uttering them with a plaintive voice, yet with a look that discovered him to feel some complacency in his own perspicacity, and to receive some solace of the miseries of life, from consciousness of the delicacy with which he felt, and the eloquence with which he bewailed, them. He mingled cheerfully in the diversions of the evening, and all rejoiced to find that his heart was lightened.

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### *The Wants of him that wants nothing*

ON the next day, his old instructor, imagining that he had now made himself acquainted with his disease of mind, was in hope of curing it by counsel, and officiously sought an opportunity of conference, which the prince, having long considered him as one whose intellects were exhausted, was not very willing to afford. 'Why,' said he, 'does this man thus intrude upon me? shall I never be suffered to forget these lectures, which pleased only while they were new, and to become new again, must be forgotten?' He then walked into the wood, and composed himself to his usual meditations, when, before his thoughts had taken any settled form, he perceived his pursuer at his side, and was at first prompted by his impatience to go hastily away, but being unwilling to offend a man whom he had once revered, and still loved, he invited him to sit down with him on the bank.

The old man, thus encouraged, began to lament the change which had been lately observed in the prince, and to inquire why he so often retired from the pleasures of the palace, to loneliness and silence. 'I fly from pleasures,' said the prince, 'because pleasure has ceased to please, I am lonely because I am miserable, and am unwilling to cloud with my presence the happiness of others.' 'You, sir,' said the sage, 'are the first who have complained of misery in the happy valley. I hope to convince you that your complaints have no real cause. You are here in full possession of all the emperor of Abyssinia can bestow, here is neither labour to be endured nor danger

to be dreaded, yet here is all that labour or danger can procure or purchase. Look round and tell me which of you wants is without supply if you want nothing, how are you unhappy ?

‘That I want nothing,’ said the prince, ‘or that I know not what I want, is the cause of my complaint, if I had any known want, I should have a certain wish that wish would excite endeavour, and I should not then repine to see the sun move so slowly towards the western mountains, or to lament when the day breaks, and sleep will no longer hide me from myself. When I see the kids and the lambs chasing one another, I fancy that I should be happy if I had something to pursue. But, possessing all that I can want, I find one day and one hour exactly like another, except that the latter is still more tedious than the former. Let your experience inform me how the day may now seem as short as in my childhood, while nature was yet fresh, and every moment showed me what I never had observed before. I have already enjoyed too much give me something to desire.’ The old man was surprised at this new species of affliction, and knew not what to reply, yet was unwilling to be silent. ‘Sir,’ said he, ‘if you had seen the miseries of the world, you would know how to value your present state.’ ‘Now,’ said the prince, ‘you have given me something to desire. I shall long to see the miseries of the world, since the sight of them is necessary to happiness.’

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### *The Prince continues to Grieve and Muse.*

At this time the sound of music proclaimed the hour of repast, and the conversation was concluded. The old man went away sufficiently discontented to find that his reasonings had produced the only conclusion which they were intended to prevent. But in the decline of life, shame and grief are of short duration whether it be that we bear easily what we have borne long, or that, finding ourselves in age less regarded, we less regard others, or that we look with slight regard upon afflictions, to which we know that the hand of death is about to put an end.

The prince, whose views were extended to a wider space, could not speedily quiet his emotions. He had been before terrified at the length of life which nature promised him, because he considered that in a long time much must be endured. He now rejoiced in his youth, because in many years much might be done. The first beam of hope that had been ever

darted into his mind rekindled youth in his cheeks and doubled the lustre of his eyes. He was fired with the desire of doing something, though he knew not yet, with distinctness, either end or means. He was now no longer gloomy and unsocial, but, considering himself as master of a secret stock of happiness, which he could only enjoy by concealing, he affected to be busy in all the schemes of diversion, and endeavoured to make others pleased with the state of which he himself was weary. But pleasures can never be so multiplied or continued as not to leave much of life unemployed, there were many hours, both of the night and day, which he could spend without suspicion in solitary thought. The load of life was much lightened, he went eagerly into the assemblies, because he supposed the frequency of his presence necessary to the success of his purposes, he retired gladly to privacy, because he had now a subject of thought. His chief amusement was to picture to himself that world which he had never seen, to place himself in various conditions, to be entangled in imaginary difficulties, and to be engaged in wild adventures, but his benevolence always terminated his projects in the relief of distress, the detection of fraud, the defeat of oppression, and the diffusion of happiness.

Thus passed twenty months of the life of Rasselas. He busied himself so intensely in visionary bustle that he forgot his real solitude, and, amidst hourly preparations for the various incidents of human affairs, neglected to consider by what means he should mingle with mankind.

One day, as he was sitting on a bank, he feigned to himself an orphan virgin robbed of her little portion by a treacherous lover, and crying after him for restitution. So strongly was the image impressed upon his mind, that he started up in the maid's defence, and ran forward to seize the plunderer with all the eagerness of real pursuit. Fear naturally quickens the flight of guilt. Rasselas could not catch the fugitive with his utmost efforts, but, resolving to weary by perseverance him whom he could not surpass in speed, he pressed on till the foot of the mountain stopped his course.

Here he recollected himself, and smiled at his own useless impetuosity. Then raising his eyes to the mountain, 'This,' said he, 'is the fatal obstacle that hinders at once the enjoyment of pleasure and the exercise of virtue. How long is it that my hopes and wishes have flown beyond this boundary of my life, which yet I never have attempted to surmount!' Struck with this reflection, he sat down to muse, and remembered, that since he first resolved to escape from

his confinement, the sun had passed twice over him in his annual course. He now felt a degree of regret with which he had never been before acquainted. He considered how much might have been done in the time which had passed and left nothing real behind it. He compared twenty months with the life of man. 'In life,' said he, 'is not to be counted the ignorance of infancy or imbecility of age. We are long before we are able to think, and we soon cease from the power of acting. The true period of human existence may be reasonably estimated at forty years, of which I have mused away the four-and-twentieth part. What I have lost was certain, for I have certainly possessed it, but of twenty months to come, who can assure me?'

The consciousness of his own folly pierced him deeply, and he was long before he could be reconciled to himself. 'The rest of my time,' said he, 'has been lost by the crime or folly of my ancestors, and the absurd institutions of my country, I remember it with disgust, yet without remorse, but the months that have passed since new life darted into my soul, since I formed a scheme of reasonable felicity, have been squandered by my own fault. I have lost that which can never be restored. I have seen the sun rise and set for twenty months, an idle gazer on the light of heaven, in this time the birds have left the nest of their mother, and committed themselves to the woods and to the skies, the kid has forsaken the teat, and learned by degrees to climb the rocks in quest of independent sustenance. I only have made no advances, but am still helpless and ignorant. The moon, by more than twenty changes, admonished me of the flux of life. The stream that rolled before my feet upbraided my inactivity. I sat feasting on intellectual luxury, regardless alike of the examples of the earth and the instructions of the planets. Twenty months are past, who shall restore them?'

These sorrowful meditations fastened upon his mind. He passed four months in resolving to lose no more time in idle resolves, and was awakened to more vigorous exertion by hearing a maid, who had broken a porcelain cup, remark, that what cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.

This was obvious, and Rasselas reproached himself that he had not discovered it, having not known, or not considered, how many useful hints are obtained by chance, and how often the mind, hurried by her own ardour to distant views, neglects the truths that lie open before her. He, for a few hours, regretted his regret, and from that time bent his whole mind upon the means of escaping from the valley of happiness.

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*The Prince Meditates his Escape*

HE now found that it would be very difficult to effect that which it was very easy to suppose effected. When he looked round about him, he saw himself confined by the bars of nature, which had never yet been broken, and by the gate, through which none that once had passed it were ever able to return. He was now impatient as an eagle in a grate. He passed week after week in clambering the mountains, to see if there was any aperture which the bushes might conceal, but found all the summits inaccessible by their prominence. The iron gate he despaired to open, for it was not only secured with all the power of art, but was always watched by successive sentinels, and was by its position exposed to the perpetual observation of all the inhabitants.

He then examined the cavern through which the waters of the lake were discharged, and, looking down at a time when the sun shone strongly upon its mouth, he discovered it to be full of broken rocks, which, though they permitted the stream to flow through many narrow passages, would stop any body of solid bulk. He returned discouraged and dejected, but having now known the blessing of hope, resolved never to despair.

In these fruitless researches he spent ten months. The time, however, passed cheerfully away. In the morning he rose with new hope, in the evening applauded his own diligence, and in the night slept sound after his fatigue. He met a thousand amusements, which beguiled his labour and diversified his thoughts. He discerned the various instincts of animals and properties of plants, and found the place replete with wonders, of which he proposed to solace himself with the contemplation, if he should never be able to accomplish his flight, rejoicing that his endeavours, though yet unsuccessful, had supplied him with a source of inexhaustible inquiry.

But his original curiosity was not yet abated, he resolved to obtain some knowledge of the ways of men. His wish still continued, but his hope grew less. He ceased to survey any longer the walls of his prison, and spared to search by new toils for interstices which he knew could not be found, yet determined to keep his design always in view, and lay hold on any expedient that time should offer.

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## *A Dissertation on the Art of Flying*

AMONG the artists that had been allured into the happy valley, to labour for the accommodation and pleasure of its inhabitants, was a man eminent for his knowledge of the mechanic powers, who had contrived many engines both of use and recreation. By a wheel, which the stream turned, he forced the water into a tower, whence it was distributed to all the apartments of the palace. He erected a pavilion in the garden, around which he kept the air always cool by artificial showers. One of the groves, appropriated to the ladies, was ventilated by fans, to which the rivulets that ran through it gave a constant motion, and instruments of soft music were placed at proper distances, of which some played by the impulse of the wind, and some by the power of the stream.

This artist was sometimes visited by Rasselas, who was pleased with every kind of knowledge, imagining that the time would come when all his acquisitions should be of use to him in the open world. He came one day to amuse himself in his usual manner, and found the master busy in building a sailing chariot. He saw that the design was practicable upon a level surface, and with expressions of great esteem solicited its completion. The workman was pleased to find himself so much regarded by the prince, and resolved to gain yet higher honours. 'Sir,' said he, 'you have seen but a small part of what the mechanic sciences can perform. I have been long of opinion, that instead of the tardy conveyance of ships and chariots, man might use the swifter migration of wings, that the fields of air are open to knowledge, and that only ignorance and idleness need crawl upon the ground.'

This hint rekindled the prince's desire of passing the mountains. Having seen what the mechanist had already performed, he was willing to fancy that he could do more, yet resolved to inquire further before he suffered hope to afflict him by disappointment. 'I am afraid,' said he to the artist, 'that your imagination prevails over your skill, and that you now tell me rather what you wish than what you know. Every animal has his element assigned him, the birds have the air, and man and beasts the earth.' 'So,' replied the mechanist, 'fishes have the water, in which yet beasts can swim by nature, and man by art. He that can swim needs not despair to fly. To swim is to fly in a grosser fluid, and to fly is to swim in a subtler. We are only to proportion our power of resistance to the different density of matter through which we are to pass. You will be

necessarily upborne by the air, if you can renew any impulse upon it faster than the air can recede from the pressure

‘But the exercise of swimming,’ said the prince, ‘is very laborious, the strongest limbs are soon wearied, I am afraid the act of flying will be yet more violent, and wings will be of no great use, unless we can fly further than we can swim’

‘The labour of rising from the ground,’ said the artist, ‘will be great, as we see it in the heavier domestic fowls, but, as we mount higher, the earth’s attraction, and the body’s gravity, will be gradually diminished, till we shall arrive at a region where the man will float in the air without any tendency to fall, no care will then be necessary but to move forward, which the gentlest impulse will effect. You, sir, whose curiosity is so extensive, will easily conceive with what pleasure a philosopher, furnished with wings, and hovering in the sky, would see the earth, and all its inhabitants, rolling beneath him, and presenting to him successively, by its diurnal motion, all the countries within the same parallel. How must it amuse the pendent spectator to see the moving scenes of land and ocean, cities and deserts! to survey with equal security the marts of trade, and the fields of battle, mountains infested by barbarians, and fruitful regions gladdened by plenty and lulled by peace! How easily shall we then trace the Nile through all its passages, pass over to distant regions, and examine the face of nature from one extremity of the earth to the other’

‘All this,’ said the prince, ‘is much to be desired, but I am afraid that no man will be able to breathe in these regions of speculation and tranquillity. I have been told that respiration is difficult upon lofty mountains, yet from these precipices, though so high as to produce great tenuity of air, it is very easy to fall. therefore I suspect, that from any height where life can be supported, there may be danger of too quick descent’

‘Nothing,’ replied the artist, ‘will ever be attempted, if all possible objections must be first overcome. If you will favour my project, I will try the first flight at my own hazard. I have considered the structure of all volant animals, and find the folding continuity of the bat’s wings most easily accommodated to the human form. Upon this model I shall begin my task to-morrow, and, in a year, expect to tower into the air beyond the malice and pursuit of man. But I will work only on this condition, that the art shall not be divulged, and that you shall not require me to make wings for any but ourselves’

‘Why,’ said Rasselas, ‘should you envy others so great an advantage? All skill ought to be exerted for universal good,



every man has owed much to others, and ought to repay the kindness that he has received'

'If men were all virtuous,' returned the artist, 'I should with great alacrity teach them to fly. But what would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds, neither walls, mountains, nor seas, could afford security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind and fall with irresistible violence upon the capital of a vast region. Even this valley, the retreat of princes, the abode of happiness, might be violated by the sudden descent of some of the naked nations that swarm on the coast of the southern sea!'

The prince promised secrecy, and waited for the performance, not wholly hopeless of success. He visited the work from time to time, observed its progress, and remarked many ingenious contrivances to facilitate motion, and unite levity with strength. The artist was every day more certain that he should leave vultures and eagles behind him, and the contagion of his confidence seized upon the prince. In a year the wings were finished, and, on a morning appointed, the maker appeared furnished for flight on a little promontory. He waved his pinions a while to gather air, then leaped from his stand, and in an instant dropped into the lake. His wings, which were of no use in the air, sustained him in the water, and the prince drew him to land half dead with terror and vexation.

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### *The Prince finds a Man of Learning*

THE prince was not much afflicted by this disaster, having suffered himself to hope for a happier event only because he had no other means of escape in view. He still persisted in his design of leaving the happy valley by the first opportunity.

His imagination was now at a stand, he had no prospect of entering into the world, and, notwithstanding all his endeavours to support himself, discontent, by degrees, preyed upon him, and he began again to lose his thoughts in sadness, when the rainy season, which in these countries is periodical, made it inconvenient to wander in the woods.

The rain continued longer and with more violence than had ever been known, the clouds broke on the surrounding mountains, and the torrents streamed into the plain on every side, till the cavern was too narrow to discharge the water. The lake overflowed its banks, and all the level of the valley was

covered with the inundation. The eminence on which the palace was built, and some other spots of rising ground, were all that the eye could now discover. The herds and flocks left the pasture, and both the wild beasts and the tame retreated to the mountains.

This inundation confined all the princes to domestic amusements, and the attention of Rasselas was particularly seized by a poem, which Imlac rehearsed, upon the various conditions of humanity. He commanded the poet to attend him in his apartment, and recite his verses a second time; then, entering into familiar talk, he thought himself happy in having found a man who knew the world so well, and could so skilfully paint the scenes of life. He asked a thousand questions about things, to which, though common to all other mortals, his confinement from childhood had kept him a stranger. The poet pitied his ignorance, and loved his curiosity, and entertained him from day to day with novelty and instruction, so that the prince regretted the necessity of sleep, and longed till the morning should renew his pleasure.

As they were sitting together, the prince commanded Imlac to relate his history, and to tell by what accident he was forced, or by what motive induced, to close his life in the happy valley. As he was going to begin his narrative, Rasselas was called to a concert, and obliged to restrain his curiosity till the evening —  
*Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*

## DAVID HUME.

BORN 1711, DIED 1776

A great Scotch historian and philosopher. His greatest work is *The History of England* which, though not of the highest historical value, is remarkable for its lively and attractive style. His *Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary*, were declared by a great critic to be 'the best models in any language of the short but full, of the clear and agreeable, though deep, discussion of difficult questions.' Gibbon speaks of Hume's style as being full of 'careless, inimitable beauties.'

### *On National Characters.*

THE vulgar are apt to carry all *national characters* to extremes, and, having once established it as a principle that any people are knavish, or cowardly, or ignorant, they will admit of no exception, but comprehend every individual under the same censure. Men of sense condemn these undistinguishing

judgments, though, at the same time, they allow that each nation has a peculiar set of manners, and that some particular qualities are more frequently to be met with among one people than among their neighbours. The common people in Switzerland have probably more honesty than those of the same rank in Ireland, and every prudent man will, from that circumstance alone, make a difference in the trust which he reposes in each. We have reason to expect greater wit and gaiety in a Frenchman than in a Spaniard, though Cervantes was born in Spain. An Englishman will naturally be supposed to have more knowledge than a Dane, though Tycho Bræhe was a native of Denmark.

Different reasons are assigned for these *national characters*, while some account for them from *moral*, others from *physical*, causes. By *moral* causes, I mean all circumstances which are fitted to work on the mind as motives or reasons, and which render a peculiar set of manners habitual to us. Of this kind are, the nature of the government, the revolutions of public affairs, the plenty or penury in which the people live, the situation of the nation with regard to its neighbours, and such like circumstances. By *physical* causes, I mean those qualities of the air and climate which are supposed to work insensibly on the temper, by altering the tone and habit of the body, and giving a particular complexion, which, though reflection and reason may sometimes overcome it, will yet prevail among the generality of mankind, and have an influence on their manners.

That the character of a nation will much depend on *moral* causes, must be evident to the most superficial observer, since a nation is nothing but a collection of individuals, and the manners of individuals are frequently determined by these causes. As poverty and hard labour debase the minds of the common people, and render them unfit for any science and ingenious profession, so where any government becomes very oppressive to all its subjects, it must have a proportional effect on their temper and genius, and must banish all the liberal arts from among them.

The same principle of moral causes fixes the character of different professions, and alters even that disposition which the particular members receive from the hand of Nature. A *soldier* and a *priest* are different characters, in all nations, and all ages, and this difference is founded on circumstances whose operation is eternal and unalterable.

As to *physical causes*, I am inclined to doubt altogether of their operation in this particular, nor do I think that men owe anything of their temper or genius to the air, food, or climate. I confess that the contrary opinion may justly, at first sight,

seem probable, since we find that these circumstances have an influence over every other animal, and that even those creatures which are fitted to live in all climates, such as dogs, horses, &c, do not attain the same perfection in all. The courage of bulldogs and game-cocks seems peculiar to England. Flanders is remarkable for large and heavy horses. Spain for horses light, and of good mettle. And any breed of these creatures, transplanted from one country to another, will soon lose the qualities which they derived from their native climate. It may be asked, why not the same with men?

There are few questions more curious than this, or which will oftener occur in our inquiries concerning human affairs, and therefore it may be proper to give it a full examination.

The human mind is of a very imitative nature, nor is it possible for any set of men to converse often together without acquiring a similitude of manner and communicating to each other their vices as well as virtues. The propensity to company and society is strong in all rational creatures, and the same disposition which gives us this propensity makes us enter deeply into each other's sentiments, and causes like passions and inclinations to run, as it were, by contagion, through the whole club or knot of companions. Where a number of men are united into one political body, the occasions of their intercourse must be so frequent, for defence, commerce, and government, that, together with the same speech or language, they must acquire a resemblance in their manners, and have a common or national character, as well as a personal one, peculiar to each individual. Now, though nature produces all kinds of temper and understanding in great abundance, it does not follow that she always produces them in like proportions, and that in every society the ingredients of industry and indolence, valour and cowardice, humanity and brutality, wisdom and folly, will be mixed after the same manner. In the infancy of society, if any of these dispositions be found in greater abundance than the rest, it will naturally prevail in the composition, and give a tincture to the national character. Or, should it be asserted that no species of temper can reasonably be presumed to predominate, even in those contracted societies, and that the same proportions will always be preserved in the mixture, yet surely the persons in credit and authority, being still a more contracted body, cannot always be presumed to be of the same character, and their influence on the manners of the people must, at all times, be very considerable. If, on the first establishment of a republic, a Brutus should be placed in authority, and be transported with such an enthusiasm for liberty and public good as to over-

look all the ties of nature as well as private interest, such an illustrious example will naturally have an effect on the whole society, and kindle the same passion in every bosom. Whatever it be that forms the manners of one generation, the next must imbibe a deeper tincture of the same dye, men being more susceptible of all impressions during infancy, and retaining these impressions as long as they remain in the world. I assert, then, that all national characters, where they depend not on fixed *moral* causes, proceed from such accidents as these, and that physical causes have no discernible operation on the human mind. It is a maxim in all philosophy, that causes which do not appear are to be considered as not existing.

If we run over the globe, or revolve the annals of history, we shall discover everywhere signs of a sympathy or contagion of manners, none of the influence of air or climate.

*First*, We may observe, that where a very extensive government has been established for many centuries, it spreads a national character over the whole empire, and communicates to every part a similarity of manners. Thus the Chinese have the greatest uniformity of character imaginable, though the air and climate, in different parts of those vast dominions, admit of very considerable variations.

*Secondly*, In small governments, which are contiguous, the people have, notwithstanding, a different character, and are often as distinguishable in their manners as the most distant nations. Athens and Thebes were but a short day's journey from each other, though the Athenians were as remarkable for ingenuity, politeness and gaiety, as the Thebans for dulness, rusticity, and a phlegmatic temper. Plutarch, discoursing of the effects of air on the minds of men, observes, that the inhabitants of the Piræus possessed very different tempers from those of the higher town in Athens, which was distant about four miles from the former; but I believe no one attributes the difference of manners, in Wapping and St James's, to a difference of air or climate.

*Thirdly*, The same national character commonly follows the authority of government to a precise boundary, and upon crossing a river or passing a mountain, one finds a new set of manners, with a new government. The Languedocians and Gascons are the gayest people in France, but whenever you pass the Pyrenees, you are among Spaniards. Is it conceivable that the qualities of the air should change exactly with the limits of an empire, which depends so much on the accidents of battles, negotiations, and marriages?

*Fourthly*, Where any set of men, scattered over distant

nations, maintain a close society or communication together, they acquire a similitude of manners, and have but little in common with the nations amongst whom they live. Thus the Jews in Europe, and the Armenians in the East, have a peculiar character, and the former are as much noted for fraud as the latter for probity

*Fifthly*, Where any accident, as a difference in language or religion, keeps two nations, inhabiting the same country, from mixing with each other, they will preserve, during several centuries, a distinct and even opposite set of manners. The integrity, gravity, and bravery of the Turks, form an exact contrast to the deceit, levity, and cowardice of the modern Greeks.

*Sixthly*, The same set of manners will follow a nation, and adhere to them over the whole globe, as well as the same laws and language. The Spanish, English, French, and Dutch colonies are all distinguishable, even between the tropics.

*Seventhly*, The manners of a people change very considerably from one age to another, either by great alterations in their government, by the mixtures of new people, or by that inconstancy to which all human affairs are subject. The ingenuity, industry, and activity of the ancient Greeks have nothing in common with the stupidity and indolence of the present inhabitants of those regions. Candour, bravery, and love of liberty, formed the character of the ancient Romans, as subtlety, cowardice, and a slavish disposition do that of the modern. The old Spaniards were restless, turbulent, and so addicted to war, that many of them killed themselves when deprived of their arms by the Romans. One would find an equal difficulty at present (at least one would have found it fifty years ago) to rouse up the modern Spaniards to arms. The Batavians were all soldiers of fortune, and hired themselves into the Roman armies. Their posterity make use of foreigners for the same purpose that the Romans did their ancestors. Though some few strokes of the French character be the same with that which Cæsar has ascribed to the Gauls, yet what comparison between the civility, humanity and knowledge of the modern inhabitants of that country, and the ignorance, barbarity, and grossness of the ancient? Not to insist upon the great difference between the present possessors of Britain and those before the Roman conquest, we may observe that our ancestors, a few centuries ago, were sunk into the most abject superstition.

*Eighthly*, Where several neighbouring nations have a very close communication together, either by policy, commerce, or travelling, they acquire a similitude of manners, proportioned

to the communication. Thus all the Franks appear to have a uniform character to the Eastern nations. The differences among them are like the peculiar accents of different provinces, which are not distinguishable except by an ear accustomed to them, and which commonly escape a foreigner.

*Ninthly*, We may often remark a wonderful mixture of manners and characters in the same nation, speaking the same language, and subject to the same government and in this particular the English are the most remarkable of any people that perhaps ever were in the world. Nor is this to be ascribed to the mutability and uncertainty of their climate, or to any other *physical* causes, since all these causes take place in the neighbouring country of Scotland, without having the same effect. Where the government of a nation is altogether republican, it is apt to beget a peculiar set of manners. Where it is altogether monarchical, it is more apt to have the same effect, the imitation of superiors spreading the national manners faster among the people. If the governing part of the State consist altogether of merchants, as in Holland, their uniform way of life will fix their character. If it consists chiefly of nobles and landed gentry, like Germany, France, and Spain, the same effect follows. The genius of a particular sect or religion is also apt to mould the manners of a people. But the English government is a mixture of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy. The people in authority are composed of gentry and merchants. All sects of religion are to be found among them, and the great liberty and independency which every man enjoys allow him to display the manners peculiar to him. Hence the English, of any people in the universe, have the least of a national character, unless this very singularity may pass for such.

If the characters of men depended on the air and climate, the degrees of heat and cold should naturally be expected to have a mighty influence, since nothing has a greater effect on all plants and irrational animals. And indeed there is some reason to think that all the nations which live beyond the polar circles, or between the tropics, are inferior to the rest of the species, and are incapable of all the higher attainments of the human mind. The poverty and misery of the northern inhabitants of the globe, and the indolence of the southern from their few necessities, may, perhaps, account for this remarkable difference, without our having recourse to *physical* causes. This, however, is certain, that the characters of nations are very promiscuous in the temperate climates, and that almost all the general observations which have been formed of the more

southern or more northern people in these climates, are found to be uncertain and fallacious

Shall we say that the neighbourhood of the sun inflames the imagination of men, and gives it a peculiar spirit and vivacity? The French, Greeks, Egyptians, and Persians are remarkable for gaiety, the Spaniards, Turks, and Chinese are noted for gravity and a serious deportment, without any such difference of climate as to produce this difference of temper

The Greeks and Romans, who called all other nations barbarians, confined genius and a fine understanding to the more southern climates, and pronounced the northern nations incapable of all knowledge and civility But our island has produced as great men, either for action or learning, as Greece or Italy has to boast of

It is pretended that the sentiments of men become more delicate as the country approaches nearer to the sun, and that the taste of beauty and elegance receives proportional improvements in every latitude, as we may particularly observe of the languages, of which the more southern are smooth and melodious, the northern harsh and untunable But this observation holds not universally The Arabic is uncouth and disagreeable, the Muscovite soft and musical Energy, strength, and harshness form the character of the Latin tongue The Italian is the most liquid, smooth, and effeminate language that can possibly be imagined Every language will depend somewhat on the manners of the people, but much more on that original stock of words and sounds which they receive from their ancestors, and which remain unchangeable, even while their manners admit of the greatest alterations Who can doubt but the English are at present a more polite and knowing people than the Greeks were for several ages after the siege of Troy? Yet there is no comparison between the language of Milton and that of Homer Nay, the greater are the alterations and improvements which happen in the manners of a people, the less can be expected in their language A few eminent and refined geniuses will communicate their taste and knowledge to a whole people, and produce the greatest improvements, but they fix the tongue by their writings, and prevent, in some degree, its further changes

Lord Bacon has observed that the inhabitants of the south are, in general, more ingenious than those of the north, but that, where the native of a cold climate has genius, he rises to a higher pitch than can be reached by the southern wits Thus observation a late writer confirms, by comparing the southern wits to cucumbers, which are commonly all good in their kind,



but, at best, are an insipid fruit, while the northern geniuses are like melons, of which not one in fifty is good, but when it is so it has an exquisite relish. I believe this remark may be allowed just, when confined to the European nations, and to the present age, or rather to the preceding one. But I think it may be accounted for from moral causes. All the sciences and liberal arts have been imported to us from the south, and it is easy to imagine that, in the first order of application, when excited by emulation and by glory, the few who were addicted to them would carry them to the greatest height, and stretch every nerve and every faculty to reach the pinnacle of perfection. Such illustrious examples spread knowledge everywhere, and beget an universal esteem for the sciences, after which it is no wonder that industry relaxes, while men meet not with suitable encouragement, nor arrive at such distinction by their attainments. The universal diffusion of learning among a people, and the entire banishment of gross ignorance and rusticity, is therefore seldom attended with any remarkable perfection in particular persons. It seems to be taken for granted in the dialogue *de Oratoribus*, that knowledge was much more common in Vespasian's age than in that of Cicero and Augustus. Quintilian also complains of the profanation of learning, by its becoming too common. 'Formerly,' says Juvenal, 'science was confined to Greece and Italy.' Now the whole world emulates Athens and Rome. Eloquent Gaul has taught Britain, knowing in the laws. Even Thule entertains thoughts of hiring rhetoricians for its instruction. This state of learning is remarkable, because Juvenal is himself the last of the Roman writers that possessed any degree of genius. Those who succeeded are valued for nothing but the matters of fact of which they give us information. I hope the late conversion of Muscovy to the study of the sciences will not prove a like prognostic to the present period of learning.

Cardinal Bentivoglio gives the preference to the northern nations above the southern with regard to candour and sincerity, and mentions, on the one hand, the Spaniards and Italians, and, on the other, the Flemings and Germans. But I am apt to think that this has happened by accident. The ancient Romans seem to have been a candid, sincere people, as are the modern Turks. But if we must needs suppose that this event has arisen from fixed causes, we may only conclude from it that all extremes are apt to concur, and are commonly attended with the same consequences. Treachery is the usual concomitant of ignorance and barbarism, and if civilised nations ever embrace subtle and crooked politics, it is from an excess of

refinement, which makes them disdain the plain direct path to power and glory

Most conquests have gone from north to south, and it has hence been inferred that the northern nations possess a superior degree of courage and ferocity. But it would have been juster to have said that most conquests are made by poverty and want upon plenty and riches. The Saracens, leaving the deserts of Arabia, carried their conquests northwards upon all the fertile provinces of the Roman Empire, and met the Turks half way, who were coming southwards from the deserts of Tartary.

An eminent writer has remarked, that all courageous animals are also carnivorous, and that greater courage is to be expected in a people, such as the English, whose food is strong and hearty, than in the half-starved commonalty of other countries. But the Swedes, notwithstanding their disadvantages in this particular, are not inferior, in martial courage, to any nation that ever was in the world.

In general, we may observe, that courage, of all national qualities, is the most precarious, because it is exerted only at intervals, and by a few in every nation, whereas industry, knowledge, civility, may be of constant and universal use, and for several ages may become habitual to the whole people. If courage be preserved, it must be by discipline, example, and opinion. The tenth legion of Cæsar, and the regiment of Picardy in France, were formed promiscuously from among the citizens, but having once entertained a notion that they were the best troops in the service, this very opinion really made them such. — *Essays*

## TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M D

BORN 1721, DIED 1771

A novelist and historian. His chief works were *The Adventures of Roderick Random*, published in 1748, *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*, 1751, *The Complete History of England*, and *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, 1771.

### *The Highlanders of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century*

NOTWITHSTANDING the solitude that prevails among these mountains, there is no want of people in the Highlands. I am credibly informed that the Duke of Argyll can assemble five thousand men in arms, of his own clan and surname, which

is Campbell, and there is besides a tribe of the same appellation, whose chief is the Earl of Breadalbane. The M'Donalds are is numerous, and remarkably warlike. The Camerons, M'Leods, Frasers, Grants, M'Kenzies, M'Kays, M'Phersons, M'Intoshes are powerful clans, so that if all the Highlanders, including the inhabitants of the isles, were united, they could bring into the field an army of forty thousand fighting men, capable of undertaking the most dangerous enterprise. We have lived to see four thousand of them, without discipline, throw the whole kingdom of Great Britain into confusion. They attacked and defeated two armies of regular troops accustomed to service. They penetrated into the centre of England, and afterward marched back with deliberation, in the face of two other armies, through an enemy's country, where every precaution was taken to cut off their retreat. I know not any other people in Europe, who, without the use or knowledge of arms, will attack regular forces sword in hand, if their chief will head them in battle. When disciplined, they cannot fail of being excellent soldiers. They do not walk like the generality of mankind, but trot and bounce like deer, as if they moved on springs. They greatly excel the Lowlanders in all the exercises that require agility, they are incredibly abstemious, and patient of hunger and fatigue, and so steeled against the weather, that, in travelling, even when the ground is covered with snow, they never look for a house, or any other shelter but their plaid, in which they wrap themselves up, and go to sleep under the cope of heaven. Such people, in quality of soldiers, must be invincible, when the business is to perform quick marches in a difficult country, to strike sudden strokes, beat up the enemy's quarters, harass their cavalry, and perform expeditions without the formality of magazines, baggage, forage, and artillery. The chieftainship of the Highlanders is a very dangerous influence, operating at the extremity of the island, where the eyes and hands of government cannot be supposed to see and act with precision and vigour. In order to break the force of clanship, administration has always practised the political maxim, *Divide and conquer*. The legislature hath not only disarmed these mountaineers, but also deprived them of their ancient garb, which contributed in a great measure to keep up their military spirit, and their slavish tenures are all dissolved by Act of Parliament, so that they are at present as free and independent of their chiefs as the law can make them, but the original attachment still remains, and is founded on something prior to the feudal system, about which the writers of this age have

made such a pother, as if it were a new discovery, like the Copernican system. Every peculiarity of policy, custom, and even temperament, is effectually traced to this origin, as if the feudal constitution had not been common to almost all the natives of Europe. For my part, I expect to see the use of trunk-hose and buttered ale ascribed to the influence of the feudal system. The connection between the clans and their chiefs is, without doubt, patriarchal, it is founded on hereditary regard and affection, cherished through a long succession of ages. The clan consider the chief as their father, they bear his name, they believe themselves descended from his family, and they obey him as their lord, with all the ardour of filial love and veneration, while he, on his part, exerts a paternal authority, commanding, chastising, rewarding, protecting, and maintaining them as his own children. If the legislature would entirely destroy this connection, it must compel the Highlanders to change their habitation and their names. Even this experiment has been formerly tried without success. In the reign of James VI a battle was fought within a few short miles of this place between two clans, the M'Gregors and the Colquhouns, in which the latter were defeated. The laird of M'Gregor made such a barbarous use of his victory, that he was forfeited and outlawed by act of parliament, his lands were given to the family of Montrose, and his clan were obliged to change their name. They obeyed so far as to call themselves severally Campbell, Graham, or Drummond, the surnames of the families of Argyll, Montrose, and Perth, that they might enjoy the protection of those houses, but they still added M'Gregor to their new appellation, and as their chief was deprived of his estate, they robbed and plundered for his subsistence. Mr Cameron of Lochiel, the chief of that clan, whose father was attainted for having been concerned in the last rebellion, returning from France, in obedience to a proclamation and act of parliament passed at the beginning of the late war, paid a visit to his own country, and hired a farm in the neighbourhood of his father's house, which had been burned to the ground. The clan, though ruined and scattered, no sooner heard of his arrival, than they flocked to him from all quarters to welcome his return, and in a few days stocked his farm with seven hundred black-cattle, which they had saved in the general wreck of their affairs. But their beloved chief, who was a promising youth, did not live to enjoy the fruits of their fidelity and attachment.

The most effectual method I know to weaken, and at length destroy, this influence, is to employ the commonalty in such a

manner as to give them a taste of property and independence. In vain the government grants them advantageous leases on the forfeited estates, if they have no property to prosecute the means of improvement. The sea is an inexhaustible fund of riches, but the fishery cannot be carried on without vessels, casks, salt, lines, nets, and other tackle. I conversed with a sensible man of this country, who, from a real spirit of patriotism, had set up a fishery on the coast, and a manufactory of coarse linen, for the employment of the poor Highlanders. Cod is here in such plenty that, he told me, he had seen seven hundred taken on one line at one haul. It must be observed, however, that the line was of immense length, and had two thousand hooks, baited with mussels; but the fish were so superior to the cod caught on the banks of Newfoundland, that his correspondent at Lisbon sold them immediately at his own price. His linen manufacture was likewise in a prosperous way, when, the late war intervening, all his best hands were pressed into the service.

It cannot be expected that the gentlemen of this country should execute commercial schemes to render their vassals independent, nor, indeed, are such schemes suited to their way of life and inclination. But a company of merchants might, with proper management, turn to good account a fishery established in this part of Scotland. Our people have a strange itch to colonise America, when the uncultivated parts of our own island might be settled to greater advantage—*The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*

## WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D.

BORN 1721, DIED 1793

A Scotch clergyman, famous as an historian. His chief works are *The History of Scotland*, *The History of the Reign of Charles V*, and *The History of the Discovery of America*. His style as a prose-writer is particularly sober, dignified, and pure.

### *The Feudal System in Scotland.*

WHEN we take a view of the feudal system of laws and policy, that stupendous and singular fabric, the first object that strikes us is the King. And when we are told that he is the sole proprietor of all the lands within his domi-

nions, that all his subjects derive their possessions from him, and in return consecrate their lives to his service, when we hear that all marks of distinction, and titles of dignity, flow from him as the only fountain of honour, when we behold the most potent peers, on their bended knees, and with folded hands, swearing fealty at his feet, and acknowledging him to be their *Sovereign* and their *Liege Lord* we are apt to pronounce him a powerful, nay, an absolute monarch. No conclusion, however, would be more rash, or worse founded. The genius of the feudal government was purely aristocratical. With all the ensigns of royalty, and with many appearances of despotic power, a feudal King was the most limited of all Princes.

Before they sallied out of their own habitations to conquer the world, many of the northern nations seemed not to have been subject to the government of Kings, and even where monarchical government was established, the Prince possessed but little authority. A General, rather than a King, his military command was extensive, his civil jurisdiction almost nothing. The army which he led was not composed of soldiers, who could be compelled to serve, but of such as voluntarily followed his standard. These conquered not for their leader, but for themselves, and, being free in their own country, renounced not their liberty when they acquired new settlements. They did not exterminate the ancient inhabitants of the countries which they subdued, but seizing the greater part of their lands they took their persons under protection. The difficulty of maintaining a new conquest, as well as the danger of being attacked by new invaders, rendering it necessary to be always in a posture of defence, the form of government which they established was altogether military, and nearly resembled that to which they had been accustomed in their native country. Their General still continuing to be the head of the colony, part of the conquered lands were allotted to him, the remainder, under the name of *beneficia* or *fiefs*, was divided among his principal officers. As the common safety required that these officers should, upon all occasions, be ready to appear in arms for the common defence, and should continue obedient to their General, they bound themselves to take the field when called, and to serve him with a number of men in proportion to the extent of their territory. These great officers again parcelled out their lands among their followers, and annexed the same condition to the grant. A feudal kingdom was properly the encampment of a great army, military ideas predominated, military subordina-

tion was established, and the possession of land was the pay which soldiers received for their personal service. In consequence of these notions, the possession of land was granted during pleasure only, and Kings were elected. In other words, an officer disagreeable to his General was deprived of his pay, and the person who was most capable of conducting an army was chosen to command it. Such were the first rudiments or infancy of feudal government.

But long before the beginning of the fourteenth century, the feudal system had undergone many changes, of which the following were the most considerable. Kings, formerly elective, were then hereditary, and fiefs, granted at first during pleasure, descended from father to son, and were become perpetual. These changes, not less advantageous to the nobles than to the Prince, made no alteration in the aristocratical spirit of the feudal constitution. The King, who at a distance seemed to be invested with majesty and power, appears on a nearer view to possess hardly any of those advantages which bestow on monarchs their grandeur and authority. His revenues were scanty, he had not a standing army, and the jurisdiction he possessed was circumscribed within very narrow limits.

At a time when pomp and splendour were little known, even in the palaces of kings, when the officers of the crown received scarcely any salary besides the fees and perquisites of their office, when embassies to foreign courts were rare, when armies were composed of soldiers who served without pay, it was not necessary that a King should possess a great revenue, nor did the condition of Europe, in those ages, allow its Princes to be opulent. Commerce made little progress in the kingdoms where the feudal government was established. Institutions which had no other object but to inspire a martial spirit, to train men to be soldiers, and to make arms the only honourable profession, naturally discouraged the commercial arts. The revenues, arising from the taxes imposed on the different branches of commerce, were by consequence inconsiderable, and the Prince's treasury received little supply from a source, which, among a trading people, flows with such abundance as is almost inexhaustible. A fixed tax was not levied even on land: such a burden would have appeared intolerable to men who received their estates as the reward of their valour, and who considered their service in the field as a full retribution for what they possessed. The King's *demesnes*, or the portion of land which he still retained in his own hands unalienated, furnished subsistence to his court, and defrayed the ordinary expense of government. The only stated taxes

which the feudal law obliged vassals to pay to the King, or to those of whom they held their lands, were three — one, when his eldest son was made a knight, another, when his eldest daughter was married, and a third, in order to ransom him if he should happen to be taken prisoner. Besides these, the King received the feudal casualties of the ward, marriage, &c., of his own vassals. And, on some extraordinary occasions, his subjects granted him an aid, which they distinguished by the name of a *benevolence*, in order to declare that he received it not in consequence of any right, but as a gift flowing from their good will. All these added together, produced a revenue so scanty and precarious, as naturally incited a feudal monarch to aim at diminishing the exorbitant power and wealth of the nobility, but, instead of enabling him to carry on his schemes with full effect, kept him in continual indigence, anxiety, and dependence.

Nor could the King supply the defect of his revenues by the terror of his arms. Mercenary troops and standing armies were unknown as long as the feudal government subsisted in vigour. Europe was peopled with soldiers. The vassals of the King, and the sub-vassals of the barons, were all obliged to carry arms. While the poverty of Princes prevented them from fortifying their frontier towns, while a campaign continued but a few weeks, and while a fierce and impetuous courage was impatient to bring every quarrel to the decision of a battle, an army without pay, and with little discipline, was sufficient for all the purposes both of the security and of the glory of the nation. Such an army, however, far from being an engine at the King's disposal, was often no less formidable to him than to his enemies. The more warlike any people were, the more independent they became, and the same persons being both soldiers and subjects, civil privileges and immunities were the consequence of their victories, and the reward of their martial exploits. Conquerors, whom mercenary armies, under our present forms of government, often render the tyrants of their own people, as well as the scourges of mankind, were commonly under the feudal constitution the most indulgent of all Princes to their subjects, because they stood most in need of their assistance. A Prince, whom even war and victories did not render the master of his own army, possessed hardly any shadow of military power during times of peace. His disbanded soldiers mingled with his other subjects, not a single man received pay from him, many ages elapsed even before a guard was appointed to defend his person, and destitute of that great instrument of dominion, a standing



army, the authority of the King continued always feeble, and was often contemptible

Nor were these the only circumstances which contributed towards depressing the regal power. By the feudal system, as has been already observed, the King's judicial authority was extremely circumscribed. At first, Princes seem to have been the supreme judges of their people, and, in person, heard and determined all controversies among them. The multiplicity of causes soon made it necessary to appoint judges, who, in the King's name, decided matters that belonged to the royal jurisdiction. But the barbarians, who overran Europe, having destroyed most of the great cities, and the countries which they seized being cantoned out among powerful chiefs, who were blindly followed by numerous dependants, whom, in return, they were bound to protect from every injury, the administration of justice was greatly interrupted, and the execution of any legal sentence became almost impracticable. Theft, rapine, murder, and disorder of all kinds prevailed in every kingdom of Europe, to a degree almost incredible, and scarcely compatible with the subsistence of civil society. Every offender sheltered himself under the protection of some powerful chieftain, who screened him from the pursuit of justice. To apprehend and to punish a criminal, often required the union and effort of half a kingdom. In order to remedy these evils, many persons of distinction were entrusted with the administration of justice within their own territories. But what we may presume was, at first, only a temporary grant, or a personal privilege, the encroaching spirit of the nobles gradually converted into a right, and rendered hereditary. The lands of some were, in process of time, erected into *Baronies*, those of others into *Regalities*. The jurisdiction of the former was extensive, that of the latter, as the name implies, royal and almost unbounded. All causes, whether civil or criminal, were tried by judges, whom the lord of the regality appointed, and if the King's court called any person within his territory before them, the lord of regality might put a stop to their proceedings, and, by the privilege of *repleading*, remove the cause to his own court, and even punish his vassal if he submitted to a foreign jurisdiction. Thus almost every question, in which any person who resided on the lands of the nobles was interested, being determined by judges appointed by the nobles themselves, their vassals were hardly sensible of being in any degree subject to the crown. A feudal kingdom was split into many small principalities, almost independent,

and held together by a feeble and commonly an imperceptible bond of union. The King was not only stripped of the authority annexed to the person of a supreme judge, but his revenue suffered no small diminution by the loss of those pecuniary emoluments which were in that age due to the person who administered justice.

In the same proportion that the King sank in power, the nobles rose towards independence. Not satisfied with having obtained an hereditary right to their fiefs, which they formerly held during pleasure, their ambition aimed at something bolder, and, by introducing *entails*, endeavoured, as far as human ingenuity and invention can reach that end, to render their possessions unalienable and everlasting. As they had full power to add to the inheritance transmitted to them from their ancestors, but none to diminish it, time alone, by means of marriages, legacies, and other accidents, brought continual accessions of wealth and of dignity, a great family, like a river, became considerable from the length of its course, and, as it rolled on, new honours and new property flowed successively into it. Whatever influence is derived from titles of honour, the feudal barons likewise possessed in an ample manner. These marks of distinction are, in their own nature, either official or personal, and being annexed to a particular charge, or bestowed by the admiration of mankind upon illustrious characters, ought to be appropriated to these. But the son, however unworthy, could not bear to be stripped of that appellation by which his father had been distinguished. His presumption claimed what his virtue did not merit, titles of honour became hereditary, and added new lustre to nobles already in possession of too much power. Something more audacious and more extravagant still remained. The supreme direction of all affairs, both civil and military, being committed to the great officers of the crown, the fame and safety of Princes, as well as of their people, depended upon the fidelity and abilities of these officers. But such was the preposterous ambition of the nobles, and so successful even in their wildest attempts to aggrandize themselves, that in all the kingdoms where the feudal institutions prevailed, most of the chief offices of state were annexed to great families, and held, like fiefs, by hereditary right. A person whose undutiful behaviour rendered him odious to his Prince, or whose incapacity exposed him to the contempt of the people, often held a place of power and trust of the greatest importance to both. In Scotland, the offices of Lord Justice General, Great Chamberlain, High

Steward, High Constable, Earl Marshal, and High Admiral, were all hereditary, and in many counties, the office of Sheriff was held in the same manner.

Nobles whose property was so extensive, and whose power was so great, could not fail of being turbulent and formidable. Nor did they want instruments for executing their boldest designs. That portion of their lands, which they parcelled out among their followers, supplied them with a numerous band of faithful and determined vassals, while that which they retained in their own hands, enabled them to live with a princely splendour. The great hall of an ambitious baron was often more crowded than the court of his sovereign. The strong castles in which they resided, afforded a secure retreat to the discontented and seditious. A great part of their revenue was spent upon multitudes of indigent but bold retainers. And if at any time they left their retreat to appear in the court of their sovereign, they were accompanied, even in times of peace, with a vast train of armed followers. The usual retinue of William the sixth Earl of Douglas consisted of two thousand horse. Those of the other nobles were magnificent and formidable in proportion. Impatient of subordination, and forgetting their proper rank, such potent and haughty barons were the rivals rather than the subjects of their Prince. They often despised his orders, insulted his person, and wrested from him his crown. The history of Europe, during several ages, contains little else but the accounts of the wars and revolutions occasioned by their exorbitant ambition.

But, if the authority of the barons far exceeded its proper bounds in the other nations of Europe, we may affirm that the balance which ought to be preserved between a King and his nobles was almost entirely lost in Scotland. The Scottish nobles enjoyed, in common with those of other nations, all the means for extending their authority which arise from the aristocratical genius of the feudal government. Besides these, they possessed advantages peculiar to themselves, the accidental sources of their power were considerable, and singular circumstances concurred with the spirit of the constitution to aggrandize them. To enumerate the most remarkable of these, will serve both to explain the political state of the kingdom, and to illustrate many important occurrences, in the period now under our review.

I The nature of their country was one cause of the power and independence of the Scottish nobility. Level and open countries are formed for servitude. The authority of the

supreme magistrate reaches with ease to the most distant corners, and when nature has erected no barrier, and affords no retreat, the guilty or obnoxious are soon detected and punished. Mountains, and fens, and rivers, set bounds to despotic power, and amidst these is the natural seat of freedom and independence. In such places did the Scottish nobles usually fix their residence. By retiring to his own castle, a mutinous baron could defy the power of his sovereign, it being almost impracticable to lead an army, through a barren country, to places of difficult access to a single man. The same causes which checked the progress of the Roman arms, and rendered all the efforts of Edward I. abortive, often protected the Scottish nobles from the vengeance of their Prince, and they owed their personal independence to those very mountains and marshes which saved their country from being conquered.

II. The want of great cities in Scotland contributed not a little to increase the power of the nobility, and to weaken that of the Prince. Wherever numbers of men assemble together, order must be established, and a regular form of government instituted, the authority of the magistrate must be recognised, and his decisions meet with prompt and full obedience. Laws and subordination take rise in cities, and where there are few cities, as in Poland, or none, as in Tartary, there are few or no traces of a well arranged police. But under the feudal governments, commerce, the chief means of assembling mankind, was neglected, the nobles, in order to strengthen their influence over their vassals, resided among them, and seldom appeared at court, where they found a superior, or dwelt in cities, where they met with equals. In Scotland, the fertile counties in the South lying open to the English, no town situated there could rise to be great or populous, amidst continual inroads and alarms, the residence of our monarchs was not fixed to any particular place, many parts of the country were barren and uncultivated, and in consequence of these peculiar circumstances, added to the general causes flowing from the nature of the feudal institutions, the towns in Scotland were extremely few, and very inconsiderable. The vassals of every baron occupied a distinct portion of the kingdom, and formed a separate and almost independent society. Instead of giving aid towards reducing to obedience their seditious chieftain, or any whom he took under his protection, they were all in arms for his defence, and obstructed the operations of justice to the utmost. The Prince was obliged to connive at criminals whom he could not reach; the nobles, conscious of this advantage,

were not afraid to offend, and the difficulty of punishing almost assured them of impunity.

III. The division of the country into clans had no small effect in rendering the nobles considerable. The nations which overran Europe were originally divided into many small tribes, and when they came to parcel out the lands which they had conquered, it was natural for every chieftain to bestow a portion, in the first place, upon those of his own tribe or family. These all held their lands of him, and as the safety of each individual depended on the general union, these small societies clung together, and were distinguished by some common appellation, either patronymical or local, long before the introduction of surnames, or *enseignes armoriales*. But when this became common, the descendants and relations of every chieftain assumed the same name and arms with him, other vassals were proud to imitate their example, and by degrees they were communicated to all those who held of the same superior. Thus clanships were formed, and in a generation or two, that consanguinity, which was at first in a great measure imaginary, was believed to be real. An artificial union was converted into a natural one, men willingly followed a leader, whom they regarded both as the superior of their lands and the chief of their blood, and served him not only with the fidelity of vassals, but with the affection of friends. In the other feudal kingdoms, we may observe such unions as we have described, imperfectly formed, but in Scotland, whether they were the production of chance, or the effect of policy, or introduced by the Irish colonies above mentioned, and strengthened by carefully preserving their genealogies both genuine and fabulous, clanships were universal. Such a confederacy might be overcome, it could not be broken, and no change of manners, or of government, has been able, in some parts of the kingdom, to dissolve associations, which are founded upon prejudices so natural to the human mind. How formidable were nobles at the head of followers, who, counting that cause just and honourable which their chief approved, rushed into the field at his command, ever ready to sacrifice their lives in defence of his person or of his fame! Against such men a King contended with great disadvantage, and that cold service which money purchases, or authority extorts, was not an equal match for their ardour and zeal.

IV. The smallness of their number may be mentioned among the causes of the grandeur of the Scottish nobles. Our annals reach not back to the first division of property in the kingdom, but so far as we can trace the matter, the original

possessions of the nobles seem to have been extensive. The ancient Thanes were the equals and the rivals of their Prince. Many of the earls and barons, who succeeded them, were masters of territories no less ample. France and England, countries wide and fertile, afforded settlements to a numerous and powerful nobility. Scotland, a kingdom neither extensive nor rich, could not contain many such overgrown proprietors. But the power of an aristocracy always diminishes in proportion to the increase of its numbers, feeble if divided among a multitude, irresistible if centred in a few. When nobles are numerous, their operations nearly resemble those of the people, they are roused only by what they feel, not by what they apprehend, and submit to many arbitrary and oppressive acts, before they take arms against their sovereign. A small body, on the contrary, is more sensible and more impatient, quick in discerning, and prompt in repelling danger, all its motions are as sudden as those of the other are slow. Hence proceeded the extreme jealousy with which the Scottish nobles observed their monarchs, and the fierceness with which they opposed their encroachments. Even the virtue of a Prince did not render them less vigilant, or less eager to defend their rights, and Robert Bruce, notwithstanding the splendour of his victories, and the glory of his name, was upon the point of experiencing the vigour of their resistance, no less than his unpopular descendant James III. Besides this, the near alliance of the great families, by frequent intermarriages, was the natural consequence of their small number, and as consanguinity was, in those ages, a powerful bond of union, all the kindred of a nobleman interested themselves in his quarrel, as a common cause, and every contest the King had, though with a single baron, soon drew upon him the arms of a whole confederacy.

V These natural connections, both with their equals and with their inferiors, the Scottish nobles strengthened by a device, which, if not peculiar to themselves, was at least more frequent among them than in any other nation. Even in times of profound peace, they formed associations, which, when made with their equals, were called *leagues of mutual defence*, and when with their inferiors, *bonds of manrent*. By the former, the contracting parties bound themselves mutually to assist each other, in all causes, and against all persons. By the latter, protection was stipulated on the one hand, and fidelity and personal service promised on the other. Self preservation, it is probable, forced men at first into these confederacies, and, while disorder and rapine were universal, while government was unsettled, and the authority

of laws little known or regarded, near neighbours found it necessary to unite in this manner for their security; and the weak were obliged to court the patronage of the strong. By degrees, these associations became so many alliances offensive and defensive against the throne, and, as their obligation was held to be more sacred than any tie whatever, they gave much umbrage to our Kings, and contributed not a little to the power and independence of the nobility. In the reign of James II, William the eighth Earl of Douglas entered into a league of this kind with the Earls of Crawford, Ross, Murray, Ormond, the Lords Hamilton, Balveny, and other powerful barons, and so formidable was this combination to the King, that he had recourse to a measure no less violent than unjust, in order to dissolve it.

VI The frequent wars between England and Scotland proved another cause of augmenting the power of the nobility. Nature has placed no barrier between the two kingdoms, a river, almost everywhere fordable, divides them towards the east, on the west they are separated by an imaginary line. The slender revenues of our Kings prevented them from fortifying, or placing garrisons in the towns on the frontier, nor would the jealousy of their subjects have permitted such a method of defence. The barons, whose estates lay near the borders, considered themselves as bound, both in honour and in interest, to repel the enemy. The *wardenships* of the different *marches*, offices of great power and dignity, were generally bestowed on them. This gained them the leading of the warlike counties in the south, and their vassals, living in a state of perpetual hostility, or enjoying at best an insecure peace, became more inured to war than even the rest of their countrymen, and more willing to accompany their chieftain in his most hardy and dangerous enterprises. It was the valour, no less than the number, of their followers, that rendered the Douglasses great. The nobles in the northern and midland counties were often dutiful and obsequious to the crown, but our Monarchs always found it impracticable to subdue the mutinous and ungovernable spirit of the borderers. In all our domestic quarrels, those who could draw to their side the inhabitants of the southern counties were almost sure of victory, and, conscious of this advantage, the lords who possessed authority there, were apt to forget the duty which they owed their sovereign, and to aspire beyond the rank of subjects.

VII The calamities which befel our Kings contributed more than any other cause to diminish the royal authority.

Never was any race of monarchs so unfortunate as the Scottish. Of six successive Princes, from Robert III. to James VI., not one died a natural death, and the minorities, during that time, were longer and more frequent than ever happened in any other kingdom. From Robert Bruce to James VI. we reckon ten Princes, and seven of these were called to the throne while they were minors, and almost infants. Even the most regular and best established governments feel sensibly the pernicious effects of a minority, and either become languid and inactive, or are thrown into violent and unnatural convulsions. But under the imperfect and ill-adjusted system of government in Scotland, these effects were still more fatal, the fierce and mutinous spirit of the nobles, unrestrained by the authority of a King, scorned all subjection to the delegated jurisdiction of a Regent, or to the feeble commands of a minor. The royal authority was circumscribed within narrower limits than ever, the prerogatives of the crown, naturally inconsiderable, were reduced almost to nothing, and the aristocratical power gradually rose upon the ruins of the monarchical. Lost the personal power of a Regent should enable him to act with too much vigour, the authority annexed to that office was sometimes rendered inconsiderable by being divided, or, if a single Regent was chosen, the greater nobles, and the heads of the more illustrious families, were seldom raised to that dignity. It was often conferred upon men who possessed little influence, and excited no jealousy. They, conscious of their own weakness, were obliged to overlook some irregularities, and to permit others, and, in order to support their authority, which was destitute of real strength, they endeavoured to gain the most powerful and active barons, by granting them possessions and immunities, which raised them to still greater power. When the King himself came to assume the reins of government, he found his revenues wasted or alienated, the crown-lands seized or given away, and the nobles so accustomed to independence, that, after the struggles of a whole reign, he was seldom able to reduce them to the same state in which they had been at the beginning of his minority, or to wrest from them what they had usurped during that time. If we take a view of what happened to each of our Kings, who was so unfortunate as to be placed in this situation, the truth and importance of this observation will fully appear.

—*History of Scotland*



*The Life of Cardinal Ximenes*

THE kingdoms of Spain were [at the death of Ferdinand] in a situation which required an administration no less vigorous than prudent. The feudal institutions, which had been introduced into all its different provinces, subsisted in great force. The nobles, who were powerful and warlike, had long possessed all the exorbitant privileges which these institutions vested in their order. The cities in Spain were more numerous and more considerable than the genius of feudal government, naturally unfavourable to commerce and to regular police, seemed to admit. The personal rights and political influence which the inhabitants of these cities had acquired, were extensive. The royal prerogative, circumscribed by the privileges of the nobility, and by the pretensions of the people, was confined within very narrow limits. Under such a form of government, the principles of discord were many, the bond of union was extremely feeble, and Spain felt not only all the inconveniences occasioned by the defects in the feudal system, but was exposed to disorders arising from the peculiarities in its own constitution.

During the long administration of Ferdinand, no internal commotion, it is true, had arisen in Spain. His superior abilities had enabled him to restrain the turbulence of the nobles, and to moderate the jealousy of the commons. By the wisdom of his domestic government, by the sagacity with which he conducted his foreign operations, and by the high opinion that his subjects entertained of both, he had preserved among them a degree of tranquillity, greater than was natural to a constitution in which the seeds of discord and disorder were so copiously mingled. But, by the death of Ferdinand, these restraints were at once withdrawn, and faction and discontent, from being long repressed, were ready to break out with fiercer animosity.

In order to prevent these evils, Ferdinand had in his last will taken a most prudent precaution, by appointing Cardinal Ximenes, Archbishop of Toledo, to be sole Regent of Castile until the arrival of his grandson in Spain. The singular character of this man, and the extraordinary qualities which marked him out for that office at such a juncture, merit a particular description. He was descended of an honourable, not of a wealthy family, and the circumstances of his parents, as well as his own inclinations, having determined him to enter into the church, he early obtained benefices of great value, which placed him in the way of the highest pre-

ferment All these, however, he renounced at once, and after undergoing a very severe noviciate, assumed the habit of St Francis in a monastery of Observantine Friars, one of the most rigid orders in the Romish church; There he soon became eminent for his uncommon austerity of manners, and for those excesses of superstitious devotion, which are the proper characteristics of the monastic life But, notwithstanding these extravagances, to which weak and enthusiastic minds alone are usually prone, his understanding, naturally penetrating and decisive, retained its full vigour, and acquired him such great authority in his own order, as raised him to be then Provincial His reputation for sanctity soon procured him the office of Father Confessor to Queen Isabella, which he accepted with the utmost reluctance He preserved in a court the same austerity of manners which had distinguished him in the cloister He continued to make all his journeys on foot, he subsisted only upon alms, his acts of mortification were as severe as ever, and his penances as rigorous Isabella, pleased with her choice, conferred on him, not long after, the Archbishopric of Toledo, which, next to the Papacy, is the richest dignity in the church of Rome This honour he declined, with a firmness which nothing but the authoritative injunction of the Pope was able to overcome Nor did this height of promotion change his manners Though obliged to display in public that magnificence which became his station, he himself retained his monastic severity Under his pontifical robes he constantly wore the coarse frock of St Francis, the rents in which he used to patch with his own hands. He at no time used linen, but was commonly clad in hair-cloth He slept always in his habit, most frequently on the ground, or on boards, rarely in a bed He did not taste any of the delicacies which appeared at his table, but satisfied himself with that simple diet which the rule of his order prescribed Notwithstanding these peculiarities, so opposite to the manners of the world, he possessed a thorough knowledge of its affairs, and no sooner was he called by his station, and by the high opinion which Ferdinand and Isabella entertained of him, to take a principal share in the administration, than he displayed talents for business which rendered the fame of his wisdom equal to that of his sanctity His political conduct, remarkable for the boldness and originality of all his plans, flowed from his real character, and partook both of its virtues and its defects His extensive genius suggested to him schemes vast and magnificent Conscious of the integrity of his intentions, he pursued these with unremitting and undaunted firmness

Accustomed from his early youth to mortify his own passions, he showed little indulgence towards those of other men. Taught by his system of religion to check even his most innocent desires, he was the enemy of everything to which he could affix the name of elegance or pleasure. Though free from any suspicion of cruelty, he discovered in all his commerce with the world a severe inflexibility of mind and austerity of character, peculiar to the monastic profession, and which can hardly be conceived in a country where that is unknown.

Such was the man to whom Ferdinand committed the regency of Castile, and though Ximenes was then near fourscore, and perfectly acquainted with the labour and difficulty of the office, his natural intrepidity of mind, and zeal for the public good, prompted him to accept it without hesitation. Adrian of Utrecht, who had been sent into Spain a few months before the death of Ferdinand, produced full powers from the Archduke to assume the name and authority of Regent, upon the demise of his grandfather, but such was the aversion of the Spaniards to the government of a stranger, and so unequal the abilities of the two competitors, that Adrian's claim would at once have been rejected, if Ximenes himself, from complaisance to his new master, had not consented to acknowledge him as Regent, and to carry on the government in conjunction with him. By this, however, Adrian acquired a dignity merely nominal. Ximenes, though he treated him with great decency, and even respect, retained the whole power in his own hands.

The Cardinal's first care was to observe the motions of the infant Don Ferdinand, who, having been flattered with so near a prospect of supreme power, bore the disappointment of his hopes with greater impatience than a Prince at a period of life so early could have been supposed to feel. Ximenes, under pretence of providing more effectually for his safety, removed him from Guadaloupe, the place in which he had been educated, to Madrid, where he fixed the residence of the court. There he was under the Cardinal's own eye, and his conduct, with that of his domestics, was watched with the utmost attention.

The first intelligence he received from the Low Countries gave greater disquiet to the Cardinal, and convinced him how difficult a task it would be to conduct the affairs of an unexperienced Prince, under the influence of counsellors unacquainted with the laws and manners of Spain. No sooner did the account of Ferdinand's death reach Brussels, than

Charles, by the advice of his Flemish ministers, resolved to assume the title of King. By the laws of Spain, the sole right to the crowns, both of Castile and of Aragon, belonged to Joanna, and though her infirmities disqualified her from governing, this incapacity had not been declared by any public act of the Cortes in either kingdom, so that the Spaniards considered this resolution, not only as a direct violation of their privileges, but as an unnatural usurpation in a son on the prerogatives of a mother, towards whom, in her present unhappy situation, he manifested a less delicate regard than her subjects had always expressed. The Flemish court, however, having prevailed both on the Pope and on the Emperor to address letters to Charles as King of Castile (the former of whom, it was pretended, had a right as head of the church, and the latter as head of the empire, to confer this title), instructions were sent to Ximenes, to prevail on the Spaniards to acknowledge it. Ximenes, though he had earnestly remonstrated against the measure, as no less unpopular than unnecessary, resolved to exert all his authority and credit in carrying it into execution, and immediately assembled such of the nobles as were then at court. What Charles required was laid before them, and when, instead of complying with his demands, they began to murmur against such an unprecedented encroachment on their privileges, and to talk high of the rights of Joanna, and their oath of allegiance to her, Ximenes hastily interposed, and, with that firm and decisive tone which was natural to him, told them that they were not called now to deliberate, but to obey, that their sovereign did not apply to them for advice, but expected submission, and 'this day,' added he, 'Charles shall be proclaimed King of Castile, in Madrid, and the rest of the cities, I doubt not, will follow its example.' On the spot he gave orders for that purpose, and, notwithstanding the novelty of the practice, and the secret discontents of many persons of distinction, Charles's title was universally recognised. In Aragon, where the privileges of the subject were more extensive, and the abilities, as well as authority, of the Archbishop of Saragossa, whom Ferdinand had appointed Regent, were far inferior to those of Ximenes, the same obsequiousness to the will of Charles did not appear, nor was he acknowledged there under any other character but that of Prince, until his arrival in Spain.

Ximenes, though possessed only of delegated power, which, from his advanced age, he could not expect to enjoy long, assumed, together with the character of Regent, all the ideas

natural to a monarch, and adopted schemes for extending the regal authority, which he pursued with as much intrepidity and ardour, as if he himself had been to reap the advantages resulting from their success. The exorbitant privileges of the Castilian nobles circumscribed the prerogative of the Prince within very narrow limits. These privileges the Cardinal considered as so many unjust extortions from the crown, and determined to abridge them. Dangerous as the attempt was, there were circumstances in his situation which promised him greater success than any King of Castile could have expected. The strict and prudent economy of his archiepiscopal revenues furnished him with more ready money than the crown could at any time command. The sanctity of his manners, his charity, and munificence, rendered him the idol of the people, and the nobles themselves, not suspecting any danger from him, did not observe his motions with the same jealous attention as they would have watched those of one of their monarchs.

Immediately upon his accession to the regency, several of the nobles, fancying that the reins of government would of consequence be somewhat relaxed, began to assemble their vassals, and to prosecute, by force of arms, private quarrels and pretensions, which the authority of Ferdinand had obliged them to dissemble, or to relinquish. But Ximenes who had taken into pay a good body of troops, opposed and defeated all their designs with unexpected vigour and facility, and though he did not treat the authors of these disorders with any cruelty, he forced them to acts of submission extremely mortifying to the haughty spirit of Castilian grandees.

But while the Cardinal's attacks were confined to individuals, and every act of rigour was justified by the appearance of necessity, founded on the forms of justice, and tempered with a mixture of lenity, there was scarcely room for jealousy or complaint. It was not so with his next measure, which, by striking at a privilege essential to the nobility, gave a general alarm to the whole order. By the feudal constitution, the military power was lodged in the hands of the nobles, and men of an inferior condition were called into the field only as their vassals, and to follow their banners. A King, with scanty revenues, and a limited prerogative, depended on these potent barons in all his operations. It was with their forces he attacked his enemies, and with them he defended his kingdom. While at the head of troops attached warmly to their own immediate lords, and accustomed to obey no other commands, his authority was precarious, and his efforts feeble.

From this state Ximenes resolved to deliver the crown, and as mercenary standing armies were unknown under the feudal government, and would have been odious to a martial and generous people, he issued a proclamation, commanding every city in Castile to enrol a certain number of its burgesses, in order that they might be trained to the use of arms on Sundays and holidays, he engaged to provide officers to command them at the public expense, and, as an encouragement to the private men, promised them an exemption from all taxes and impositions. The frequent incursions of the Moors from Africa, and the necessity of having some force always ready to oppose them, furnished a plausible pretence for this innovation. The object really in view was to secure the King a body of troops independent of his barons, and which might serve to counterbalance their power. The nobles were not slow in perceiving what was his intention, and saw how effectually the scheme which he had adopted would accomplish his end, but as a measure which had the pious appearance of resisting the progress of the infidels was extremely popular, and as any opposition to it, arising from their order alone, would have been imputed wholly to interested motives, they endeavoured to excite the cities themselves to refuse obedience, and to inveigh against the proclamation as inconsistent with their charters and privileges. In consequence of their instigations, Burgos, Valladolid, and several other cities, rose in open mutiny. Some of the grandees declared themselves their protectors. Violent remonstrances were presented to the King. His Flemish counsellors were alarmed. Ximenes alone continued firm and undaunted, and partly by terror, partly by entreaty, by force in some instances, and by forbearance in others, he prevailed on all the refractory cities to comply. During his administration, he continued to execute his plan with vigour, but soon after his death it was entirely dropped.

His success in this scheme for reducing the exorbitant power of the nobility, encouraged him to attempt a diminution of their possessions, which were no less exorbitant. During the contests and disorders inseparable from the feudal government, the nobles, ever attentive to their own interest, and taking advantage of the weakness or distress of their monarchs, had seized some parts of the royal demesnes, obtained grants of others, and having gradually wrested almost the whole out of the hands of the Prince, had annexed them to their own estates. The titles, by which most of the grandees held these lands, were extremely defective, it was

from some successful usurpation which the crown had been too feeble to dispute, that many derived their only claim to possession. An inquiry carried back to the origin of these encroachments, which were almost coeval with the feudal system, was impracticable, and as it would have stripped every nobleman in Spain of great part of his lands, it must have excited a general revolt. Such a step was too bold even for the enterprising genius of Ximenes. He confined himself to the reign of Ferdinand, and beginning with the pensions granted during that time, refused to make any further payment, because all right to them expired with his life. He then called to account such as had acquired crown lands under the administration of that monarch, and at once resumed, whatever he had alienated. The effects of these revocations extended to many persons of high rank, for though Ferdinand was a prince of little generosity, yet he and Isabella having been raised to the throne of Castile by a powerful faction of the nobles, they were obliged to reward the zeal of their adherents with great liberality, and the royal demesnes were their only fund for that purpose. The addition made to the revenue of the crown by these revocations, together with his own frugal economy, enabled Ximenes not only to discharge all the debts which Ferdinand had left, and to remit considerable sums to Flanders, but to pay the officers of his new militia, and to establish magazines not only more numerous, but better furnished with artillery, arms, and warlike stores, than Spain had ever possessed in any former age. The prudent and disinterested application of these sums, was a full apology to the people for the rigour with which they were exacted.

The nobles, alarmed at these repeated attacks, began to think of precautions for the safety of their order. Many cabals were formed, loud complaints were uttered, and desperate resolutions taken, but before they proceeded to extremities, they appointed some of their number to examine the powers in consequence of which the Cardinal exercised acts of such high authority. The Admiral of Castile, the Duke de Infantado, and the Condé de Benevento, grandees of the first rank, were intrusted with this commission. Ximenes received them with cold civility, and, in answer to their demand, produced the testament of Ferdinand by which he was appointed Regent, together with the ratification of that deed by Charles. To both these they objected, and he endeavoured to establish their validity. As the conversation grew warm, he led them insensibly towards a balcony, from which they had a view of a large body of troops under arms,

and of a formidable train of artillery 'Behold,' says he, pointing to these and raising his voice, 'the powers which I have received from His Catholic Majesty. With these I govern Castile, and with these I will govern it, until the King, your master and mine, takes possession of his kingdom.' A declaration so bold and haughty silenced them, and astonished their associates. To take arms against a man aware of his danger, and prepared for his defence, was what despair alone would dictate. All thoughts of a general confederacy against the Cardinal's administration were laid aside, and, except from some slight commotions excited by the private resentment of particular noblemen, the tranquillity of Castile suffered no interruption.

It was not only from the opposition of the Spanish nobility that obstacles arose to the execution of the Cardinal's schemes, he had a constant struggle to maintain with the Flemish ministers, who, presuming upon their favour with the young King, aimed at directing the affairs of Spain, as well as those of their own country. Jealous of the great abilities and independent spirit of Ximenes, they considered him rather as a rival who might circumscribe their power, than as a minister who by his prudence and vigour was adding to the grandeur and authority of their master. Every complaint against his administration was listened to with pleasure by the courtiers in the Low Countries. Unnecessary obstructions were thrown by their means in the way of all his measures, and though they could not, either with decency or safety, deprive him of the office of Regent, they endeavoured to lessen his authority by dividing it. They soon discovered that Adrian of Utrecht, already joined with him in office, had neither genius nor spirit sufficient to give the least check to his proceedings, and therefore Charles, by their advice, added to the commission of regency La Chau, a Flemish gentleman, and afterwards Amerstorf, a nobleman of Holland, the former distinguished for his address, the latter for his firmness. Ximenes, though no stranger to the malevolent intention of the Flemish courtiers, received these new associates with all the external marks of distinction due to the office with which they were invested, but when they came to enter upon business, he abated nothing of that air of superiority with which he had treated Adrian, and still retained the sole direction of affairs. The Spaniards, more averse, perhaps, than any other people, to the government of strangers, approved of all his efforts to preserve his own authority. Even the nobles, influenced by this national passion, and forgetting their jealousies and dis-



contents, chose rather to see the supreme power in the hands of one of their countrymen, whom they feared, than in those of foreigners, whom they hated

Ximenes, though engaged in such great schemes of domestic policy, and embarrassed by the artifices and intrigues of the Flemish ministers, had the burden of two foreign wars to support. The one was in Navarre, which was invaded by its unfortunate monarch, John d'Albret. The death of Ferdinand, the absence of Charles, the discord and disaffection which reigned among the Spanish nobles, seemed to present him with a favourable opportunity of recovering his dominions. The Cardinal's vigilance, however, defeated a measure so well concerted. As he foresaw the danger to which that kingdom might be exposed, one of his first acts of administration was to order thither a considerable body of troops. While the King was employed with one part of his army in the siege of St Jean Pied en Port, Villalva, an officer of great experience and courage, attacked the other by surprise, and cut it to pieces. The King instantly retreated with precipitation, and an end was put to the war. But as Navarre was filled at that time with towns and castles slightly fortified and weakly garrisoned, which, being unable to resist an enemy, served only to furnish him with places of retreat, Ximenes, always bold and decisive in his measures, ordered every one of these to be dismantled, except Pampeluna, the fortifications of which he proposed to render very strong. To this uncommon precaution Spain owes the possession of Navarre. The French, since that period, have often entered, and have as often overrun the open country, while they were exposed to all the inconveniences attending an invading army, the Spaniards have easily drawn troops from the neighbouring provinces to oppose them, and the French, having no place of any strength to which they could retire, have been obliged repeatedly to abandon their conquest with as much rapidity as they gained it.

The other war which he carried on in Africa, against the famous adventurer Horuc Barbarossa, who, from a private corsair, raised himself, by his singular valour and address, to be King of Algiers and Tunis, was far from being equally successful. The ill conduct of the Spanish general, and the rash valour of his troops, presented Barbarossa with an easy victory. Many perished in the battle, more in the retreat, and the remainder returned into Spain covered with infamy. The magnanimity, however, with which the Cardinal bore this disgrace, the only one he experienced during his adminis-

tration, added new lustre to his character. Great composure of temper under a disappointment, was not expected from a man so remarkable for the eagerness and impatience with which he urged on the execution of all his schemes.

This disaster was soon forgotten, while the conduct of the Flemish court proved the cause of constant uneasiness, not only to the Cardinal, but to the whole Spanish nation. All the great qualities of Chievres, the prime minister and favourite of the young King, were sullied with an ignoble and sordid avarice. The accession of his master to the crown of Spain, opened a new and copious source for the gratification of this passion. During the time of Charles's residence in Flanders, the whole tribe of pretenders to offices or to favour resorted thither. They soon discovered that, without the patronage of Chievres, it was vain to hope for preferment, nor did they want sagacity to find out the proper method of securing his protection. Great sums of money were drawn out of Spain. Everything was venal, and disposed of to the highest bidder. After the example of Chievres, the inferior Flemish ministers engaged in this traffic, which became as general and avowed, as it was infamous. The Spaniards were filled with rage, when they beheld offices of great importance to the welfare of their country set to sale by strangers unconcerned for its honour or its happiness. Ximenes, disinterested in his whole administration, and a stranger, from his native grandeur of mind, to the passion of avarice, inveighed with the utmost boldness against the venality of the Flemings. He represented to the King, in strong terms, the murmurs and indignation which their behaviour excited among a free and high-spirited people, and besought him to set out without loss of time for Spain, that, by his presence, he might dissipate the clouds which were gathering all over the kingdom.

Charles was fully sensible that he had delayed too long to take possession of his dominions in Spain. Powerful obstacles, however, stood in his way, and detained him in the Low Countries. The war which the league of Cambray had kindled in Italy, still subsisted, though, during its course, the armies of all the parties engaged in it had changed their destination and their objects. France was now in alliance with Venice, which it had at first combined to destroy. Maximilian and Ferdinand had for some years carried on hostilities against France, their original ally, to the valour of whose troops the confederacy had been indebted in a great measure for its success. Together with his kingdoms, Ferdinand transmitted this war to his grandson, and there was reason to expect that

Maximilian, always fond of new enterprises, would persuade the young monarch to enter into it with ardour. But the Flemings, who had long possessed an extensive commerce, which, during the league of Cambray, had grown to a great height upon the ruins of the Venetian trade, dreaded a rupture with France, and Chievres, sagacious to discern the true interest of his country, and not warped on this occasion by his love of wealth, warmly declared for maintaining peace with the French nation. Francis I., destitute of allies, and solicitous to secure his late conquests in Italy by a treaty, listened with joy to the first overtures of accommodation. Chievres himself conducted the negotiation in the name of Charles. Gouffier appeared as plenipotentiary for Francis. Each of them had presided over the education of the Prince whom he represented. They had both adopted the same pacific system, and were equally persuaded that the union of the two monarchs was the happiest event for themselves as well as for their kingdoms. In such hands the negotiation did not languish. A few days after opening their conferences at Noyon, they concluded a treaty of confederacy and mutual defence between the two monarchs, the chief articles in which were, that Francis should give in marriage to Charles his eldest daughter the Princess Louise, an infant of a year old, and, as her dowry, should make over to him all his claims and pretensions upon the kingdom of Naples, that, in consideration of Charles's being already in possession of Naples, he should, until the accomplishment of the marriage, pay an hundred thousand crowns a year to the French King, and the half of that sum annually as long as the Princess had no children, that when Charles shall arrive in Spain, the heirs of the King of Navarre may represent to him their right to that kingdom, and if, after examining their claim, he does not give them satisfaction, Francis shall be at liberty to assist them with all his forces. This alliance not only united Charles and Francis, but obliged Maximilian, who was unable alone to cope with the French and Venetians, to enter into a treaty with those powers, which put a final period to the bloody and tedious war that the league of Cambray had occasioned. Europe enjoyed a few years of universal tranquillity, and was indebted for that blessing to two Princes, whose rivalry and ambition kept it in perpetual discord and agitation during the remainder of their reigns.

By the treaty of Noyon, Charles secured a safe passage into Spain. It was not, however, the interest of his Flemish ministers, that he should visit that kingdom soon. While he

resided in Flanders, the revenues of the Spanish crown were spent there, and they engrossed, without any competitors, all the effects of their monarch's generosity, their country became the seat of government, and all favours were dispensed by them. Of all these advantages they ran the risk of seeing themselves deprived, from the moment that their sovereign entered Spain. The Spaniards would naturally assume the direction of their own affairs, the Low Countries would be considered only as a province of that mighty monarchy, and they who now distributed the favours of the Prince to others, must then be content to receive them from the hands of strangers. But what Chievres chiefly wished to avoid was, an interview between the King and Ximenes. On the one hand, the wisdom, the integrity, and the magnanimity of that prelate gave him a wonderful ascendant over the minds of men, and it was extremely probable, that these great qualities, added to the reverence due to his age and office, would command the respect of a young Prince, who, capable of noble and generous sentiments himself, would, in proportion to his admiration of the Cardinal's virtues, lessen his deference towards persons of another character. Or, on the other hand, if Charles should allow his Flemish favourites to retain all the influence over his councils which they at present possessed, it was easy to foresee that the Cardinal would remonstrate loudly against such an indignity to the Spanish nation, and vindicate the rights of his country with the same intrepidity and success with which he had asserted the prerogatives of the crown. For these reasons, all his Flemish counsellors combined to retard his departure, and Charles, unsuspecting from want of experience, and fond of his native country, suffered himself to be unnecessarily detained in the Netherlands a whole year after signing the treaty of Noyon.

The repeated entreaties of Ximenes, the advice of his grandfather Maximilian, and the impatient murmurs of his Spanish subjects, prevailed on him at last to embark. He was attended not only by Chievres, his prime minister, but by a numerous and splendid train of the Flemish nobles, fond of beholding the grandeur, or of sharing in the bounty, of their Prince. After a dangerous voyage, he landed at Villa Viciosa, in the province of Asturias, and was received with such loud acclamations of joy as a new monarch, whose arrival was so ardently desired, had reason to expect. The Spanish nobility resorted to their sovereign from all parts of the kingdom, and displayed a magnificence which the Flemings were unable to emulate.

Ximenes, who considered the presence of the King as the greatest blessing to his dominions, was advancing towards the coast, as fast as the infirm state of his health would permit, in order to receive him. During his regency, and notwithstanding his extreme old age, he had abated in no degree the vigour or frequency of his mortifications, and to these he added such laborious assiduity in business, as would have worn out the most youthful and vigorous constitution. Every day he employed several hours in devotion, he celebrated mass in person, he even allotted some space for study. Notwithstanding these occupations, he regularly attended the council, he received and read all papers presented to him, he dictated letters and instructions, and took under his inspection all business, civil, ecclesiastical, ~~or military~~. Every moment of his time was filled up with some serious employment. The only amusement in which he indulged himself, by way of relaxation after business, was to canvass, with a few friars and other divines, some intricate article in scholastic theology. Wasted by such a course of life, the infirmities of age daily grew upon him. On his journey a violent disorder seized him at Bos Equillos, attended with uncommon symptoms, which his followers considered as the effect of poison, but could not agree whether the crime ought to be imputed to the hatred of the Spanish nobles, or to the malice of the Flemish courtiers. This accident obliging him to stop short, he wrote to Charles, and with his usual boldness advised him to dismiss all the strangers in his train, whose numbers and credit gave offence already to the Spaniards, and would ere long alienate the affections of the whole people. At the same time he earnestly desired to have an interview with the King, that he might inform him of the state of the nation, and the temper of his subjects. To prevent this, not only the Flemings, but the Spanish grandees, employed all their address, and industriously kept Charles at a distance from Aranda, the place to which the Cardinal had removed. Through their suggestions, every measure that he recommended was rejected, the utmost care was taken to make him feel, and to point out to the whole nation, that his power was on the decline, even in things purely trivial, such a choice was always made, as was deemed most disagreeable to him. Ximenes did not bear this treatment with his usual fortitude of spirit. Conscious of his own integrity and merit, he expected a more grateful return from a Prince to whom he delivered a kingdom more flourishing than it had been in any former age, together with authority more extensive, and better established, than the

most illustrious of his ancestors had ever possessed. He could not, therefore, on many occasions, refrain from giving vent to his indignation and complaints. He lamented the fate of his country, and foretold the calamities which it would suffer from the insolence, the rapaciousness, and ignorance of strangers. While his mind was agitated by these passions, he received a letter from the King, in which, after a few cold and formal expressions of regard, he was allowed to retire to his diocese, that, after a life of such continued labour, he might end his days in tranquillity. This message proved fatal to Ximenes. His haughty mind, it is probable, could not survive disgrace; perhaps his generous heart could not bear the prospect of the misfortunes ready to fall on his country. Whichsoever of these opinions we embrace, certain it is that he expired a few hours after reading the letter. The variety, the grandeur, and the success of his schemes, during a regency of only twenty months, leave it doubtful, whether his sagacity in council, his prudence in conduct, or his boldness in execution, deserved the greatest praise. His reputation is still high in Spain, not only for wisdom, but for sanctity, and he is the only prime minister mentioned in history, whom his contemporaries revered as a saint, and to whom the people under his government ascribed the power of working miracles.—*The Reign of the Emperor Charles V*

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## OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BORN 1728, DIED 1774

Poet and Novelist. *The Vicar of Wakefield*, a simple novel, has always been admired as one of the most delightful compositions in the English language. The most important of his other prose works are contained in two series of essays, *The Citizen of the World*, and *The Bee*. *The Deserted Village* and *The Traveller* are two poems of unrivalled beauty, and have always been regarded as masterpieces of sentiment and description. Goldsmith also wrote two famous comedies, *The Good-natured Man*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*.

### *The Fable of the Dwarf and the Giant*

Our family had now made several attempts to be fine, but some unforeseen disaster demolished each as soon as projected. I endeavoured to take advantage of every disappointment, to improve their good sense in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition. 'You see, my children,' cried I, 'how

been so very bad an economist of his own. Your mother and I have now better prospects for you. The next winter, which you will probably spend in town, will give you opportunities of making a more prudent choice.'

What Sophia's reflections were upon this occasion, I can't pretend to determine, but I was not displeased at the bottom, that we were rid of a guest from whom I had much to fear. Our breach of hospitality went to my conscience a little, but I quickly silenced that monitor by two or three specious reasons, which served to satisfy and reconcile me to myself. The pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong, is soon got over. Conscience is a coward, and those faults it has not strength enough to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse.—*The Vicar of Wakefield*

### *A Chinaman's Opinion about the English*

THE English seem as silent as the Japanese, yet vainer than the inhabitants of Siam. Upon my arrival I attributed that reserve to modesty, which I now find has its origin in pride. They bear hunger, cold, fatigue, and all the miseries of life, without shrinking, danger only calls forth their fortitude, they even exult in calamity, but contempt is what they cannot bear. An Englishman fears contempt more than death, he often flies to death as a refuge from its pressure, and dies when he fancies the world has ceased to esteem him.

Pride seems the source not only of their national vices, but of their national virtues also. An Englishman is taught to love his king as his friend, but to acknowledge no other master than the laws which himself has contributed to enact. He despises those nations, who, that one may be free, are all content to be slaves, who first lift a tyrant into terror, and then shrink under his power as if delegated from heaven. Liberty is echoed in all their assemblies and thousands might be found ready to offer up their lives for the sound, though perhaps not one of all the number understands its meaning. The lowest mechanic, however, looks upon it as his duty to be a watchful guardian of his country's freedom, and often uses a language that might seem haughty, even in the mouth of the great emperor, who traces his ancestry to the moon.

A few days ago, passing by one of their prisons, I could not avoid stopping, in order to listen to a dialogue, which I thought might afford me some entertainment. The conversation was carried on between a debtor through the grate of his

prison, a porter who had stopped to rest his burden, and a soldier at the window. The subject was upon a threatened invasion from France, and each seemed extremely anxious to rescue his country from the impending danger. 'For my part,' cries the prisoner, 'the greatest of my apprehensions is for our freedom, if the French should conquer, what would become of English liberty? My dear friends, liberty is the Englishman's prerogative, we must preserve that at the expense of our lives, of that the French shall never deprive us, it is not to be expected that men who are slaves themselves would preserve our freedom should they happen to conquer.'—'Aye, slaves,' cries the porter, 'they are all slaves, fit only to carry burdens, every one of them. Before I would stoop to slavery, may this be my poison' (and he held the goblet in his hand),—'may this be my poison—but I would sooner list for a soldier.'

The soldier, taking the goblet from his friend, with much awe, fervently cried out, 'It is not so much our liberties as our religion that would suffer by such a change, aye, our religion, my lads. May the devil sink me into flames' (such was the solemnity of his adjuration), 'if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone.' So saying, instead of a libation, he applied the goblet to his lips, and confirmed his sentiments with a ceremony of the most persevering devotion.

In short, every man here pretends to be a politician, even the fair sex are sometimes found to mix the severity of national altercation with the blandishments of love, and often become conquerors by more weapons of destruction than their eyes.

This universal passion for politics is gratified by 'Daily Gazettes,' as with us at China. But, as in ours, the Emperor endeavours to instruct his people, in theirs, the people endeavour to instruct the Administration. You must not, however, imagine, that they who compile these papers have any actual knowledge of the politics or the government of a state, they only collect their materials from the oracle of some coffee house, which oracle has himself gathered them the night before from a beau at a gaming-table—who has pillaged his knowledge from a great man's porter—who has had his information from a great man's gentleman—who has invented the whole story for his own amusement the night preceding.

The English, in general, seem sonder of gaining the esteem than the love of those they converse with, thus gives a formality to their amusements, their gayest conversations have



something too wise for innocent relaxation, though, in company, you are seldom disgusted with the absurdity of a fool, you are seldom lifted into rapture by those strokes of vivacity which give instant, though not permanent, pleasure

What they want, however, in gaiety, they make up in politeness. You smile at hearing me praise the English for their politeness, you who have heard very different accounts from the missionaries at Pekin, who have seen such a different behaviour in their merchants and seamen at home. But I must still repeat it, the English seem more polite than any of their neighbours, their great art, in this respect, lies in endeavouring, while they oblige, to lessen the force of the favour. Other countries are fond of obliging a stranger, but seem desirous that he should be sensible of the obligation. The English confer their kindness with an appearance of indifference, and give away benefits with an air as if they despised them.

Walking a few days ago between an Englishman and a Frenchman into the suburbs of the city, we were overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. I was unprepared, but they had each large coats, which defended them from what seemed to be a perfect inundation. The Englishman, seeing me shrink from the weather, accosted me thus: 'Pshaw, man, what dost thou shrink at? Here, take this coat, I don't want it, I find it no way useful to me, I had as lief be without it.' The Frenchman began to show his politeness in turn. 'My dear friend,' cries he, 'why won't you oblige me by making use of my coat? you see how well it defends me from the rain. I should not choose to part with it to others, but, to such a friend as you, I could even part with my skin to do him service.'

From such minute instances as these, most reverend Fum Hoam, I am sensible your sagacity will collect instruction. The volume of nature is the book of knowledge, and he becomes most wise who makes the most judicious selection. Farewell!—*Letters from a Citizen of the World to his Friends in the East*

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### *A Chinaman on English Liberty*

ASK an Englishman what nation in the world enjoys most freedom, and he immediately answers, his own. Ask him in what that freedom principally consists, and he is instantly silent. This happy pre-eminence does not arise from the people's enjoying a larger share in legislation than elsewhere, for in this particular, several States in Europe excel them, nor does it arise from a greater exemption from taxes, for few

countries pay more, it does not proceed from their being restrained by fewer laws, for no people are burdened with so many, nor does it particularly consist in the security of their property, for property is pretty well secured in every polite State of Europe

How, then, are the English more free (for more free they certainly are) than the people of any other country, or under any other form of government whatever? Their freedom consists in their enjoying all the advantages of democracy, with thus superior prerogative borrowed from monarchy, that 'the severity of their laws may be relaxed without endangering the constitution'

In a monarchical State, in which the constitution is strongest, the laws may be relaxed without danger, for though the people should be unanimous in the breach of any one in particular, yet still there is an *effective* power superior to the people, capable of enforcing obedience, whenever it may be proper to inculcate the law either towards the support or welfare of the community

But in all those governments, where laws derive their sanction from *people alone*, transgressions cannot be overlooked without bringing the constitution into danger. They who transgress the law in such a case, are those who prescribe it, by which means it loses not only its influence but its sanction. In every republic the laws must be strong, because the constitution is feeble. Thus in Holland, Switzerland, and Genoa, new laws are not frequently enacted, but the old ones are observed with unremitting severity. In such republics, therefore, the people are slaves to laws of their own making, little less than unmixed monarchies where they are slaves to the will of one subject to frailties like themselves

In England, from a variety of happy accidents, their constitution is just strong enough, or, if you will, monarchical enough, to permit a relaxation of the severity of laws, and yet those laws still to remain sufficiently strong to govern the people. This is the most perfect state of civil liberty of which we can form any idea, here we see a greater number of laws than in any other country, while the people at the same time obey only such as are *immediately* conducive to the interests of society, several are unnoticed, many unknown, some kept to be revived and enforced upon proper occasions, others left to grow obsolete, even without the necessity of abrogation.

There is scarcely an Englishman who does not almost every day of his life offend with impunity against some express law, and for which, in a certain conjuncture of circumstances, he

would not receive punishment Gaming-houses, preaching at prohibited places, assembled crowds, nocturnal amusements, public shows, and a hundred other instances, are forbidden and frequented These prohibitions are useful, though it be prudent in their magistrates, and happy for their people, that they are not enforced, and none but the venal or mercenary attempt to enforce them

The law in this case, like an indulgent parent, still keeps the rod, though the child is seldom corrected Were those pardoned offences to rise into enormity, were they likely to obstruct the happiness of society, or endanger the State, it is then that Justice would resume her terrors, and punish those faults she had so often overlooked with indulgence It is to this ductility of the laws that an Englishman owes the freedom he enjoys superior to others in a more popular government, every step, therefore, the constitution takes towards a democratic form, every diminution of the legal authority is, in fact, a diminution of the subject's freedom, every attempt to render the government more popular, not only impairs natural liberty but even will at last dissolve the political constitution

Every popular government seems calculated to last only for a time, it grows rigid with age, new laws are multiplying, and the old continue in force, the subjects are oppressed, burdened with a multiplicity of legal injunctions, there are none from whom to expect redress, and nothing but a strong convulsion in the State can vindicate them into former liberty thus the people of Rome, a few great ones excepted, found more real freedom under their emperors, though tyrants, than they had experienced in the old age of the commonwealth, in which their laws were become numerous and painful, in which new laws were every day enacting, and the old ones executed with rigour They even refused to be reinstated in their former prerogatives, upon an offer made them to this purpose, for they actually found emperors the only means of softening the rigours of their constitution

The constitution of England is at present possessed of the strength of its native oak, and the flexibility of the bending tamarisk, but should the people at any time, with mistaken zeal, pant after an imaginary freedom, and fancy that abridging monarchy was increasing their privileges, they would be very much mistaken, since every jewel plucked from the crown of majesty, would only be made use of as a bribe to corruption it might enrich the few who shared it among them, but would, in fact, impoverish the public

As the Roman senators by slow and imperceptible degrees became masters of the people, yet still flattered them with a

show of freedom, while themselves only were free, so it is possible for a body of men, while they stand up for privileges, to grow into an exuberance of power themselves, and the public become actually dependent, while some of its individuals only govern

If, then, my friend, there should in this country ever be on the throne a king who, through good-nature or age, should give up the smallest part of his prerogative to the people, if there should come a minister of merit and popularity—but I have room for no more Adieu!—*Letters from a Citizen of the World to his Friends in the East*

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### *The Unpractical Character of mere Book-learning.*

Books, my son, while they teach us to respect the interest of others, often make us unmindful of our own, while they instruct the youthful reader to grasp at social happiness, he grows miserable in detail, and, attentive to universal harmony, often forgets that he himself has a part to sustain in the concert I dislike therefore the philosopher who describes the inconveniences of life in such pleasing colours that the pupil grows enamoured of distress, longs to try the charms of poverty, meets it without dread, nor fears its inconveniences till he severely feels them

A youth, who has thus spent his life among books, new to the world, and unacquainted with man but by philosophic information, may be considered as a being whose mind is filled with the vulgar errors of the wise, utterly unqualified for a journey through life, yet confident of his own skill in the direction, he sets out with confidence, blunders on with vanity, and finds himself at last undone

He first has learnt from books, and then lays it down as a maxim, that all mankind are virtuous or vicious in excess, and he has been long taught to detest vice, and love virtue, warm therefore in attachments, and steadfast in enmity, he treats every creature as a friend or foe, expects from those he loves unerring integrity, and consigns his enemies to the reproach of wanting every virtue On this principle he proceeds, and here begin his disappointments upon a closer inspection of human nature, he perceives that he should have moderated his friendship, and softened his severity, for he often finds the excellences of one part of mankind clouded with vice, and the faults of the other brightened with virtue he finds no character so

sanctified that has not its failings, none so infamous but has somewhat to attract our esteem

He now therefore, but too late, perceives that his regards should have been more cool, and his hatred less violent, that the truly wise seldom court romantic friendships with the good, and avoid, if possible, the resentment even of the wicked every moment gives him fresh instances that the bonds of friendship are broken if drawn too closely, and that those whom he has treated with disrespect more than retaliate the injury at length, therefore, he is obliged to confess, that he has declared war upon the vicious half of mankind, without being able to form an alliance among the virtuous to espouse his quarrel

Our book-taught philosopher, however, is now too far advanced to recede, and though poverty be the just consequence of the many enemies his conduct has created, yet he is resolved to meet it without shrinking philosophers have described poverty in most charming colours, and even his vanity is touched, in thinking, that he shall show the world in himself one more example of patience, fortitude, and resignation 'Come then, O Poverty! for what is there in thee dreadful to the wise? Temperance, Health, and Frugality, walk in thy train Cheerfulness and Liberty are ever thy companions Shall any be ashamed of thee of whom Cincinnatus was not ashamed! The running brook, the herbs of the field, can scarcely satisfy nature, man wants but little, nor that little long \* come then, O Poverty, while kings stand by and gaze with admiration at the true philosopher's resignation'

The goddess appears for Poverty ever comes at the call but alas! he finds her by no means the charming figure books and his warm imagination had painted As when an Eastern bride, whom her friends and relations had long described as a model of perfection, pays her first visit, the longing bridegroom lifts the veil to see a face he had never seen before, but, instead of a countenance blazing with beauty like the sun, he beholds deformity shooting icicles to his heart such appears Poverty to her new entertainer all the fabric of enthusiasm is at once demolished, and a thousand miseries rise upon its ruins, while Contempt, with pointing finger, is foremost in the hideous procession

The poor man now finds that he can get no kings to look

\* The author has repeated this thought in his 'Hermit'—

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,  
All earth-born cares are wrong  
Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long

at him while he is eating, he finds that in proportion as he grows poor, the world turns its back upon him, and gives him leave to act the philosopher in all the majesty of solitude it might be agreeable enough to play the philosopher while we are conscious that mankind are spectators, but what signifies wearing the mask of sturdy contentment, and mounting the stage of restraint, when not one creature will assist at the exhibition? Thus is he forsaken of men, while his fortitude wants the satisfaction even of self-applause, for either he does not feel his present calamities, and that is natural *insensibility*, or he disguises his feelings, and that is *dissimulation*.

Spleen now begins to take up the man not distinguishing in his resentments, he regards all mankind with detestation, and, commencing man-hater, seeks solitude to be at liberty to rail.

It has been said, that he who retires to solitude is either a beast or an angel the censure is too severe, and the praise unmerited, the discontented being, who retires from society, is generally some good-natured man, who has begun life without experience, and knew not how to gain it in his intercourse with mankind Adieu!—*Letters from a Citizen of the World to his Friends in the East*

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### *The Love of Life.*

AGE, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living Those dangers, which in the vigour of youth we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind, and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity, and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade, hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty, some happiness in long perspective still beckons me to pursue, and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game

Whence, my friend, this increased love of life, which grows

upon us with our years?—whence comes it that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarcely worth the keeping? Is it that Nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments, and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood, the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him with his own hand to terminate the scene of misery, but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could be only prejudicial and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. 'I would not choose,' says a French philosopher, 'to see an old post pulled up, with which I had been long acquainted.' A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them, visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance, hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession. They love the world and all that it produces, they love life and all its advantages, not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinwang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison, during the preceding reigns, should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the Emperor's feet, addressed him as follows. 'Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and in darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find some friend that would assist or relieve, or remember me, but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me then, O Chinwang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison, the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace, I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed, in that prison from which you were pleased to release me.'

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and embitter our parting. Life uses the young like a new acquaintance, the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing, its company pleases, yet for all this it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend. Its jests have been anticipated in former conversation, it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it, destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it, husband the wasting treasure with increased frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king, his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasure before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of an entertainment, but was disgusted even in the beginning. He professed an aversion to living, was tired of walking around the same circle, had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. 'If life be in youth so displeasing,' cried he to himself, 'what will it appear when age comes on, if it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable.' This thought embittered every reflection, till at last, with all the serenity of a perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprised, that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking, he would have boldly dared to live, and served that society by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion. Adieu!—  
*Letters from a Citizen of the World to his Friends in the East*

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### *On Justice and Generosity.*

LYSIPPUS is a man whose greatness of soul the whole world admires. His generosity is such that it prevents a demand, and saves the receiver the trouble and the confusion of a request. His liberality also does not oblige more by its greatness than by his imitable grace in giving. Sometimes he even distributes his bounties to strangers, and has been known



to do good offices to those who professed themselves his enemies. All the world are unanimous in the praise of his generosity; there is only one sort of people who complain of his conduct,—Lysippus does not pay his debts.

It is no difficult matter to account for a conduct so seemingly incompatible with itself. There is greatness in being generous, and there is only simple justice in satisfying his creditors. Generosity is the part of a soul raised above the vulgar. There is in it something of what we admire in heroes, and praise with a degree of rapture. Justice, on the contrary, is a mere mechanic virtue, fit only for tradesmen.

In paying his debts a man barely does his duty, and it is an action attended with no sort of glory. Should Lysippus satisfy his creditors, who would be at the pains of telling it to the world? Generosity is a virtue of a very different complexion. It is raised above duty, and, from its elevation, attracts the attention and the praises of us little mortals below.

In this manner do men generally reason upon justice and generosity. The first is despised, though a virtue essential to the good of society, and the other attracts our esteem, which too frequently proceeds from an impetuosity of temper, rather directed by vanity than reason. Lysippus is told that his banker asks a debt of forty pounds, and that a distressed acquaintance petitions for the same sum. He gives it without hesitation to the latter, for he demands as a favour what the former requires as a debt.

Mankind in general are not sufficiently acquainted with the import of the word *justice*. It is commonly believed to consist only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This, I allow, is sometimes the import of the word, and in this sense justice is distinguished from equity, but there is a justice still more extensive, which can be shown to embrace all the virtues united.

Justice may be defined to be that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to, ourselves, are fully answered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue, and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not in their own nature virtues, and if ever they deserve the title, it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candour

might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generosity mistaken profusion

A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is at best indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expenses of society, of presents, of entertainments, and the other helps to cheerfulness, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of disposing of our superfluities, but they become vicious, when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more virtuous disposition of our circumstances

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed upon us by law. It is a rule imposed upon us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones

Misers are generally characterised as men without honour or without humanity, who live only to accumulate, and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness. They have been described as madmen, who, in the midst of abundance, banish every pleasure, and make from imaginary wants real necessities. But few, very few, correspond to this exaggerated picture, and perhaps there is not one in whom all these circumstances are found united. Instead of this, we find the sober and the industrious branded by the vain and the idle with this odious appellation, men who, by frugality and labour, raise themselves above their equals, and contribute their share of industry to the common stock.

Whatever the vain or the ignorant may say, well were it for society had we more of this character among us. In general, these close men are found at last the true benefactors of society. With an avaricious man we seldom lose in our dealings, but too frequently in our commerce with prodigality.

A French priest, whose name was Godinot, went for a long time by the name of the Griper. He refused to relieve the most apparent wretchedness, and, by a skilful management of his vineyard, had the good fortune to acquire immense sums of money. The inhabitants of Rheims, who were his fellow citizens, detested him, and the populace, who seldom love a miser, wherever he went received him with contempt. He still, however, continued his former simplicity of life, his amazing and unremitted frugality. This good man had long perceived the wants of the poor in the city, particularly in having no water, but what they were obliged to buy at an advanced price,

wherefore, that whole fortune which he had been amassing he laid out in ~~in vain aqueducts~~, by which he did the poor more useful and lasting service than if he had distributed his whole income in charity every day at his door

Among men long conversant with books, we too frequently find those misplaced virtues of which I have been now complaining. We find the studious animated with a strong passion for the great virtues, as they are mistakingly called, and utterly forgetful of the ordinary ones. The declamations of philosophy are generally rather exhausted on these supererogatory duties, than on such as are indispensably necessary. A man, therefore, who has taken his ideas of mankind from study alone, generally comes into the world with a heart melting at every fictitious distress. Thus he is induced, by misplaced liberality, to put himself into the indigent circumstances of the person he relieves

I shall conclude this paper with the advice of one of the ancients, to a young man whom he saw giving away all his substance to pretended distress. 'It is possible that the person you relieve may be an honest man and I know that you who relieve him are such. You see, then, by your generosity, you only rob a man who is certainly deserving, to bestow it on one who may possibly be a rogue, and, while you are unjust in rewarding uncertain merit, you are doubly guilty by stripping yourself'—*The Bee*

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### *The Sagacity of some Insects*

ANIMALS, in general, are sagacious, in proportion as they cultivate society. The elephant and the beaver show the greatest signs of this when united, but, when man intrudes into their communities, they lose all their spirit of industry, and testify but a very small share of that sagacity, for which, when in a social state, they are so remarkable

Among insects, the labours of the bee and the ant have employed the attention and admiration of the naturalist, but their whole sagacity is lost upon separation, and a single bee or ant seems destitute of every degree of industry, is the most stupid insect imaginable, languishes for a time in solitude, and soon dies

Of all the solitary insects I have ever remarked, the spider is the most sagacious, and its actions, to me who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for a state of war, not only upon other insects, but upon each other. For this state, nature seems

perfectly well to have formed it. Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attempts of every other insect; and its belly is enveloped in a soft pliant skin, which eludes the sting even of a wasp. Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of a lobster, and their vast length, like spears, serves to keep every assailant at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation than for an attack or a defence, it has several eyes, large, transparent, and covered with a horny substance, which, however, does not impede its vision. Besides this, it is furnished with a forceps above the mouth, which serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

Such are the implements of war with which the body is immediately furnished, but its net to entangle the enemy seems what it chiefly trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body of this little creature with a glutinous liquid, which, proceeding from the anus, it spins into thread, coarser or finer as it chooses to contract or dilate its sphincter. In order to fix its thread, when it begins to weave, it emits a small drop of its liquid against the wall, which, hardening by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly, then receding from the first point, as it recedes the thread lengthens, and when the spider has come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with its claws the thread which would otherwise be too slack, it is stretched tightly, and fixed in the same manner to the wall as before.

In this manner, it spins and fixes several threads parallel to each other, which, so to speak, serve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it spins in the same manner its thread transversely, fixing one end to the first that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads, being newly spun, are glutinous, and therefore stick to each other wherever they happen to touch, and, in those parts of the web most exposed to be torn, our natural artist strengthens them, by doubling the threads sometimes sixfold.

Thus far naturalists have gone in the description of this animal, what follows is the result of my own observation upon that species of the insect called a house spider. I perceived, about four years ago, a large spider in one corner of my room, making its web, and, though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction, and, I may say, it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was, with incredible diligence, completed, nor could I avoid thinking, that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed its round, examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon, then, a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in his hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and, when he found all arts in vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and finally killed his antagonist.

Now, then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost patience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped, and, when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized, and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived in a precarious state, and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life, for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the net, but, when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net, but those it seems were irreparable, wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish, wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its

great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time, when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighbouring fortification with great vigour, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them, for, upon his immediately approaching, the terror of his appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose. The manner then is to wait patiently, till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all his strength, and then he becomes a certain and easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years, every year it changed its skin, and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first it dreaded my approach to its web, but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and, upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack.

To complete this description, it may be observed, that the male spiders are much less than the female, and that the latter are oviparous. When they come to lay, they spread a part of their web under the eggs, and then roll them up carefully, as we roll up things in a cloth, and thus hatch them in their hole. If disturbed in their holes, they never attempt to escape without carrying this young brood in their forceps away with them, and thus frequently are sacrificed to their parental affection.

As soon as ever the young ones leave their artificial covering, they begin to spin, and almost sensibly seem to grow bigger. If they have the good fortune, when even but a day old, to catch a fly, they fall to with good appetites. But they live sometimes three or four days without any sort of sustenance, and yet still continue to grow larger, so as every day to double their former size. As they grow old, however, they do not still continue to increase, but their legs only continue to grow longer; and when a spider becomes entirely stiff with age, and unable to seize its prey, it dies at length of hunger. — *The Bee*

*The Characteristics of Greatness.*

IN every duty, in every science in which we would wish to arrive at perfection, we should propose for the object of our pursuit some certain station even beyond our abilities,—some imaginary excellence, which may amuse and serve to animate our inquiry. In deviating from others, in following an unbeaten road, though we perhaps may never arrive at the wished-for object, yet it is possible we may meet several discoveries by the way, and the certainty of small advantages, even while we travel with security, is not so amusing as the hopes of great rewards, which inspire the adventurer.

This enterprising spirit is, however, by no means the character of the present age, every person who should now leave received opinions, who should attempt to be more than a commentator upon philosophy, or an imitator in polite learning, might be regarded as a chimerical projector. Hundreds would be ready not only to point out his errors, but to load him with reproach. Our probable opinions are now regarded as certainties, the difficulties hitherto undiscovered, as utterly inscrutable, and the writers of the last age imitable, and therefore the properest models of imitation.

One might be almost induced to deplore the philosophic spirit of the age, which, in proportion as it enlightens the mind, increases its timidity, and represses the vigour of every undertaking. Men are now content with being prudently in the right, which, though not the way to make new acquisitions, it must be owned is the best method of securing what we have. Yet this is certain, that the writer who never deviates, who never hazards a new thought, or a new expression, though his friends may compliment him upon his sagacity, though criticism lifts her feeble voice in his praise, will seldom arrive at any degree of perfection. The way to acquire lasting esteem, is not by the fewness of a writer's faults, but the greatness of his beauties, and our noblest works are generally most replete with both.

An author who would be sublime often runs his thought into burlesque yet I can readily pardon his mistaking ten times, for once succeeding. True genius walks along a line, and perhaps our greatest pleasure is in seeing it so often near falling, without being ever actually down.

Every science has its hitherto undiscovered mysteries, after which men should travel, undiscouraged by the failure of former adventurers. Every new attempt serves perhaps to facilitate its future invention. We may not find the philosopher's

stone, but we shall probably hit upon new inventions in pursuing it. We shall perhaps never be able to discover the longitude, yet perhaps we may arrive at new truths in the investigation

Were any of those sagacious minds among us,—and surely no nation, or no period, could ever compare with us in this particular,—were any of those minds, I say, who now sit down contented with exploring the intricacies of another's system, bravely to shake off admiration, and, undazzled with the splendour of another's reputation, to chalk out a path to fame for themselves, and boldly cultivate untried experiment, what might not be the result of their inquiries, should the same study that has made them wise make them enterprising also? What could not such qualities united produce? But such is not the character of the English while our neighbours of the Continent launch out into the ocean of science, without proper store for the voyage, we fear shipwreck in every breeze, and consume in port those powers which might probably have weathered every storm

Projectors in a State are generally rewarded above their deserts, projectors in the republic of letters, never. If wrong, every inferior dunce thinks himself entitled to laugh at their disappointment, if right, men of superior talents think their honour engaged to oppose, since every new discovery is a tacit diminution of their own pre-eminence

To aim at excellence, our reputation, our friends, and our all must be ventured, by aiming only at mediocrity, we run no risk, and we do little service. Prudence and greatness are ever persuading us to contrary pursuits. The one instructs us to be content with our station, and to find happiness in bounding every wish, the other impels us to superiority, and calls nothing happiness but rapture. The one directs us to follow mankind, and to act and think with the rest of the world, the other drives us from the crowd, and exposes us as a mark to all the shafts of envy or ignorance

The rewards of mediocrity are immediately paid, those attending excellence generally paid in reversion. In a word, the little mind who loves itself will write and think with the vulgar, but the great mind will be bravely eccentric, and scorn the beaten road, from universal benevolence — *The Bee*



## EDMUND BURKE

BORN 1730, DIED 1797

A great orator and essayist. His command over the English language is perhaps greater than that of any other English prose-writer, and his style is unrivalled for elegance, copiousness, and energy. His works consist chiefly of *Speeches*, of which the most remarkable are those on *American Taxation*, on *Conciliation with America*, on *Economical Reform*, and on *The Nabob of Arcot's Debts*. Of his other writings, the *Reflections on the Revolution in France* is the most brilliant and the best known.

*The American Colonists*

I PASS therefore to the colonies in another point of view—their agriculture. This they have prosecuted with such a spirit that, besides feeding plentifully their own growing multitude, their annual export of grain, comprehending rice, has some years ago exceeded a million in value. Of their last harvest, I am persuaded, they will export much more. At the beginning of the century, some of these colonies imported corn from the mother country. For some time past the old world has been fed from the new. The scarcity which you have felt would have been a desolating famine, if this child of your old age, with a true filial piety, with a Roman charity, had not put the full breast of its youthful exuberance to the mouth of its exhausted parent.

As to the wealth which the colonies have drawn from the sea by their fisheries, you had all that matter fully opened at your bar. You surely thought those acquisitions of value, for they seemed even to excite your envy, and yet the spirit by which that enterprising employment has been exercised ought rather, in my opinion, to have raised your esteem and admiration. And pray, sir, what in the world is equal to it? Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the whale fishery. Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits, whilst we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the South. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting place in the pro-

gress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not a tithe to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever earned this most perilous mode of hard industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people, a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood. When I contemplate these things, when I know that the colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of watchful and suspicious government, but that through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous Nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection, when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power melt, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt and die away within me. My rigour relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

I am sensible, sir, that all which I have asserted, in my detail, is admitted in the gross, but that quite a different conclusion is drawn from it. America, gentlemen say, is a noble object. It is an object well worth fighting for. Certainly it is, if fighting a people be the best way of gaining them. Gentlemen in this respect will be led to their choice of means by their complexions and their habits. Those who understand the military art will of course have some predilection for it. Those who wield the thunder of the state may have more confidence in the efficacy of arms. But I confess, possibly for want of this knowledge, my opinion is much more in favour of prudent management than of force, considering force not as an odious, but as a feeble instrument for preserving a people so numerous, so active, so growing, so spirited as this, in a profitable and subordinate connection with us.

First, sir, permit me to observe, that the use of force alone is but *temporary*. It may subdue for a moment, but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again: and a nation is not governed which is perpetually to be conquered.

My next objection is its *uncertainty*. Terror is not always the effect of force, and an armament is not a victory. If you do not succeed, you are without resource, for, conciliation failing, force remains; but, force failing, no further hope of reconcilia-

tion is left. Power and authority are sometimes bought by kindness, but they can never be begged as alms by an impoverished and defeated violence

A further objection to force is, that you *impair the object* by your very endeavours to preserve it. The thing you fought for is not the thing which you recover, but depreciated, sunk, wasted, and consumed in the contest. Nothing less will content me than *whole America*. I do not choose to consume its strength along with our own, because in all parts it is the British strength that I consume. I do not choose to be caught by a foreign enemy at the end of this exhausting conflict, and still less in the midst of it. I may escape, but I can make no insurance against such an event. Let me add, that I do not choose wholly to break the American spirit, because it is the spirit that has made the country.

Lastly, we have no sort of *experience* in favour of force as an instrument in the rule of our colonies. Their growth and their utility have been owing to methods altogether different. Our ancient indulgence has been said to be pursued to a fault. It may be so. But we know, if feeling is evidence, that our fault was more tolerable than our attempt to mend it, and our sin far more salutary than our penitence.

These, sir, are my reasons for not entertaining that high opinion of untried force, by which many gentlemen, for whose sentiments in other particulars I have great respect, seem to be so greatly captivated. But there is still behind a third consideration concerning this object, which serves to determine my opinion on the sort of policy which ought to be pursued in the management of America, even more than its population and its commerce—I mean its *temper and character*.

In this character of the Americans, a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole, and as an ardent is always a jealous affection, your colonies become suspicious, restive, and untractable, whenever they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force, or shuffle from them by chicane, what they think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English colonies, probably, than in any other people of the earth, and this from a great variety of powerful causes, which, to understand the true temper of their minds, and the direction which this spirit takes, it will not be amiss to lay open somewhat more largely.

First, the people of the colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, sir, is a nation which still I hope respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The colonists emigrated from you

when the spirit of your character was not predominant, and they took this loss and directed the movement they parted from your hands. They are therefore not only directed to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas; and an English principle. Abstract liberty like other mere abstractions is not to be feared. Liberty inheres in some sensible object, and even, rather has it suited to itself some favourable point, which is a way of securing to itself some criterion of their happiness. It happened, you know, or, that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing. Most of the contests in the ancient commonwealths turned primarily on the right of election of magistrates, or on the balance among the several orders of the State. The question of money was not with them so material. But in England it was otherwise. On this point of taxes the ablest spirits, and most eloquent tongues have been exerted, the greatest spirits have acted and suffered. In order to give the fullest satisfaction concerning the importance of this point, it was not only necessary for those who in argument defended the excellence of the English Constitution to insist on this privilege of granting money, as a dry point of fact, and to prove that the right had been acknowledged in ancient parchment, and blind verses, to reach in a certain body called a House of Commons. They went much farther, they attempted to prove, and they succeeded, that in theory it ought to be so, from the particular nature of a House of Commons, as an immediate representation of the people, whether the old records did deliver this teaching or not. They took infinite pains to inculcate, as a fundamental principle, that, in all monarchies the people, as masters of themselves immediately or immediately possess the power of granting their own money, or no shadow of liberty could be seen. The colonies draw from you, as with their life blood, these ideas and principles. The slaves of liberty as with a nail, fixed and attached on this specific point of taxing. Liberty might as easily, or might be endangered in twenty other points, without their being much pleased or alarmed. Hence the selfish egotism, and as they found that loss, they thought their liberty was lost. Liberty is a whistling word, meant to excite and agitate you, and require you to their opinion. It is not a solid body, to rest a new body of those rights and liberties. The fact is that they did thus copy the appearance of a principle of government, and rather than a liberty or a right, though without an actual existence, it was in their minds, that they, as well as you, had a notion of in the same principle.

They were further confirmed in this pleasing error by the form of their provincial legislative assemblies. Their governments are popular in a high degree, some are merely popular, in all, the popular representative is the most weighty and this share of the people in their ordinary government never fails to inspire them with lofty sentiments, and with a strong aversion from whatever tends to deprive them of their chief importance.

Permit me, sir, to add another circumstance in our colonies, which contributes no mean part towards the growth and effect of this untractable spirit. I mean their education. In no country perhaps in the world is the law so general a study. The profession itself is numerous and powerful, and in most provinces it takes the lead. The greater number of the deputies sent to the Congress were lawyers. But all who read, and most do read, endeavour to obtain some smattering in that science. I have been told by an eminent bookseller, that in no branch of his business, after tracts of popular devotion, were so many books as those on the law exported to the plantations. The colonists have now fallen into the way of printing them for their own use. I hear that they have sold nearly as many of Blackstone's Commentaries in America as in England. General Gage marks out this disposition very particularly in a letter on your table. He states, that all the people in his government are lawyers, or smatterers in law, and that in Boston they have been enabled, by successful chicane, wholly to evade many parts of one of your capital penal constitutions. Smartness of debate will say that this knowledge ought to teach them more clearly the rights of Legislature, their obligations to obedience, and the penalties of rebellion. All this is mighty well. But my honourable and learned friend on the floor, who condescends to mark what I say for animadversion, will disdain that ground. He has heard, as well as I, that when great honours and great emoluments do not win over this knowledge to the service of the State, it is a formidable adversary to Government. If the spirit be not tamed and broken by these happy methods, it is stubborn and litigious. This study renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defence, full of resources. In other countries, the people, more simple, and of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance. Here they anticipate the evil, and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze.

The last cause of this disobedient spirit in the colonies is

hardly less powerful than the rest, as it is not merely moral, but laid deep in the natural constitution of things. Three thousand miles of ocean lie between you and them. No contrivance can prevent the effect of this distance, in weakening government. Seas roll, and months pass, between the order and the execution, and the want of a speedy explanation of a single point is enough to defeat a whole system. You have, indeed, winged ministers of vengeance, who carry your bolts in their pounces to the remotest verge of the sea. But there a power steps in, that limits the arrogance of raging passions and furious elements, and says, 'So far shalt thou go, and no farther.' Who are you, that should fret and rage, and bite the chains of Nature? Nothing worse happens to you than does to all nations who have extensive empire, and it happens in all the forms into which empire can be thrown. In large bodies, the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities. Nature has said it. The Turk cannot govern Egypt, and Arabia, and Kurdistan, as he governs Thrace, nor has he the same dominion in Crimea and Algiers which he has at Brusa and Smyrna. Despotism itself is obliged to truck and huckster. The Sultan gets such obedience as he can. He governs with a loose rein, that he may govern at all, and the whole of the force and vigour of his authority in his centre is derived from a prudent relaxation in all his borders. Spain, in her provinces, is, perhaps, not so well obeyed as you are in yours. She complies too, she submits, she watches times. This is the immutable condition, the eternal law, of extensive and detached empire.

Then, sir, from these six capital sources, of descent, of form of government, of religion in the northern provinces, of manners in the southern, of education, of the remoteness of situation from the first mover of government—from all these causes a fierce spirit of liberty has grown up. It has grown with the growth of the people in your colonies, and increased with the increase of their wealth, a spirit, that unhappily meeting with an exercise of power in England, which, however lawful, is not reconcilable to any ideas of liberty, much less with theirs, has kindled this flame, that is ready to consume us —

*Speech on Conciliation with America*

## EDWARD GIBBON.

BORN 1737, DIED 1791

A great English historian, author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. His style is remarkable for dignity and eloquence, though it is often somewhat cumbrous and elaborate. The extract given below, being a descriptive piece, is almost free from the faults just mentioned and may be taken as a model of pure and sober English

*Arabia and the Arabs*

IN the vacant space between Persia, Syria, Egypt, and Æthiopia the Arabian peninsula may be conceived as a triangle of spacious but irregular dimensions. From the northern point of Beles on the Euphrates, a line of fifteen hundred miles is terminated by the Straits of Babelmandeb and the land of frankincense. About half this length may be allowed for the middle breadth, from east to west, from Bassora to Suez, from the Persian Gulf to the Red Sea. The sides of the triangle are gradually enlarged, and the southern basis presents a front of a thousand miles to the Indian Ocean. The entire surface of the peninsula exceeds in a fourfold proportion that of Germany or France, but the far greater part has been justly stigmatized with the epithets of the *stony* and the *sandy*. Even the wilds of Tartary are decked, by the hand of Nature, with lofty trees and luxuriant herbage, and the lonesome traveller derives a sort of comfort and society from the presence of vegetable life. But in the dreary waste of Arabia, a boundless level of sand is intersected by sharp and naked mountains, and the face of the desert, without shade or shelter, is scorched by the direct and intense rays of a tropical sun. Instead of refreshing breezes, the winds, particularly from the south-west, diffuse a noxious and even deadly vapour, the hillocks of sand, which they alternately raise and scatter, are compared to the billows of the ocean, and whole caravans, whole armies, have been lost and buried in the whirlwind. The common benefits of water are an object of desire and contest, and such is the scarcity of wood, that some art is requisite to preserve and propagate the element of fire. Arabia is destitute of navigable rivers, which fertilise the soil, and convey its produce to the adjacent regions. the torrents that fall from the hills are imbibed by the thirsty earth. the rare and hardy plants, the tamarind or the acacia, that strike their roots into the clefts of

the rocks, are nourished by the dews of the night a scanty supply of rain is collected in cisterns and aqueducts the wells and springs are the secret treasure of the desert, and the pilgrim of Mecca, after many a dry and sultry march, is disgusted by the taste of the waters, which have rolled over a bed of sulphur or salt Such is the general and genuine picture of the climate of Arabia The experience of evil enhances the value of any local or partial enjoyments : A shady grove, a green pasture, a stream of fresh water, are sufficient to attract a colony of sedentary Arabs to the fortunate spots which can afford food and refreshment to themselves and their cattle, and which encourage their industry in the cultivation of the palm-tree and the vine The high lands that border on the Indian Ocean are distinguished by their superior plenty of wood and water the air is more temperate, the fruits are more delicious, the animals and the human race more numerous the fertility of the soil invites and rewards the toil of the husbandman, and the peculiar gifts of frankincense and coffee have attracted in different ages the merchants of the world If it be compared with the rest of the peninsula, this sequestered region may truly deserve the appellation of the *happy*, and the splendid colouring of fancy and fiction has been suggested by contrast, and countenanced by distance It was for this earthly paradise that Nature had reserved her choicest favours and her most curious workmanship the incompatible blessings of luxury and innocence were ascribed to the natives the soil was impregnated with gold and gems, and both the land and sea were taught to exhale the odours of aromatic sweets This division of the *sandy*, the *stony*, and the *happy*, so familiar to the Greeks and Latins, is unknown to the Arabians themselves and it is singular enough, that a country, whose language and inhabitants have ever been the same, should scarcely retain a vestige of its ancient geography The maritime districts of *Babren* and *Oman* are opposite to the realm of Persia The kingdom of *Yemen* displays the limits, or at least the situation, of Arabia Felix the name of *Neged* is extended over the inland space, and the birth of Mahomet has illustrated the province of *Hejaz* along the coast of the Red Sea

The measure of population is regulated by the means of subsistence, and the inhabitants of this vast peninsula might be outnumbered by the subjects of a fertile and industrious province Along the shores of the Persian Gulf, of the Ocean, and even of the Red Sea, the *Ichthyophagi*, or fish-eaters, continue to wander in quest of their precarious food. In this primitive and abject state, which ill deserves the name of



society, the human brute, without arts or laws, almost without sense or language, is poorly distinguished from the rest of the animal creation. Generations and ages might roll away in silent oblivion, and the helpless savage was restrained from multiplying his race by the wants and pursuits which confined his existence to the narrow margin of the sea-coast. But in an earlier period of antiquity the great body of the Arabs had emerged from this scene of misery, and as the naked wilderness could not maintain a people of hunters, they rose at once to the more secure and plentiful condition of the pastoral life. The same life is uniformly pursued by the roving tribes of the desert, and in the portrait of the modern *Bedowees* we may trace the features of their ancestors, who, in the age of Moses or Mahomet, dwelt under similar tents, and conducted their horses, and camels, and sheep, to the same springs and the same pastures. Our toil is lessened, and our wealth is increased, by our dominion over the useful animals, and the Arabian shepherd had acquired the absolute possession of a faithful friend and a laborious slave. Arabia, in the opinion of the naturalist, is the genuine and original country of the *horse*, the climate most propitious, not indeed to the size, but to the spirit and swiftness, of that generous animal. The merit of the Barb, the Spanish, and the English breed, is derived from a mixture of Arabian blood. The *Bedowees* preserve, with superstitious care, the honours and the memory of the purest race: the males are sold at a high price, but the females are seldom alienated, and the birth of a noble foal was esteemed, among the tribes, as a subject of joy and mutual congratulation. These horses are educated in the tents, among the children of the Arabs, with a tender familiarity, which trains them in the habits of gentleness and attachment. They are accustomed only to walk and to gallop: their sensations are not blunted by the incessant abuse of the spur and the whip: their powers are reserved for the moments of flight and pursuit: but no sooner do they feel the touch of the hand or the stirrup, than they dart away with the swiftness of the wind: and if their friend be dismounted in the rapid career, they instantly stop till he has recovered his seat. In the sands of Africa and Arabia, the *camel* is a sacred and precious gift. That strong and patient beast of burden can perform, without eating or drinking, a journey of several days, and a reservoir of fresh water is preserved in a large bag, a fifth stomach of the animal, whose body is imprinted with the marks of servitude: the larger breed is capable of transporting a weight of a thousand pounds, and the dromedary, of a lighter and more active frame, outstrips the

fleetest courser in the race. Alive or dead, almost every part of the camel is serviceable to man. her milk is plentiful and nutritious. the young and tender flesh has the taste of veal. a valuable salt is extracted from the urine. the dung supplies the deficiency of fuel. and the long hair, which falls each year and is renewed, is coarsely manufactured into the garments, the furniture, and the tents of the Bedoweens. In the rainy seasons, they consume the rare and insufficient herbage of the desert. during the heats of summer and the scarcity of winter, they remove their encampments to the sea-coast, the hills of Yemen, or the neighbourhood of the Euphrates, and have often extorted the dangerous license of visiting the banks of the Nile, and the villages of Syria and Palestine. The life of a wandering Arab is a life of danger and distress, and though sometimes, by rapine or exchange, he may appropriate the fruits of industry, a private citizen in Europe is in the possession of more solid and pleasing luxury than the proudest emir who marches in the field at the head of ten thousand horse — *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*

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## WILLIAM PALEY

BORN 1743, DIED 1805

A great philosophical writer. His chief works are *Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy*, 1785, *View of the Evidence of Christianity*, 1794, *Natural Theology*, 1802. His style is remarkably clear, easy, and at the same time forcible. It is unadorned, containing few figures, images, or illustrations, and it consequently is one of the best possible models that can be offered for the imitation of Indian youth.

### *Happiness*

THE word happy is a relative term, that is, when we call a man happy, we mean that he is happier than some others with whom we compare him, than the generality of others, or than he himself was in some other situation — thus, speaking of one who has just compassed the object of a long pursuit, 'Now,' we say, 'he is happy.' And in a like comparative sense, compared, that is, with the general lot of mankind, we call a man happy who possesses health and competency.

In strictness, any condition may be denominated happy, in which the amount or aggregate of pleasure exceeds that of pain, and the degree of happiness depends upon the quantity of this excess.

And the greatest quantity of it ordinarily attainable in human life is what we mean by happiness, when we inquire or pronounce what human happiness consists in

In which inquiry I will omit much usual declamation on the dignity and capacity of our nature, the superiority of the soul to the body, of the rational to the animal part of our constitution, upon the worthiness, refinement, and delicacy of some satisfactions, or the meanness, grossness, and sensuality of others,—because I hold that pleasures differ in nothing but in continuance and intensity, from a just computation of which, confirmed by what we observe of the apparent cheerfulness, tranquillity, and contentment of men of different tastes, tempers, stations, and pursuits, every question concerning human happiness must receive its decision

It will be our business to show, if we can—I What human happiness does not consist in, II What it does consist in

I First, then, happiness does not consist in the pleasures of sense, in whatever profusion or variety they be enjoyed By the pleasures of sense I mean as well the animal gratifications of eating, drinking, and that by which the species is continued, as the more refined pleasures of music, painting, architecture, gardening, splendid shows, theatric exhibitions, and the pleasures, lastly, of active sports,—as of hunting, shooting, fishing, &c For,—

1 These pleasures continue but a little while at a time This is true of them all, especially of the grosser sort of them Laying aside the preparation and the expectation, and computing strictly the actual sensation, we shall be surprised to find how inconsiderable a portion of our time they occupy—how few hours in the four-and-twenty they are able to fill up

2 These pleasures, by repetition, lose their relish It is a property of the machine, for which we know no remedy, that the organs by which we perceive pleasure are blunted and benumbed by being frequently exercised in the same way There is hardly any one who has not found the difference between a gratification when new and when familiar, or any pleasure which does not become indifferent as it grows habitual

3 The eagerness for high and intense delights takes away the relish from all others, and as such delights fall rarely in our way, the greater part of our time becomes from this cause empty and uneasy

There is hardly any delusion by which men are greater sufferers in their happiness than by their expecting too much from what is called pleasure, that is, from those intense delights which vulgarly engross the name of pleasure The very

expectation spoils them. When they do come, we are often engaged in taking pains to persuade ourselves how much we are pleased, rather than enjoying any pleasure which springs naturally out of the object. And whenever we depend upon being vastly delighted, we always go home secretly grieved at missing our aim. Likewise, as has been observed just now, when this humour of being prodigiously delighted has once taken hold of the imagination, it hinders us from providing for, or acquiescing in, those gently soothing engagements, the due variety and succession of which are the only things that supply a vein or continued stream of happiness.

What I have been able to observe of that part of mankind whose professed pursuit is pleasure, and who are withheld in the pursuit by no restraints of fortune or scruples of conscience, corresponds sufficiently with this account. I have commonly remarked in such men a restless and inextinguishable passion for variety, a great part of their time to be vacant, and so much of it irksome, and that, with whatever eagerness and expectation they set out, they become by degrees fastidious in their choice of pleasure, languid in the enjoyment, yet miserable under the want of it.

The truth seems to be that there is a limit at which these pleasures soon arrive, and from which they ever afterwards decline. They are by necessity of short duration, as the organs cannot hold on their emotions beyond a certain length of time, and if you endeavour to compensate for this imperfection in their nature by the frequency with which you repeat them, you suffer more than you gain, by the fatigue of the faculties and the diminution of sensibility.

We have said nothing in this account of the loss of opportunities, or the decay of faculties, which, whenever they happen, leave the voluptuary destitute and desperate—teased by desires that can never be gratified, and the memory of pleasures which must return no more.

It will also be allowed by those who have experienced it, and perhaps by those alone, that pleasure which is purchased by the incumbrance of our fortune is purchased too dear, the pleasure never compensating for the perpetual irritation of embarrassed circumstances.

These pleasures, after all, have their value, and as the young are always too eager in their pursuit of them, the old are sometimes too remiss, that is, too studious of their ease to be at the pains for them which they really deserve.

Secondly, Neither does happiness consist in an exemption from pain, labour, care, business, suspense, molestation, and

'those evils which are without,' such a state being usually attended not with ease, but with depression of spirits, a tastelessness in all our ideas, imaginary anxieties, and the whole train of hypochondriacal affections

For which reason the expectations of those who retire from their shops and counting-houses, to enjoy the remainder of their days in leisure and tranquillity, are seldom answered by the effect, much less of such as, in a fit of chagrin, shut themselves up in cloisters and hermitages, or quit the world and then stations in it for solitude and repose

Where there exists a known external cause of uneasiness, the cause may be removed, and the uneasiness will cease, but those imaginary distresses which men feel for want of real ones (and which are equally tormenting, and so far equally real), as they depend upon no single or assignable subject of uneasiness, admit oftentimes of no application or relief

Hence a moderate pain, upon which the attention may fasten and spend itself, is to many a refreshment, as a fit of the gout will sometimes cure the spleen. And the same of any less violent agitation of the mind, as a literary controversy, a lawsuit, a contested election, and, above all, gaming—the passion for which, in men of fortune and liberal minds, is only to be accounted for on this principle

Thirdly, Neither does happiness consist in greatness, rank, or elevated station

Were it true that all superiority afforded pleasure, it would follow that by how much we were the greater—that is, the more persons we were superior to—in the same proportion, so far as depended upon this cause, we should be the happier, but so it is, that no superiority yields any satisfaction, save that which we possess or obtain over those with whom we immediately compare ourselves. The shepherd perceives no pleasure in his superiority over his dog, the farmer, in his superiority over the shepherd, the lord, in his superiority over the farmer, nor the king, lastly, in his superiority over the lord. Superiority, where there is no competition, is seldom contemplated—what most men are quite unconscious of

But if the same shepherd can run, fight, or wrestle better than the peasants of his village, if the farmer can show better cattle, if he keeps a better horse, or be supposed to have a longer purse, than any farmer in the hundred, if the lord have more interest in an election, greater favour at court, a better house or larger estate than any nobleman in the county, if the king possess a more extensive territory, a more powerful fleet or army, a more splendid establishment, more loyal subjects, or more

weight and authority in adjusting the affairs of nations, than any prince in Europe—in all these cases the parties feel an actual satisfaction in their superiority.

Now the conclusion that follows from hence is this,—that the pleasures of ambition, which are supposed to be peculiar to high stations, are in reality common to all conditions. The farmer who shoes a horse better, and who is in greater request for his skill, than any man within ten miles of him, possesses for all that I can see, the delight of distinction and of excelling, as truly and substantially as the statesman, the soldier, and the scholar, who have filled Europe with the reputation of their wisdom, their valour, or their knowledge.

No superiority appears to be of any account but superiority over a rival. This, it is manifest, may exist wherever rivalships do, and rivalships fall out amongst men of all ranks and degrees. The object of emulation, the dignity or magnitude of this object, makes no difference, as it is not what either possesses that constitutes the pleasure, but what one possesses more than the other.

Philosophy smiles at the contempt with which the rich and great speak of the petty strifes and competitions of the poor, not reflecting that these strifes and competitions are just as reasonable as their own, and the pleasure which success affords the same.

Our position is, that happiness does not consist in greatness. And this position we make out by showing that even what are supposed to be peculiar advantages of greatness, the pleasures of ambition and superiority, are in reality common to all conditions. But whether the pursuits of ambition be ever wise, whether they contribute more to the happiness or misery of the pursuers, is a different question, and a question concerning which we may be allowed to entertain great doubt. The pleasure of success is exquisite, so also is the anxiety of the pursuit, and the pain of disappointment; and what is the worst part of the account, the pleasure is short-lived. We soon cease to look back upon those whom we have left behind, new contests are engaged in, new prospects unfold themselves, a succession of struggles is kept up whilst there is a rival left within the compass of our views and profession, and when there is none, the pleasure with the pursuit is at an end.

II. We have seen what happiness does not consist in. We are next to consider in what it does consist.

In the conduct of life, the great matter is, to know beforehand what will please us, and what pleasure will hold out. So far as we know this our choice will be justified by the event.

And this knowledge is more scarce and difficult than at first sight it may seem to be for sometimes pleasures which are wonderfully alluring and flattering in the prospect, turn out in the possession extremely insipid, or do not hold out as we expected at other times pleasures start up which never entered into our calculation, and which we might have missed by not 'foreseeing', whence we have reason to believe that we actually do miss many pleasures from the same cause. I say to know 'beforehand' for, after the experiment is tried, it is commonly impracticable to retreat or change, besides, that shifting and changing is apt to generate a habit of restlessness, which is destructive of the happiness of every condition.

By reason of the original diversity of taste, capacity, and constitution observable in the human species, and the still greater variety which habit and fashion have introduced in these particulars, it is impossible to propose any plan of happiness which will succeed to all, or any method of life which is universally eligible or practicable.

All that can be said is, that there remains a presumption in favour of those conditions of life in which men generally appear most cheerful and contented. For though the apparent happiness of mankind be not always a true measure of their real happiness, it is the best measure we have.

Taking this for my guide, I am inclined to believe that happiness consists,—

*First*, In the exercise of the social affections.

Those persons commonly possess good spirits who have about them many objects of affection and endearment, as wife, children, kindred, friends. And to the want of these may be imputed the peevishness of monks, and of such as lead a monastic life.

Of the same nature with the indulgence of our domestic affections, and equally refreshing to the spirits, is the pleasure which results from acts of bounty and beneficence, exercised either in giving money, or in imparting to those who want it the assistance of our skill and profession.

Another main article of human happiness is,—

*Secondly*, The exercise of our faculties, either of body or mind, in the pursuit of some engaging end.

It seems to be true, that no plenitude of present gratifications can make the possessor happy for a continuance, unless he have something in reserve, something to hope for and look forward to. Thus I conclude to be the case, from comparing the alacrity and spirits of men who are engaged in any pursuit which interests them, with the dejection and *ennui* of almost all who are either born to so much that they want nothing more, or who

have used up their satisfactions too soon, and drained the sources of them

It is this intolerable vacuity of mind which carries the rich and great to the horse-course and the gaming-table, and often engages them in contests and pursuits, of which the success bears no proportion to the solicitude and expense with which it is sought. An election for a disputed borough shall cost the parties twenty or thirty thousand pounds each—to say nothing of the anxiety, humiliation, and fatigue of the canvass, when a seat in the House of Commons, of exactly the same value, may be had for a tenth part of the money, and with no trouble. I do not mention this to blame the rich and great (perhaps they cannot do better), but in confirmation of what I have advanced.

Hope, which thus appears to be of so much importance to our happiness, is of two kinds: where there is something to be done towards attaining the object of our hope, and where there is nothing to be done. The first alone is of any value, the latter being apt to corrupt into impatience, having no power but to sit still and wait, which soon grows tiresome.

The doctrine delivered under this head may be readily admitted, but how to provide ourselves with a succession of pleasurable engagements is the difficulty. This requires two things: judgment in the choice of *ends* adapted to our opportunities, and a command of imagination, so as to be able, when the judgment has made choice of an end, to transfer a pleasure to the *means*, after which, the end may be forgotten as soon as we will.

Hence, those pleasures are most valuable, not which are most exquisite in the fruition, but which are most productive of engagement and activity in the pursuit.

A man who is in earnest in his endeavours after the happiness of a future state, has in this respect an advantage over all the world, for he has constantly before his eyes an object of supreme importance, productive of perpetual engagement and activity, and of which the pursuit (which can be said of no pursuit besides) lasts him to his life's end. Yet even he must have many ends besides the *far end*, but then they will conduct to that, be subordinate, and in some way or other capable of being referred to that, and derive their satisfaction, or an addition of satisfaction, from that.

Engagement is everything: the more significant, however, our engagements are, the better, such as the planning of laws, institutions, manufactures, charities, improvements, public works, and the endeavouring, by our interest, address, solicitations, and activity, to carry them into effect: or, upon a



smaller scale, the procuring of a maintenance and fortune for our families by a course of industry and application to our callings, which forms and gives motion to the common occupations of life, training up a child, prosecuting a scheme for his future establishment, making ourselves masters of a language or a science, improving or managing an estate, labouring after a piece of preferment and lastly, *any* engagement which is innocent is better than none, as the writing of a book, the building of a house, the laying out of a garden, the digging of a fish-pond—even the raising of a cucumber or a tulip

Whilst our minds are taken up with the objects or business before us, we are commonly happy, whatever the object or business be, when the mind is *absent*, and the thoughts are wandering to something else than what is passing in the place in which we are, we are often miserable

*Thirdly*, Happiness depends upon the prudent constitution of the habits

The art in which the secret of human happiness in a great measure consists, is to set the habits in such a manner that every change may be a change for the better. The habits themselves are much the same, for whatever is made habitual becomes smooth, and easy, and nearly indifferent. The return to an old habit is likewise easy, whatever the habit be. Therefore the advantage is with those habits which allow of an indulgence in the deviation from them. The luxurious receive no greater pleasure from their dainties than the peasant does from his bread and cheese but the peasant, whenever he goes abroad, finds a feast, whereas the epicure must be well contented, to escape disgust. Those who spend every day at cards and those who go every day to plough, pass their time much alike, intent upon what they are about, wanting nothing, regretting nothing, they are both for the time in a state of ease but then whatever suspends the occupation of the card-player distresses him, whereas to the labourer, every interruption is a refreshment, and this appears in the different effects that Sunday produces upon the two, which proves a day of recreation to the one, but a lamentable burden to the other. The man who has learned to live alone, feels his spirits enlivened whenever he enters into company, and takes his leave without regret, another, who has long been accustomed to a crowd, or continual succession of company, experiences in company no elevation of spirits, nor any greater satisfaction than what the man of a retired life finds in his chimney-corner. So far their conditions are equal, but let a change of place, fortune, or situation, separate the companion from his circle, his visitors, his club,

common-room, or coffee house, and the difference and advantage in the choice and constitution of the two habits will show itself. Solitude comes to the one, clothed with melancholy, to the other, it brings liberty and quiet. You will see the one fretful and restless, at a loss how to dispose of his time, till the hour come round when he may forget himself in bed, the other easy and satisfied, taking up his book or his pipe, as soon as he finds himself alone, ready to admit any little amusement that casts up, or to turn his hands and attention to the first business that presents itself, or content, without either, to sit still and let his train of thought glide indolently through his brain, without much use, perhaps, or pleasure, but without *hankering* after anything better and without irritation. A reader who has inured himself to books of science and argumentation, if a novel, a well-written pamphlet, an article of news, a narrative of a curious voyage, or a journal of a traveller, fall in his way, sits down to the repast with relish, enjoys its entertainment while it lasts, and can return, when it is over, to his graver reading without distaste. Another, with whom nothing will go down but works of humour and pleasantry, or whose curiosity must be interested by perpetual novelty, will consume a bookseller's window in half a forenoon during which time he is rather in search of diversion than diverted, and as books to his taste are few and short, and rapidly read over, the stock is soon exhausted, when he is left without resource from this principal supply of harmless amusement.

So far as circumstances of fortune conduce to happiness, it is not the income which any man possesses, but the increase of income, that affords the pleasure. Two persons, of whom one begins with a hundred and advances his income to a thousand pounds a year, and the other sets off with a thousand and dwindles down to a hundred, may in the course of their time, have the receipt and spending of the same sum of money, yet their satisfaction, so far as fortune is concerned in it, will be very different, the series and sum total of their incomes being the same, it makes a wide difference at which end they begin.

*Fourthly*, Happiness consists in health.

By health I understand, as well freedom from bodily distempers, as that tranquillity, firmness, and alacrity of mind, which we call good spirits, and which may properly enough be included in our notion of health, as depending commonly upon the same causes, and yielding to the same management, as our bodily constitution.

Health, in this sense, is the one thing needful. Therefore

no pains, expense, self-denial, or restraint to which we subject ourselves for the sake of health, is too much. Whether it require us to relinquish lucrative situations, to abstain from favourite indulgences, to control intemperate passions, or undergo tedious regimens, whatever difficulties it lays us under, a man, who pursues his happiness rationally and resolutely, will be content to submit.

When we are in perfect health and spirits, we feel in ourselves a happiness independent of any particular outward gratification whatever, and of which we can give no account. This is an enjoyment which the Deity has annexed to life, and it probably constitutes, in a great measure, the happiness of infants and brutes, especially of the lower and sedentary orders of animals, as of oysters, periwinkles, and the like, for which I have sometimes been at a loss to find out amusement.

The above account of human happiness will justify the two following conclusions, which, although found in most books of morality, have seldom, I think, been supported by any sufficient reasons —

First, That happiness is pretty equally distributed amongst the different orders of civil society.

Secondly, That vice has no advantage over virtue, even with respect to this world's happiness — *Moral and Political Philosophy*.

## SYDNEY SMITH.

BORN 1771, DIED 1845

An essayist and critic. He was also very famous as a wit. He was the first editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. One of his best known works is *Letters on the Catholics from Peter Plymley to his brother Abraham*.

### *Female Education*

A GREAT deal has been said of the original difference of capacity between men and women, as if women were more quick, and men more judicious—as if women were more remarkable for delicacy of association, and men for stronger powers of attention. All this, we confess, appears to us very fanciful. That there is a difference in the understandings of the men and the women we every day meet with, everybody, we suppose, must perceive; but there is none surely which may not be accounted for by the difference of circumstances in which they

have been placed, without referring to any conjectural difference of original conformation of mind. As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt, and trundle hoops together, they are both precisely alike. If you catch up one half of these creatures, and train them to a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly opposite set, of course their understandings will differ, as one or the other sort of occupations has called this or that talent into action. There is surely no occasion to go into any deeper or more abstruse reasoning, in order to explain so very simple a phenomenon. Taking it, then, for granted that nature has been as bountiful of understanding to one sex as to the other, it is incumbent on us to consider what are the principal objections commonly made against the communication of a greater share of knowledge to women than commonly falls to their lot at present. For though it may be doubted whether women should learn all that men learn, the immense disparity which now exists between their knowledge we should hardly think could admit of any rational defence. It is not easy to imagine that there can be any just cause why a woman of forty should be more ignorant than a boy of twelve years of age. If there be any good at all in female ignorance, this (to use a very colloquial phrase) is surely too much of a good thing.

Something in this question must depend, no doubt, upon the leisure which either sex enjoys for the cultivation of their understandings; and we cannot help thinking that women have fully as much, if not more, idle time upon their hands than men. Women are excluded from all the serious business of the world, men are lawyers, physicians, clergymen, apothecaries, and justices of the peace—sources of exertion which consume a great deal more time than producing and suckling children, so that, if the thing is a thing that ought to be done—if the attainments of literature are objects really worthy the attention of females, they cannot plead the want of leisure as an excuse for indolence and neglect.

We bar, in this discussion, any objection which proceeds from the mere novelty of teaching women more than they are already taught. It may be useless that their education should be improved, or it may be pernicious, and these are the fair grounds on which the question may be argued. But those who cannot bring their minds to consider such an unusual extension of knowledge, without connecting with it some sensation of the ludicrous, should remember, that in the progress from absolute ignorance there is a period when cultivation of the mind is new to every rank and description of persons. A century ago, who would have believed that country gentlemen

could be brought to read and spell with the ease and accuracy which we now so frequently remark, or supposed that they could be carried up even to the elements of ancient and modern history? Nothing is more common, or more stupid, than to take the actual for the possible—to believe that all which is, is all which can be, first to laugh at every proposed deviation from practice as impossible—then, when it is carried into effect, to be astonished that it did not take place before

It is said, that the effect of knowledge is to make women pedantic and affected, and that nothing can be more offensive, than to see a woman stepping out of the natural modesty of her sex to make an ostentatious display of her literary attainments. This may be true enough but the answer is so trite and obvious, that we are almost ashamed to make it. All affectation and display proceed from the supposition of possessing something better than the rest of the world possesses. Nobody is vain of possessing two legs and two arms,—because that is the precise quantity of either sort of limb which everybody possesses. Diffuse knowledge generally among women, and you will at once cure the conceit which knowledge occasions while it is rare. Vanity and conceit we shall of course witness in men and women as long as the world endures, but by multiplying the attainments upon which these feelings are founded, you increase the difficulty of indulging them, and render them much more tolerable, by making them the proofs of a much higher merit. When learning ceases to be uncommon among women, learned women will cease to be affected.

A great many of the lesser and more obscure duties of life necessarily devolve upon the female sex. The arrangement of all household matters, and the care of children in their early infancy, must of course depend upon them. Now, there is a very general notion that the moment you put the education of women upon a better footing than it is at present, at that moment there will be an end of all domestic economy, and that, if you once suffer women to eat of the tree of knowledge, the rest of the family will very soon be reduced to the same kind of aerial and unsatisfactory diet. These, and all such opinions, are referable to one great and common cause of error,—that man does everything, and that nature does nothing, and that everything we see is referable to positive institution, rather than to original feeling. We seem to imagine that we can break in pieces the solemn institution of nature by the little laws of a boarding-school, and that the existence of the human race depends upon teaching women a little more or a little less

—that ignorance can and parental affection, or the circle of arts and sciences produce its destruction. In the same manner, we forget the principles upon which the love of order, arrangement, and all the arts of economy depend. They depend not upon ignorance nor idleness, but upon the poverty, confusion, and ruin which would ensue from neglecting them. Add to these principles, the love of what is beautiful and magnificent, and the vanity of display, and there can surely be no reasonable doubt but that the order and economy of private life are amply secured from the perilous inroads of knowledge.

It would be very easy to show, that the same objection has been made at all times to every improvement in the education of both sexes, and all ranks—and been as uniformly and completely refuted by experience. A great part of the objections made to the education of women are rather objections made to human nature than to the female sex, for it is surely true, that knowledge, where it produces any bad effects at all, does as much mischief to one sex as to the other,—and gives birth to fully as much arrogance, inattention to common affairs, and eccentricity among men, as it does among women. But it by no means follows, that you get rid of vanity and self-conceit, because you get rid of learning. Self-complacency can never want an excuse, and the best way to make it more tolerable, and more useful, is to give to it as high and as dignified an object as possible. But, at all events, it is unfair to bring forward against a part of the world an objection which is equally powerful against the whole. When foolish women think they have any distinction, they are apt to be proud of it, so are foolish men. But we appeal to any one who has lived with cultivated persons of either sex, whether he has not witnessed as much pedantry, as much wrongheadedness, as much arrogance, and certainly a great deal more rudeness, produced by learning in men than in women. Therefore, we should make the accusation general—or dismiss it altogether. Though, with respect to pedantry, the learned are certainly a little unfortunate, that so very emphatic a word, which is occasionally applicable to all men embarked eagerly in any pursuit, should be reserved exclusively for them. For, as pedantry is an ostentatious obtrusion of knowledge, in which those who hear us cannot sympathise, it is a fault of which soldiers, sailors, sportsmen, gamblers, cultivators, and all men engaged in a particular occupation, are quite as guilty as scholars, but they have the good fortune to have the vice only of pedantry,—while scholars have both the vice and the name for it too.

Some persons are apt to contrast the acquisition of important

knowledge with what they call simple pleasures, and deem it more becoming that a woman should cultivate flowers, make friendships with birds, and pick up plants, than enter into more difficult and fatiguing studies. If a woman has no taste and genius for higher occupations, let her engage in these to be sure, rather than remain destitute of any pursuit. But why are we necessarily to doom a girl, whatever be her taste or her capacity, to one unvaried line of petty and frivolous occupation? If she is full of strong sense and elevated curiosity, can there be any reason why she should be diluted and enfeebled down to a mere cullei of simples, and fancier of birds?—why books of history and reasoning are to be torn out of her hand and why she is to be sent, like a butterfly, to hover over the idle flowers of the field? Such amusements are innocent to those whom they can occupy, but they are not innocent to those who have too powerful understandings to be occupied by them. But the great charm appears to be in the word *simplicity*—simple pleasures! If by a simple pleasure is meant an innocent pleasure, the observation is best answered by showing, that the pleasure which results from the acquisition of important knowledge is quite as innocent as any pleasure whatever. but if by a simple pleasure is meant one, the cause of which can be easily analysed, or which does not last long, nor which in itself is very faint, then simple pleasures seem to be very nearly synonymous with small pleasures, and if the simplicity were to be a little increased, the pleasure would vanish altogether.

As it is impossible that every man should have industry or activity sufficient to avail himself of the advantages of education, it is natural that men who are ignorant themselves should view, with some degree of jealousy and alarm, any proposal for improving the education of women. But such men may depend upon it, however the system of female education may be exalted, that there will never be wanting a due proportion of failures, and that after parents, guardians, and preceptors have done all in their power to make everybody wise, there will still be a plentiful supply of women who have taken special care to remain otherwise, and they may rest assured, if the utter extinction of ignorance and folly is the evil they dread, that their interests will always be effectually protected, in spite of every exertion to the contrary.

We must in candour allow, that those women who begin will have something more to overcome than may probably hereafter be the case. We cannot deny the jealousy which exists among pompous and foolish men, respecting the education of

women Then women have, of course, all ignorant men for enemies to their instruction, who being bound (as they think), in point of sex, to know more, are not well pleased, in point of fact, to know less But, among men of sense and liberal politeness, a woman who has successfully cultivated her mind, without diminishing the gentleness and propriety of her manners, is always sure to meet with a respect and attention bordering upon enthusiasm

There is in either sex a strong and permanent disposition to appear agreeable to the other and this is the fair answer to those who are fond of supposing, that a higher degree of knowledge would make women rather the rivals than the companions of men Presupposing such a desire to please, it seems much more probable, that a common pursuit should be a fresh source of interest than a cause of contention Indeed, to suppose that any mode of education can create a general jealousy and rivalry between the sexes, is so very ridiculous, that it requires only to be stated in order to be refuted The same desire of pleasing secures all that delicacy and reserve which are of such inestimable value to women We are quite astonished, in hearing men converse on such subjects, to find them attributing such beautiful effects to ignorance It would appear from the tenor of such objections, that ignorance had been the great civiliser of the world Women are delicate and refined, only because they are ignorant,—they manage their household only because they are ignorant,—they attend to their children, only because they know no better Now, we must really confess, we have all our lives been so ignorant, as not to know the value of ignorance We have always attributed the modesty and the refined manners of women, to their being well taught in moral and religious duty,—to the hazardous situation in which they are placed,—to that perpetual vigilance which it is their duty to exercise over thought, word, and action,—and to that cultivation of the mild virtues, which those who cultivate the stern and magnanimous virtues expect at their hands After all, let it be remembered, we are not saying there are no objections to the diffusion of knowledge among the female sex We would not hazard such a proposition respecting any thing, but we are saying, that, upon the whole, it is the best method of employing time, and that there are fewer objections to it than to any other method There are, perhaps, 50,000 females in Great Britain, who are exempted by circumstances from all necessary labour but every human being must do something with his existence, and the pursuit of knowledge is, upon the whole, the most



innocent, the most dignified, and the most useful method of filling up that idleness, of which there is always so large a portion in nations far advanced in civilisation. Let any man reflect, too, upon the solitary situation in which women are placed—the ill-treatment to which they are sometimes exposed, and which they must endure in silence, and without the power of complaining,—and he must feel convinced that the happiness of a woman will be materially increased in proportion as education has given to her the habit and the means of drawing her resources from herself.

There are a few common phrases in circulation, respecting the duties of women, to which we wish to pay some degree of attention, because they are rather inimical to those opinions which we have advanced on this subject. Indeed, independently of this, there is nothing which requires more vigilance than the current phrases of the day, of which there are always some resorted to in every dispute, and from the sovereign authority of which it is often vain to make any appeal. 'The true theatre for a woman is the sick chamber,'—'Nothing so honourable to a woman as not to be spoken of at all.' These two phrases are grown into commonplaces upon the subject, and are not unfrequently employed to extinguish that love of knowledge in women, which, in our humble opinion, it is of so much importance to cherish. Nothing, certainly, is so ornamental and delightful in women as the benevolent affections, but time cannot be filled up, and life employed, with high and impassioned virtues. Some of these feelings are of rare occurrence—all of short duration—or nature would sink under them. A scene of distress and anguish is an occasion where the finest qualities of the female mind may be displayed, but it is a monstrous exaggeration to tell women that they are born only for scenes of distress and anguish. Nurse, father, mother, sister and brother, if they want it, it would be a violation of the plainest duties to neglect them. But, when we are talking of the common occupations of life, do not let us mistake the accidents for the occupations,—when we are arguing how the twenty-three hours of the day are to be filled up, it is idle to tell us of those feelings and agitations above the level of common existence, which may employ the remaining hour. Compassion, and every other virtue, are the great objects we all ought to have in view, but no man (and no woman) can fill up the twenty-four hours by acts of virtue. But one is a lawyer, and the other a ploughman, and the third a merchant, and then, acts of goodness, and intervals of compassion and fine feeling, are scattered up and down the common occupations.

of life We know women are to be compassionate, but they cannot be compassionate from eight o'clock in the morning till twelve at night —and what are they to do in the interval? This is the only question we have been putting all along, and is all that can be meant by literary education

Then, again, as to the notoriety which is incurred by literature —The cultivation of knowledge is a very distinct thing from its publication, nor does it follow that a woman is to become an author, merely because she has talent enough for it We do not wish a lady to write books,—to defend and reply,—to squabble about the tomb of Achilles, or the Plain of Troy,—any more than we wish her to dance at the opera, to play at a public concert, or to put pictures in the Exhibition, because she has learned music, dancing, and drawing The great use of her knowledge will be that it contributes to her private happiness She may make it public but it is not the principal object which the friends of female education have in view Among men, the few who write bear no comparison to the many who read We hear most of the former, indeed, because they are, in general, the most ostentatious part of literary men, but there are innumerable persons who, without ever laying themselves before the public, have made use of literature to add to the strength of their understandings and to improve the happiness of their lives After all, it may be an evil for ladies to be talked of but we really think those ladies who are talked of only as Mrs Marcet, Mrs Somerville, and Miss Martineau are talked of, may bear their misfortunes with a very great degree of Christian patience

Their exemption from all the necessary business of life is one of the most powerful motives for the improvement of education in women Lawyers and physicians have in their professions a constant motive to exertion, if you neglect their education, they must in a certain degree educate themselves by their commerce with the world they must learn caution, accuracy, and judgment, because they must incur responsibility But if you neglect to educate the mind of a woman, by the speculative difficulties which occur in literature, it can never be educated at all if you do not effectually rouse it by education, it must remain for ever languid Uneducated men may escape intellectual degradation, uneducated women cannot They have nothing to do, and if they come untaught from the schools of education, they will never be instructed in the school of events

Women have not their livelihood to gain by knowledge, and that is one motive for relaxing all those efforts which are made

in the education of men. They certainly have not, but they have happiness to gain, to which knowledge leads as probably as it does to profit and that is a reason against mistaken indulgence.

Another difference of the sexes is, that women are attended to, and men attend. All acts of courtesy and politeness originate from the one sex, and are received by the other. We can see no sort of reason, in this diversity of condition, for giving to women a trifling and insignificant education, but we see in it a very powerful reason for strengthening their judgment, and inspiring them with the habit of employing time usefully. We admit many striking differences in the situation of the two sexes, and many striking differences of understanding, proceeding from the different circumstances in which they are placed but there is not a single difference of this kind which does not afford a new argument for making the education of women better than it is. They have nothing serious to do—is that a reason why they should be brought up to do nothing but what is trifling? They are exposed to greater dangers,—is that a reason why their faculties are to be purposely and industriously weakened? They are to form the characters of future men, is that a cause why their own characters are to be broken and frittered down as they now are? In short, there is not a single trait in that diversity of circumstances, in which the two sexes are placed, that does not decidedly prove the magnitude of the error we commit in neglecting (as we do neglect) the education of women.

If the education of women were improved, the education of men would be improved also. Let anyone consider (in order to bring the matter more home by an individual instance) of what immense importance to society it is, whether a nobleman of first-rate fortune and distinction is well or ill brought up,—what a taste and fashion he may inspire for private and for political vice!—and what misery and mischief he may produce to the thousand human beings who are dependent on him! A country contains no such curse within its bosom. Youth, wealth, high rank, and vice, form a combination which baffles all remonstrance and beats down all opposition. A man of high rank who combines these qualifications for corruption is almost the master of the manners of the age, and has the public happiness within his grasp. But the most beautiful possession which a country can have is a noble and rich man, who loves virtue and knowledge,—who without being feeble or fanatical is pious—and who without being factious is firm and independent,—who, in his political life, is an equitable

mediator between king and people, and, in his civil life, a firm promoter of all which can shed a lustre upon his country, or promote the peace and order of the world. But if these objects are of the importance which we attribute to them, the education of women must be important, as the formation of character for the first seven or eight years of life seems to depend almost entirely upon them. It is certainly in the power of a sensible and well educated mother to inspire, within that period, such tastes and propensities as shall nearly decide the destiny of the future man, and this is done, not only by the intentional exertions of the mother, but by the gradual and insensible imitation of the child, for there is something extremely contagious in greatness and rectitude of thinking, even at that age, and the character of the mother with whom he passes his early infancy is always an event of the utmost importance to the child. A merely accomplished woman cannot infuse her tastes into the minds of her sons, and, if she could, nothing could be more unfortunate than her success. Besides, when her accomplishments are given up, she has nothing left for it but to amuse herself in the best way she can, and, becoming entirely frivolous, either declines altogether the fatigue of attending to her children, or, attending to them, has neither talents nor knowledge to succeed, and, therefore, here is a plain and fair answer to those who ask so triumphantly, Why should a woman dedicate herself to this branch of knowledge?—or why should she be attached to such science? Because, by having gained information on these points, she may inspire her son with valuable tastes, which may abide by him through life, and carry him up to all the sublimities of knowledge,—because she cannot lay the foundation of a great character, if she is absorbed in frivolous amusements, nor inspire her child with noble desires, when a long course of trifling has destroyed the little talents which were left by a bad education.

It is of great importance to a country, that there should be as many understandings as possible actively employed within it. Mankind are much happier for the discovery of barometers, thermometers, steam-engines, and all the innumerable inventions in the arts and sciences. We are every day and every hour reaping the benefit of such talent and ingenuity. The same observation is true of such works as those of Dryden, Pope, Milton, and Shakspeare. Mankind are much happier that such individuals have lived and written, they add every day to the stock of public enjoyment—and perpetually gladden and embellish life. Now, the number of those who exercise their understandings to any good purpose is exactly in proportion to

those who exercise it at all, but, as the matter stands at present, half the talent in the universe runs to waste, and is totally unprofitable. It would have been almost as well for the world, hitherto, that women, instead of possessing the capacities they do at present, should have been born wholly destitute of wit, genius, and every other attribute of mind of which men make so eminent an use. and the ideas of use and possession are so united together, that, because it has been the custom in almost all countries to give to women a different and a worse education than to men, the notion has obtained that they do not possess faculties which they do not cultivate. Just as, in breaking up a common, it is sometimes very difficult to make the poor believe it will carry corn, merely because they have been hitherto accustomed to see it produce nothing but weeds and grass—they very naturally mistake present condition for general nature. So completely have the talents of women been kept down that there is scarcely a single work, either of reason or imagination, written by a woman, which is in general circulation either in the English, French, or Italian literature,—scarcely one that has crept even into the ranks of our minor poets.

If the possession of excellent talents is not a conclusive reason why they should be improved, it at least amounts to a very strong presumption, and if it can be shown that women may be trained to reason and imagine as well as men, the strongest reasons are certainly necessary to show us why we should not avail ourselves of such rich gifts of nature, and we have a right to call for a clear statement of those perils which make it necessary that such talents should be totally extinguished, or, at most, very partially drawn out. The burthen of proof does not lie with those who say, Increase the quantity of talent in any country as much as possible—for such a proposition is in conformity with every man's feelings. but it lies with those who say, Take care to keep that understanding weak and trifling which nature has made capable of becoming strong and powerful. The paradox is with them, not with us. In all human reasoning, knowledge must be taken for a good till it can be shown to be an evil. But now, Nature makes to us rich and magnificent presents, and we say to her—You are too luxuriant and munificent—we must keep you under, and prune you,—we have talents enough in the other half of the creation,—and if you will not stupefy and enfeeble the minds of women to our hands, we ourselves must expose them to a narcotic process, and educate away that fatal redundancy with which the world is afflicted, and the order of sublunary things deranged.

One of the greatest pleasures of life is conversation,—and the pleasures of conversation are of course enhanced by every increase of knowledge, not that we should meet together to talk of alkalis and angles, or to add to our stock of history and philology—though a little of these things is no bad ingredient in conversation, but let the subject be what it may, there is always a prodigious difference between the conversation of those who have been well educated and of those who have not enjoyed this advantage. Education gives fecundity of thought, copiousness of illustration, quickness, vigour, fancy, words, images, and illustrations,—it decorates every common thing, and gives the power of trifling without being undignified and absurd. The subjects themselves may not be wanted upon which the talents of an educated man have been exercised, but there is always a demand for those talents which his education has rendered strong and quick. Now, really, nothing can be further from our intention than to say anything rude and unpleasant, but we must be excused for observing, that it is not now a very common thing to be interested by the variety and extent of female knowledge, but it is a very common thing to lament, that the finest faculties in the world have been confined to trifles utterly unworthy of their richness and their strength.

The pursuit of knowledge is the most innocent and interesting occupation which can be given to the female sex, nor can there be a better method of checking a spirit of dissipation, than by diffusing a taste for literature. The true way to attack vice, is by setting up something else against it. Give to women, in early youth, something to acquire, of sufficient interest and importance to command the application of their mature faculties, and to excite their perseverance in future life,—teach them, that happiness is to be derived from the acquisition of knowledge, as well as the gratification of vanity, and you will raise up a much more formidable barrier against dissipation, than a host of invectives and exhortations can supply.

It sometimes happens that an unfortunate man gets drunk with very bad wine—not to gratify his palate but to forget his cares, he does not set any value on what he receives, but on account of what it excludes,—it keeps out something worse than itself. Now, though it were denied that the acquisition of serious knowledge is of itself important to a woman, still it prevents a taste for silly and pernicious works of imagination, it keeps away the horrid trash of novels, and, in lieu of that eagerness for emotion and adventure which books of that sort inspire, promotes a calm and steady temperament of mind.

A man who deserves such a piece of good fortune, may generally find an excellent companion for all the vicissitudes of his life, but it is not so easy to find a companion for his understanding, who has similar pursuits with himself, or who can comprehend the pleasure he derives from them. We really can see no reason why it should not be otherwise, nor comprehend how the pleasures of domestic life can be promoted by diminishing the number of subjects in which persons who are to spend their lives together take a common interest.

One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character often as they increase in years,—they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart. If they outlive their faculties, the mere frame itself is respected for what it once contained, but women (such is their unfortunate style of education) hazard everything upon one cast of the die,—when youth is gone, all is gone. No human creature gives his admiration for nothing; either the eye must be charmed, or the understanding gratified. A woman must talk wisely or look well. Every human being must put up with the coldest civility, who has neither the charms of youth nor the wisdom of age. Neither is there the slightest commiseration for decayed accomplishments, no man mourns over the fragments of a dancer, or drops a tear on the relics of musical skill. They are flowers destined to perish, but the decay of great talents is always the subject of solemn pity, and, even when their last memorial is over, their ruins and vestiges are regarded with pious affection.

There is no connection between the ignorance in which women are kept, and the preservation of moral and religious principle, and yet certainly there is, in the minds of some timid and respectable persons, a vague, indefinite dread of knowledge, as if it were capable of producing these effects. It might almost be supposed, from the dread which the propagation of knowledge has excited, that there was some great secret which has to be kept in impenetrable obscurity, that all moral rules were a species of delusion and imposture, the detection of which, by the improvement of the understanding, would be attended with the most fatal consequences to all, and particularly to women. If we could possibly understand what these great secrets were, we might perhaps be disposed to concur in their preservation, but, believing that all the salutary rules which are imposed on women are the result of true wisdom, and productive of the greatest happiness, we cannot understand how they are to become less sensible of this truth.

in proportion as their power of discovering truth in general is increased, and the habit of viewing questions with accuracy and comprehension established by education. There are men, indeed, who are always exclaiming against every species of power, because it is connected with danger—their dread of abuses is so much stronger than their admiration of uses, that they would cheerfully give up the use of fire, gunpowder, and printing, to be freed from robbers, incendiaries, and libels. It is true, that every increase of knowledge may possibly render depravity more depraved, as well as it may increase the strength of virtue. It is in itself only power, and its value depends on its application. But, trust to the natural love of good where there is no temptation to be bad—it operates nowhere more forcibly than in education. No man, whether he be tutor, guardian, or friend, ever contents himself with infusing the mere ability to acquire, but giving the power, he gives with it a taste for the wise and rational exercise of that power, so that an educated person is not only one with stronger and better faculties than others, but with a more useful propensity—a disposition better cultivated—and associations of a higher and more important class.

In short, and to recapitulate the main points upon which we have insisted,—Why the disproportion in knowledge between the two sexes should be so great, when the inequality in natural talents is so small, or why the understanding of women should be lavished upon trifles, when nature has made it capable of higher and better things, we profess ourselves not able to understand. The affectation charged upon female knowledge is best cured by making that knowledge more general and the economy devolved upon women is best secured by the ruin, disgrace, and inconvenience which proceeds from neglecting it. For the care of children, nature has made a direct and powerful provision, and the gentleness and elegance of women are the natural consequence of that desire to please, which is productive of the greatest part of civilisation and refinement, and which rests upon a foundation too deep to be shaken by any such modifications in education as we have proposed. If you educate women to attend to dignified and important subjects, you are multiplying, beyond measure, the chances of human improvement, by preparing and *medicating* those early impressions, which always come from the mother, and which, in a great majority of instances, are quite decisive of character and genius. Nor is it only in the business of education that women would influence the destiny of men—If women knew more, men must learn more—for



ignorance would then be shameful—and it would become the fashion to be instructed. The instruction of women improves the stock of national talents, and employs more minds for the instruction and amusement of the world,—it increases the pleasures of society, by multiplying the topics upon which the two sexes take a common interest,—and makes marriage an intercourse of understanding as well as of affection, by giving dignity and importance to the female character. The education of women favours public morals, it provides for every season of life, as well as for the brightest and the best, and leaves a woman when she is stricken by the hand of time, not as she now is, destitute of every thing, and neglected by all, but with the full power and the splendid attractions of knowledge,—diffusing the elegant pleasures of polite literature, and receiving the just homage of learned and accomplished men —  
*Edinburgh Review*

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## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BORN 1771, DIED 1832

The greatest of English novelists, and also a great poet. He may be regarded as the inventor of the 'historical novel,' and his romantic narrative poems are the most delightful and interesting productions of their class in the English language. The most remarkable feature of Sir Walter Scott's writings, both in prose and in verse, is the extraordinary power which they possess of exciting and retaining the interest of the reader. The moral tone throughout is of the purest and healthiest character.

### *The Approach of a Storm.*

THE sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had travelled the livelong day, and which now assembled on all sides, like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendour gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapours, forming out of their unsubstantial gloom the show of pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary,

and the splendid colouring of the clouds amidst which he was setting. Nearer to the beach the tide rippled onward in waves of sparkling silver, that imperceptibly, yet rapidly, gained upon the sand.

With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps on some more agitating topic, Miss Wardour advanced in silence by her father's side, whose recently offended dignity did not stoop to open any conversation. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point or headland of rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that non-bound coast is in most places defended. Long-projecting reefs of rock, extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock Bay dreaded by pilots and ship-masters. The crags which rose between the beach and the mainland, to the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter for unnumbered sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces disquietude and fear. The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind began next to arise, but its wild and moaning sound was heard for some time, and its effects became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges, and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder.

—*The Antiquary*

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### *A Forest-scene in England in the reign of Richard I*

IN that pleasant district of merry England which is watered by the river Don, there extended in ancient times a large forest, covering the greater part of the beautiful hills and valleys which lie between Sheffield and the pleasant town of Doncaster. The remains of this extensive wood are still to be seen at the noble

seats of Wentworth, of Wharnciffe Park, and around Rotherham Here haunted of yore the fabulous Dragon of Wantley, here were fought many of the most desperate battles during the Civil Wars of the Roses, and here also flourished in ancient times those bands of gallant outlaws, whose deeds have been rendered so popular in English song

Such being our chief scene, the date of our story refers to a period towards the end of the reign of Richard I, when his return from his long captivity had become an event rather wished than hoped for by his despairing subjects, who were in the meantime subjected to every species of subordinate oppression. The nobles, whose power had become exorbitant during the reign of Stephen, and whom the prudence of Henry II had scarce reduced into some degree of subjection to the crown, had now resumed their ancient licence in its utmost extent, despising the feeble interference of the English Council of State, fortifying their castles, increasing the number of their dependants, reducing all around them to a state of vassalage, and striving by every means in their power to place themselves each at the head of such forces as might enable him to make a figure in the national convulsions which appeared to be impending.

The situation of the inferior gentry, or Franklins, as they were called, who, by the law and spirit of the English constitution, were entitled to hold themselves independent of feudal tyranny, became now unusually precarious. If, as was most generally the case, they placed themselves under the protection of any of the petty kings in their vicinity, accepted of feudal offices in his household, or bound themselves, by mutual treaties of alliance and protection, to support him in his enterprises, they might indeed purchase temporary repose, but it must be with the sacrifice of that independence which was so dear to every English bosom, and at the certain hazard of being involved as a party in whatever rash expedition the ambition of their protector might lead him to undertake. On the other hand, such and so multiplied were the means of vexation and oppression possessed by the great Barons, that they never wanted the pretext, and seldom the will, to harass and pursue, even to the very edge of destruction, any of their less powerful neighbours, who attempted to separate themselves from their authority, and to trust for their protection, during the dangers of the times, to their own inoffensive conduct, and to the laws of the land.

A circumstance which greatly tended to enhance the tyranny of the nobility, and the sufferings of the inferior classes, arose from the consequences of the conquest by Duke

William of Normandy Four generations had not sufficed to blend the hostile blood of the Normans and Anglo-Saxons, or to unite, by common language and mutual interests, two hostile races, one of which still felt the elation of triumph, while the other groaned under all the consequences of defeat. The power had been completely placed in the hands of the Norman nobility, by the event of the battle of Hastings, and it had been used, as our histories assure us, with no moderate hand. The whole race of Saxon princes and nobles had been extirpated or disinherited, with few or no exceptions, nor were the numbers great who possessed land in the country of their fathers, even as proprietors of the second, or of yet inferior classes. The royal policy had long been to weaken, by every means, legal or illegal, the strength of a part of the population which was justly considered as nourishing the most inveterate antipathy to their victor. All the monarchs of the Norman race had shown the most marked predilection for their Norman subjects, the laws of the chase, and many others equally unknown to the milder and more free spirit of the Saxon constitution, had been fixed upon the necks of the subjugated inhabitants, to add weight, as it were, to the feudal chains with which they were loaded. At court, and in the castles of the great nobles, where the pomp and state of a court were emulated, Norman-French was the only language employed, in courts of law, the pleadings and judgments were delivered in the same tongue. In short, French was the language of honour, of chivalry, and even of justice, while the far more manly and expressive Anglo-Saxon was abandoned to the use of rustics and hinds, who knew no other. Still, however, the necessary intercourse between the lords of the soil, and those oppressed inferior beings by whom that soil was cultivated, occasioned the gradual formation of a dialect, compounded betwixt the French and the Anglo-Saxon, in which they could render themselves mutually intelligible to each other, and from this necessity arose by degrees the structure of our present English language, in which the speech of the victors and the vanquished has been so happily blended together, and which has since been so richly improved by importations from the classical languages and from those spoken by the southern nations of Europe.

This state of things I have thought it necessary to premise for the information of the general reader, who might be apt to forget, that, although no great historical events, such as war or insurrection, mark the existence of the Anglo-Saxons as a separate people subsequent to the reign of William the Second, yet the great national distinctions betwixt them and their

conquerors, the recollection of what they had formerly been, and to what they were now reduced, continued down to the reign of Edward the Third, to keep open the wounds which the Conquest had inflicted, and to maintain a line of separation betwixt the descendants of the victor Normans and the vanquished Saxons.

The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of that forest, which we have mentioned in the beginning of the chapter. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious greensward, in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun, in others they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas, in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of sylvan solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discoloured light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees, and there they illuminated in brilliant patches the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space, in the midst of this glade, seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition, for, on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough unhewn stones, of large dimensions. Seven stood upright, the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and some lay prostrate near their former site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and in stopping the course of a small brook, which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet.

The human figures which completed this landscape were in number two, partaking, in their dress and appearance, of that wild and rustic character which belonged to the woodlands of the West-Riding of Yorkshire at that early period. The eldest of these men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect. His garment was of the simplest form imaginable, being a close jacket with sleeves, composed of the tanned skin of some animal, on which the hair had been originally left, but which had been worn off in so many places that it would have been difficult to distinguish, from the patches that remained, to what creature the fur had belonged. This primeval vestment reached from the throat to the knees, and served at once

all the usual purposes of body-clothing, there was no wider opening at the collar than was necessary to admit the passage of the head, from which it may be inferred that it was put on by slipping it over the head and shoulders, in the manner of a modern shirt, or ancient hauberk. Sandals, bound with thongs made of boar's hide, protected the feet, and a roll of thin leather was twined artificially around the legs, and, ascending above the calf, left the knees bare, like those of a Scottish Highlander. To make the jacket sit yet more close to the body, it was gathered at the middle by a broad leathern belt, secured by a brass buckle, to one side of which was attached a sort of scrip, and to the other a ram's horn, accoutred with a mouthpiece, for the purpose of blowing. In the same belt was stuck one of those long, broad, sharp pointed, and two-edged knives, with a buck's horn handle, which were fabricated in the neighbourhood, and bore, even at this early period, the name of Sheffield whittles. The man had no covering upon his head, which was only defended by his own thick hair, matted and twisted together, and scorched by the influence of the sun into a rusty dark-red colour, forming a contrast with the overgrown beard upon his cheeks, which was rather of a yellow or amber hue. One part of his dress only remains, but it is too remarkable to be suppressed, it was a brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck—so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed, excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved, in Saxon characters, an inscription of the following purport — ‘Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood’.

Beside the swineherd—for such was Gurth's occupation—was seated, upon one of the fallen Druidical monuments, a person about ten years younger in appearance, and whose dress, though resembling his companion's in form, was of better materials, and of a more fantastic appearance. His jacket had been stained of a bright purple hue, upon which there had been some attempt to print grotesque ornaments in different colours. To the jacket he added a short cloak, which scarcely reached half-way down his thigh, it was of crimson cloth, though a good deal soiled, lined with bright yellow, and as he could transfer it from one shoulder to the other, or at his pleasure draw it all round him, its width, contrasted with its want of longitude, formed a fantastic piece of drapery. He had thin silver bracelets upon his arms, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription, ‘Wamba, the son of

Witless, is the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood' This personage had the same sort of sandals with his companion, but instead of the roll of leather thong, his legs were cased in a sort of garters, of which one was red and the other yellow. He was provided also with a cap, having around it more than one bell, about the size of those attached to hawks, which jingled as he turned his head to one side or other, and as he seldom remained a minute in the same posture, the sound might be considered as incessant. Around the edge of this cap was a stiff bandeau of leather, cut at the top into open work, resembling a coronet, while a prolonged bag arose from within it, and fell down on one shoulder like an old-fashioned nightcap, or a jelly-bag, or the head-gear of a modern hussar. It was to this part of the cap that the bells were attached, which circumstance, as well as the shape of his head-dress and his own half-crazed, half-cunning expression of countenance, sufficiently pointed him out as belonging to the race of domestic clowns or jesters, maintained in the houses of the wealthy, to help away the tedium of those lingering hours which they were obliged to spend within doors. He bore, like his companion, a scrip attached to his belt, but had neither horn nor knife, being probably considered as belonging to a class whom it is esteemed dangerous to intrust with edge-tools. In place of these he was equipped with a sword of lath, resembling that with which Harlequin operates his wonders upon the modern stage.

The outward appearance of these two men formed scarce a stronger contrast than their look and demeanour. That of the serf, or bondsman, was sad and sullen, his aspect was bent on the ground with an appearance of deep dejection, which might be almost construed into apathy, had not the fire, which occasionally sparkled in his red eye, manifested that there slumbered, under the appearance of sullen despondency, a sense of oppression, and a disposition to resistance. The looks of Wamba, on the other hand, indicated, as usual with his class, a sort of vacant curiosity, and fidgetty impatience of any posture of repose, together with the utmost self-satisfaction respecting his own situation, and the appearance which he made. The dialogue which they maintained between them was carried on in Anglo-Saxon, which, as we said before, was universally spoken by the inferior classes, excepting the Norman soldiers, and the immediate personal dependants of the great feudal nobles. But to give their conversation in the original would convey but little information to the modern reader, for whose benefit we beg to offer the following translation.

'The curse of St Withold upon these infernal porkers!' said the swineherd, after blowing his horn obstreperously, to collect together the scattered herd of swine, which, answering his call with notes equally melodious, made, however, no haste to remove themselves from the luxurious banquet of beechmast and acorns on which they had fattened, or to forsake the marshy banks of the rivulet, where several of them, half plunged in mud, lay stretched at their ease, altogether regardless of the voice of their keeper. 'The curse of St Withold upon them and upon me!' said Gurth, 'if the two legged wolf snap not up some of them ere nightfall, I am no true man. Here, Fangs! Fangs!' he ejaculated at the top of his voice to a ragged wolfish-looking dog, a sort of lurcher, half mastiff, half greyhound, which ran limping about as if with the purpose of seconding his master in collecting the refractory grunters, but which, in fact, from misapprehension of the swineherd's signals, ignorance of his own duty, or malice prepense, only drove them hither and thither, and increased the evil which he seemed to design to remedy. 'A devil draw the teeth of him,' said Gurth, 'and the mother of mischief confound the Ranger of the Forest, that cuts the fore claws off our dogs, and makes them unfit for their trade! Wamba, up and help me, an thou beest a man, take a turn round the back o' the hill to gain the wind on them, and when thou'st got the weather-gauge, thou mayest drive them before thee as gently as so many innocent lambs.'

'Truly,' said Wamba, without starting from the spot, 'I have consulted my legs upon this matter, and they are altogether of opinion, that to carry my gay garments through these sloughs would be an act of unfriendship to my sovereign person and royal wardrobe, wherefore, Gurth, I advise thee to call off Fangs, and leave the herd to their destiny, which, whether they meet with bands of travelling soldiers, or of outlaws, or of wandering pilgrims, can be little else than to be converted into Normans before morning, to thy no small ease and comfort.'

'The swine turned Normans to my comfort!' quoth Gurth, 'expound that to me, Wamba, for my brain is too dull, and my mind too vexed, to read riddles.'

'Why, how call you those grunting brutes running about on their four legs?' demanded Wamba.

'Swine, fool, swine,' said the herd, 'every fool knows that.'

'And swine is good Saxon,' said the Jester, 'but how call you the sow when she is flayed, and drawn, and quartered, and hung up by the heels like a traitor?'

'Pork,' answered the swineherd.

'I am very glad every fool knows that too,' said Wamba, 'and



pork, I think, is good Norman-French, and so when the brute lives, and is in the charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name, but becomes a Norman, and is called pork, when she is carried to the Castle-hall to feast among the nobles, what dost thou think of this, friend Gurth, ha?'

'It is but too true doctrine, friend Wamba, however it got into thy fool's pate'

'Nay, I can tell you more,' said Wamba, in the same tone, 'there is old Alderman Ox continues to hold his Saxon epithet, while he is under the charge of serfs and bondsmen such as thou, but becomes Beef, a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. Mynheer Calf, too, becomes Monsieur de Veau in the like manner, he is Saxon when he requires tendance, and takes a Norman name when he becomes matter of enjoyment'

'By St Dunstan,' answered Gurth, 'thou speakest but sad truths, little is left to us but the air we breathe, and that appears to have been reserved with much hesitation, solely for the purpose of enabling us to endure the task they lay upon our shoulders. The finest and the fattest is for their board, the lovehest is for their couch, the best and bravest supply their foreign masters with soldiers, and whiten distant lands with their bones, leaving few here who have either the will or the power to protect the unfortunate Saxon. God's blessing on our master Cedric, he hath done the work of a man in standing in the gap, but Reginald Front-de-Bœuf is coming down to this country in person, and we shall soon see how little Cedric's trouble will avail him—Here, here,' he exclaimed again, raising his voice, 'So ho! so ho! well done, Fangs! thou hast them all before thee now, and bring'st them on bravely, lad'

'Gurth,' said the Jester, 'I know thou thinkest me a fool, or thou wouldst not be so rash in putting thy head into my mouth. One word to Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, or Philip de Malvoisin, that thou hast spoken treason against the Norman,—and thou art but a castaway swineherd,—thou wouldst waver on one of these trees as a terror to all evil speakers against dignities'

'Dog, thou wouldst not betray me,' said Gurth, 'after having led me on to speak so much at disadvantage?'

'Betray thee!' answered the Jester, 'no, that were the trick of a wise man, a fool cannot half so well help himself—but soft, whom have we here?' he said, listening to the tramp ling of several horses, which became then audible

'Never mind whom,' answered Gurth, who had now got his herd before him, and, with the aid of Fangs, was driving them down one of the long dim vistas which we have endeavoured to describe

'Nay, but I must see the riders,' answered Wamba, 'perhaps they are come from Fairyland with a message from King Oberon'

'A murrain take thee,' rejoined the swineherd, 'wilt thou talk of such things, while a terrible storm of thunder and lightning is raging within a few miles of us? Hark, how the thunder rumbles! and for summer rain, I never saw such broad downright flat drops fall out of the clouds, the oaks, too, notwithstanding the calm weather, sob and creak with their great boughs, as if announcing a tempest. Thou canst play the rational if thou wilt, credit me for once and let us home ere the storm begins to rage, for the night will be fearful'

Wamba seemed to feel the force of this appeal, and accompanied his companion, who began his journey after catching up a long quarter staff which lay upon the grass beside him. Thus second Eumæus strode hastily down the forest glade, driving before him, with the assistance of Fangs, the whole herd of his inharmonious charge — *Ivanhoe*

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### *How Scotland and England came to be separate Kingdoms*

ENGLAND is the southern, and Scotland is the northern part of the celebrated island called Great Britain. England is greatly larger than Scotland, and the land is much richer, and produces better crops. There are also a great many more men in England, and both the gentlemen and the country people are more wealthy, and have better food and clothing there than in Scotland. The towns, also, are much more numerous, and more populous.

Scotland, on the contrary, is full of hills, and huge moors and wildernesses, which bear no corn, and afford but little food for flocks of sheep or herds of cattle. But the level ground that lies along the great rivers is more fertile, and produces good crops. The natives of Scotland are accustomed to live more hardily in general than those of England. The cities and towns are fewer, smaller, and less full of inhabitants than in England. But as Scotland possesses great quarries of stone, the houses are commonly built of that material, which is more lasting, and has a grander effect to the eye than the bricks used in England.

Now, as these two nations live in the different ends of the same island, and are separated by large and stormy seas from all other parts of the world, it seems natural that they should have been friendly to each other, and that they should have lived as one people under the same government. Accordingly, above two hundred years ago, the King of Scotland becoming King of England, as I shall tell you in another part of this book, the two nations have ever since then been joined in one great kingdom, which is called Great Britain.

But before this happy union of England and Scotland, there were many long, cruel, and bloody wars, between the two nations, and, far from helping or assisting each other, as became good neighbours and friends, they did each other all the harm and injury that they possibly could, by invading each other's territories, killing their subjects, burning their towns, and taking their wives and children prisoners. This lasted for many many hundred years, and I am about to tell you the reason why the land was so divided.

A long time since, eighteen hundred years ago and more, there was a brave and warlike people, called the Romans, who undertook to conquer the whole world and subdue all countries, so as to make their own city of Rome the head of all the nations upon the face of the earth. And after conquering far and near, at last they came to Britain, and made a great war upon the inhabitants, called the British, or Britons, whom they found living there. The Romans, who were a very brave people, and well armed, beat the British, and took possession of almost all the flat part of the island, which is now called England, and also of a part of the south of Scotland. But they could not make their way into the high northern mountains of Scotland, where they could hardly get anything to feed their soldiers, and where they met with much opposition from the inhabitants. The Romans, therefore, gave up all attempts to subdue this impenetrable country, and resolved to remain satisfied with that level ground of which they had already possessed themselves.

Then the wild people of Scotland, whom the Romans had not been able to subdue, began to come down from their mountains, and make inroads upon that part of the country which had been conquered by the Romans.

These people of the northern parts of Scotland were not one nation, but divided in two, called the Scots and the Picts, they often fought against each other, but they always joined together against the Romans, and the Britons who had been subdued by them. At length, the Romans thought they would prevent

these Picts and Scots from coming into the southern parts of Britain, and laying it waste For this purpose they built a very long wall between the one side of the island and the other, so that none of the Scots or Picts should come into the country on the south side of the wall, and they made towers on the wall, and camps, with soldiers, from place to place, so that, at the least alarm, the soldiers might hasten to defend any part of the wall which was attacked This first Roman wall was built between the two great Friths of the Clyde and the Forth, just where the island of Britain is at the narrowest, and some parts of it are to be seen at this day You can see it on the map

This wall defended the Britons for a time, and the Scots and Picts were shut out from the fine rich land, and enclosed within their own mountains But they were very much displeased with this, and assembled in great numbers, and climbed over the wall, in spite of all that the Romans could do to oppose them A man named Grahame is said to have been the first soldier who got over, and the common people still call the remains of the wall Grahame's dike

Now the Romans, finding that this first wall could not keep out the barbarians (for so they termed the Picts and the Scots), thought they would give up a large portion of the country to them, and perhaps it might make them quiet So they built a new wall, and a much stronger one than the first, sixty miles farther back from the Picts and Scots. Yet the barbarians made as many furious attacks to get over the second wall as ever they had done to break through the former But the Roman soldiers defended the second wall so well that the Scots and Picts could not break through it, though they often came round the end of the wall by sea, in boats made of ox hides stretched upon hoops, landed on the other side, and did very much mischief In the meantime the poor Britons led a very unhappy life, for the Romans, when they subdued their country, having taken away all their arms, they lost the habit of using them, or of defending themselves, and trusted entirely to the protection of their conquerors.

But at this time great quarrels, and confusions, and civil wars, took place at Rome So the Roman Emperor sent to the soldiers whom he had maintained in Britain, and ordered that they should immediately return to their own country, and leave the Britons to defend their wall as well as they could, against their unruly and warlike neighbours, the Picts and Scots The Roman soldiers were very sorry for the poor Britons, but they could do no more to help them than by

repaning the wall of defence. They therefore built it all up, and made it as if it were quite new. And then they took to their ships, and left the island.

After the departure of the Romans, the Britons were quite unable to protect the wall against the barbarians, for, since their conquest by the Romans, they had become a weak and cowardly people. So the Picts and Scots broke through the wall at several points, wasted and destroyed the country, and took away the boys and guls to be slaves, seized upon the sheep, and upon the cattle, and burnt the houses, and did the inhabitants every sort of mischief. Thus at last the Britons, finding themselves no longer able to resist these barbarous people, invited into Britain to their assistance a number of men from the north of Germany, who were called Anglo-Saxons. Now these were a very brave and warlike people, and they came in their ships from Germany, and landed in the south part of Britain, and helped the Britons to fight with the Scots and Picts [A.D. 449], and drove these nations again into the hills and fastnesses of their own country, to the north of the wall which the Romans built, and they were never afterwards so troublesome to their neighbours.

But the Britons were not much the better for the defeat of their northern enemies, for the Saxons, when they had come into Britain, and saw what a beautiful rich country it was, and that the people were not able to defend it, resolved to take the land to themselves, and to make the Britons their slaves and servants. The Britons were very unwilling to have their country taken from them by the people they had called in to help them, and so strove to oppose them, but the Saxons were stronger and more warlike than they, and defeated them so often, that they at last got possession of all the level and flat land in the south part of Britain. However, the bravest part of the Britons fled into a very hilly part of the country, which is called Wales, and there they defended themselves against the Saxons for a great many years, and their descendants still speak the ancient British language, called Welsh. In the meantime, the Anglo-Saxons spread themselves throughout all the south part of Britain, and the name of the country was changed, and it was no longer called Britain, but England, which means the land of the Anglo-Saxons who had conquered it.

While the Saxons and Britons were thus fighting together, the Scots and the Picts, after they had been driven back behind the Roman wall, also quarrelled and fought between themselves, and at last, after a great many battles, the Scots

got completely the better of the Picts. The common people say that the Scots destroyed them entirely, but I think it is not likely that they could kill such great numbers of people. Yet it is certain they must have slain many, and driven others out of the country, and made the rest their servants and slaves, at least the Picts were never heard of in history after these great defeats, and the Scots gave their own name to the north part of Britain, as the Angles, or Anglo-Saxons, did to the south part, and so came the name of Scotland, the land of the Scots, and England, the land of the English. The two kingdoms were divided from each other, on the east by the river Tweed, then, as you proceed westward, by a great range of hills and wildernesses, and at length by a branch of the sea called the Frith of Solway. The division is not very far from the old Roman wall. The wall itself has been long suffered to go to ruins, but, as I have already said, there are some parts of it still standing, and it is curious to see how it runs as straight as an arrow over high hills, and through great bogs and morasses.

You see, therefore, that Britain was divided between three different nations, who were enemies to each other. — There was England, which was the richest and best part of the island, and which was inhabited by the English. Then there was Scotland, full of hills and great lakes, and difficult and dangerous precipices, wild heaths, and great morasses. This country was inhabited by the Scots, or Scottish men. And there was Wales, also a very wild and mountainous country, whither the remains of the ancient Britons had fled, to obtain safety from the Saxons.

The Welsh defended their country for a long time, and lived under their own government and laws, yet the English got possession of it at last. But they were not able to become masters of Scotland, though they tried it frequently. The two countries were under different kings, who fought together very often and very desperately, and thus you see the reason why England and Scotland, though making parts of the same island, were for a long time great enemies to each other.

The English are very fond of their fine country, they call it 'Old England,' and 'Merry England,' and think it the finest land that the sun shines upon. And the Scots are also very proud of their own country, with its great lakes and mountains, and, in the old language of the country, they call it, 'The land of the lakes and mountains, and of the brave men,' and often, also, 'The Land of Cakes,' because the people live a good deal upon cakes made of oatmeal, instead of wheaten bread. But

both England and Scotland are now parts of the same kingdom, and there is no use in asking which is the best country, or has the bravest men — *Tales of a Grandfather*

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

BORN 1772, DIED 1834.

A great poet and philosophical writer. He is one of the *Lake School* of poets (see *Wordsworth*). His best known poems are *Christabel* and *The Lay of the Ancient Mariner*, but he has also written a number of very beautiful lyrics. The Essays contained in *The Friend*, *Aids to Reflection*, and *Lay Sermons*, are his chief prose works.

### *Veracity.*

THE assertion, that truth is often no less dangerous than falsehood, sounds less offensively at the first hearing, only because it hides its deformity in an equivocation, or double meaning of the word truth. What may be rightly affirmed of truth, used as synonymous with verbal accuracy, is transferred to it in its higher sense of veracity. By verbal truth we mean no more than the correspondence of a given fact to given words. In moral truth, we involve likewise the intention of the speaker, that his words should correspond to his thoughts in the sense in which he expects them to be understood by others. and in this latter import we are always supposed to use the word, whenever we speak of truth absolutely, or as a possible subject of moral merit or demerit. It is verbally true, that in the sacred Scriptures it is written 'As is the good, so is the sinner, and he that sweareth, as he that feareth an oath. A man hath no better thing under the sun, than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry. There is one event unto all the living know they shall die, but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward.' But he who should repeat these words, with this assurance, to an ignorant man in the hour of his temptation, lingering at the door of the alehouse, or hesitating as to the testimony required of him in the court of justice, would, spite of this verbal truth, be a liar, and the murderer of his brother's conscience. Veracity, therefore, not mere accuracy, to convey truth, not merely to say it, is the point of duty in dispute. and the only difficulty in the mind of an honest man arises from the doubt, whether more than veracity, that is, the truth and

nothing but the truth—is not demanded of him by the law of conscience, whether it does not exact simplicity, that is, the truth only, and the whole truth. If we can solve this difficulty, if we can determine the conditions under which the law of universal reason commands the communication of the truth independently of consequences, we shall then be enabled to judge whether there is any such probability of evil consequences, from such communication, as can justify the assertion of its occasional criminality, as can perplex us in the conception, or disturb us in the performance, of our duty.

The conscience, or effective reason, commands the design of conveying an adequate notion of the thing spoken of, when this is practicable but at all events a right notion, or none at all. A schoolmaster is under the necessity of teaching a certain rule in simple arithmetic empirically—(do so and so, and the sum will always prove true),—the necessary truth of the rule—that is, that the rule having been adhered to, the sum must always prove true—requiring a knowledge of the higher mathematics for its demonstration. He, however, conveys a right notion, though he cannot convey the adequate one.

## ROBERT SOUTHEY.

BORN 1774, DIED 1843

Poet and historian. His most famous poems are *Thalaba the Destroyer*, 1801, *The Curse of Kehama*, 1810. *The Life of Nelson*, a simple narrative of the exploits of the greatest of England's naval heroes, is written in sober and appropriate language, and has always been considered a model of pure style.

### *After the Battle of Copenhagen*

THIS was, indeed, a mournful day for Copenhagen! The English were actively employed in refitting their own ships, securing the prizes, and distributing the prisoners, the Danes, in carrying on shore and disposing of the wounded and the dead. It had been a murderous action. Our loss, in killed and wounded, was nine hundred and fifty three. Part of this slaughter might have been spared. The commanding officer of the troops on board one of our ships asked where his men should be stationed. He was told that they could be of no use, that they were not near enough for musketry, and were



not wanted at the guns, they had, therefore, better go below. This, he said, was impossible,—it would be a disgrace that could never be wiped away. They were, therefore, drawn up upon the gangway, to satisfy this cruel point of honour, and there, without the possibility of annoying the enemy, they were mown down! The loss of the Danes, including prisoners, amounted to about six thousand. The negotiations, meantime, went on, and it was agreed that Nelson should have an interview with the prince the following day. Hardy and Freemantle landed with him. This was a thing as unexampled as the other circumstances of the battle. A strong guard was appointed to escort him to the palace, as much for the purpose of security as of honour. The populace, according to the British account, showed a mixture of admiration, curiosity, and displeasure at beholding that man in the midst of them, who had inflicted such wounds upon Denmark. But there were neither acclamations nor murmurs. ‘The people,’ says a Dane, ‘did not degrade themselves with the former, nor disgrace themselves with the latter. The admiral was received as one brave enemy ever ought to receive another,—he was received with respect.’ The preliminaries of the negotiation were adjusted at this interview. During the repast which followed, Nelson, with all the sincerity of his character, bore willing testimony to the valour of his foes. He told the prince that he had been in a hundred and five engagements, but that this was the most tremendous of all. ‘The French,’ he said, ‘fought bravely, but they could not have stood for one hour the fight which the Danes had supported for four.’ He requested that Villemoes might be introduced to him, and, shaking hands with the youth, told the prince that he ought to be made an admiral. The prince replied, ‘If, my lord, I am to make all my brave officers admirals, I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service.’

The sympathy of the Danes for their countrymen, who had bled in their defence, was not weakened by distance of time or place in this instance. Things needful for the service or the comfort of the wounded were sent in profusion to the hospitals, till the superintendents gave public notice that they could receive no more. On the third day after the action, the dead were buried in the naval churchyard. The ceremony was made as public and as solemn as the occasion required,—such a procession had never before been seen in that, or, perhaps, in any other city. A public monument was erected upon the spot where the slain were gathered together. A subscription

was opened on the day of the funeral for the relief of the sufferers, and collections in aid of it made throughout all the churches in the kingdom. This appeal to the feelings of the people was made with circumstances which gave it full effect. A monument was raised in the midst of the church, surmounted by the Danish colours. young maidens, dressed in white, stood round it, with either one who had been wounded in the battle, or the widow and orphans of some one who had fallen. a suitable oration was delivered from the pulpit, and patriotic hymns and songs were afterwards performed. Medals were distributed to all the officers, and to the men who had distinguished themselves. Poets and painters vied with each other in celebrating a battle which, disastrous as it was, had yet been honourable to their country, some, with pardonable sophistry, represented the advantage of the day as on their own side. One writer discovered a more curious, but less disputable, ground of satisfaction in the reflection that Nelson, as may be inferred from his name, was of Danish descent, and his actions, therefore, the Dane argued, were attributable to Danish valour — *Life of Nelson*

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### *The Battle of Trafalgar, and Death of Nelson*

VILLENEUVE was a skilful seaman worthy of serving a better master, and a better cause. His plan of defence was as well conceived, and as original, as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and stern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered, that considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied 'I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty.' Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer, that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory, of England shall endure, — Nelson's last signal — 'ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!' It was received throughout the fleet with a shout

of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed, and the feeling which it expressed. 'Now,' said Lord Nelson, 'I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty.'

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock-coat, bearing on the left breast four stars, of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy were beheld with ominous apprehension by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other, and the surgeon, Mr Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr Scott, and to Mr Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress, or cover the stars; but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. 'In honour I gained them,' he had said, when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, 'and in honour I will die with them.' Mr Beatty, however, would not have been deterred by any fear of exciting his displeasure, from speaking to him himself upon a subject, in which the weal of England, as well as the life of Nelson, was concerned, but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity. This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him, but both Blackwood, and his own Captain Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible, and he consented at last to let the *Leviathan* and the *Téméraire*, which were sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged, for these ships could not pass ahead if the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail, and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders. A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz; our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the south-west. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy, and their well-formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable, but the British sailors only admired the beauty and the splendour of the spectacle, and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other, what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead.

The French admiral, from the Bucentaure, beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing—Nelson and Collingwood each leading his line, and pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed, that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the Victory, and across her bows, fired single guns at her, to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him, he desired Blackwood, and Captain Prowse, of the Sirius, to repair to their respective frigates, and, on their way, to tell all the captains of the line-of-battle ships that he depended on their exertions, and that if, by the prescribed mode of attack, they found it impracticable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy. As they were standing on the front of the poop, Blackwood took him by the hand, saying, he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied, ‘God bless you, Blackwood, I shall never see you again.’

Nelson’s column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood’s, in order to cut off the enemy’s escape into Cadiz. The lee line, therefore, was first engaged. ‘See,’ cried Nelson, pointing to the Royal Sovereign, as she steered right for the centre of the enemy’s line, cut through it astern of the Santa Anna, three decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side, ‘see how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!’ Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his captain, and exclaimed ‘Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!’ Both these brave officers, perhaps, at this moment thought of Nelson with gratitude, for a circumstance which had occurred on the preceding day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the captains, having gone on board the Victory, to receive instructions, Nelson inquired of him where his captain was? and was told, in reply, that they were not upon good terms with each other. ‘Terms!’ said Nelson, ‘good terms with each other!’ Immediately he sent a boat for Captain Rotherham, led him, as soon as he arrived, to Collingwood, and saying—‘Look yonder are the enemy!’—bade them shake hands like Englishmen.

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the Victory,

till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-top-gallant sail, then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colours till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason, the *Santissima Trinidad*, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks, and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the *Victory*. The admiral's secretary was one of the first who fell, he was killed by a cannon shot while conversing with Hardy. Captain Adair of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavoured to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr Scott, but he anxiously asked 'Is that poor Scott that's gone?' and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed 'Poor fellow!' Presently, a double-headed shot struck a party of marines, who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them upon which Nelson immediately desired Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore-brace bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle, and bruising his foot. Both stopped, and looked anxiously at each other each supposed the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled, and said, 'This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long.'

The *Victory* had not yet returned a single gun, fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her main-top-mast, with all her studding sails and her booms, shot away. Nelson declared that, in all his battles, he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of her crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve, she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships. Hardy informed him of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied 'Take your choice, Hardy, it does not signify much.' The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable*, just as her tiller ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside, they instantly let down her lower deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen.

Nelson never placed musketry in his tops. He had a strong dislike to the practice, not merely because it endangered setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer, and a commander now and then be picked off, but which never can decide the fate of a general engagement.

Captain Harvey, in the *Téméraire*, fell on board the *Redoutable* on the other side. Another enemy was in like manner on board the *Téméraire*, so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The lieutenants of the *Victory*, seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through, and injure the *Téméraire*. And because there was danger that the *Redoutable* might take fire from the lower deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory* from both sides, her larboard guns playing upon the *Buccentauro* and the huge *Santissima Trinidad*.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoutable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent, for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up — 'They have done for me at last, Hardy,' said he — 'I hope not,' cried Hardy — 'Yes!' he replied, 'my back-bone is shot through.' Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately — then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of

the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived upon examination that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him and attend to those to whom he might be useful, 'For,' said he, 'you can do nothing for me'—All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the Victory hurraed, and at every hurra, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy, and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried 'Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!'—An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. 'Well, Hardy,' said Nelson, 'how goes the day with us?'—'Very well,' replied Hardy, 'ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the Victory. I have called two or three of our fiesh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing'—'I hope,' said Nelson, 'none of our ships have struck?' Hardy answered, 'There was no fear of that.' Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. 'I am a dead man, Hardy,' said he. 'I am going fast. it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my han, and all other things belonging to me.' Hardy observed that he hoped Mr Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. 'Oh, no!' he replied 'it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so.' Captain Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone, and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this said to him 'You know I am gone, I know it. I feel something rising in my breast'—putting his hand on his left side,—'which

tells me so' And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, 'so great, that he wished he was dead Yet,' said he, in a lower voice, 'one would like to live a little longer too!' And after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added, 'What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation!' Next to his country, she occupied his thoughts Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly, but fourteen or fifteen at least 'That's well,' cried Nelson, 'but I bargained for twenty' And then, in a stronger voice, he said, 'Anchor, Hardy, anchor' Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs 'Not while I live, Hardy,' said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed, 'do you anchor' His previous order for preparing to anchor had, shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, 'Don't throw me overboard' and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise Then reverting to private feelings—'Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy take care of poor Lady Hamilton—Kiss me, Hardy,' said he Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek and Nelson said, 'Now I am satisfied Thank God I have done my duty' Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead 'Who is that?' said Nelson, and being informed he replied, 'God bless you, Hardy' And Hardy then left him—for ever

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, 'I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone' Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching He said to the chaplain, 'Doctor, I have not been a *great* sinner,' and after a short pause, 'Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country' His articulation now became difficult, but he was distinctly heard to say, 'Thank God I have done my duty' These words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered He expired at thirty minutes after four,—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound

Within a quarter of an hour after Nelson was wounded, about fifty of the Victory's men fell by the enemy's musketry They, however, on their part, were not idle, and it



was not long before there were only two Frenchmen left alive in the mizen-top of the *Redoutable*. One of them was the man who had given the fatal wound—he did not live to boast of what he had done. An old quartermaster had seen him fire, and easily recognised him, because he wore a glazed cocked hat and a white frock. This quartermaster and two midshipmen, Mr Collingwood and Mr Pollard, were the only persons left in the *Victory's* poop—the two midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr Pollard, and fell on the poop. But the old quartermaster, as he cried out, 'That's he—that's he,' and pointed at the other, who was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in his mouth, and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired at the same time, and the fellow dropped in the top. When they took possession of the prize they went into the mizen-top, and found him dead, with one ball through his head and another through his breast.

The *Redoutable* struck within twenty minutes after the fatal shot had been fired from her. During that time she had been twice on fire,—in her fore-chains and in her fore-castle. The French, as they had done in other battles, made use in this of fire-balls and other combustibles, implements of destruction which other nations, from a sense of honour and humanity, have laid aside, which add to the sufferings of the wounded, without determining the issue of the combat, which none but the cruel would employ, and which never can be successful against the brave. Once they succeeded in setting fire, from the *Redoutable*, to some ropes and canvas on the *Victory's* booms. The cry ran through the ship, and reached the cockpit; but even this dreadful cry produced no confusion: the men displayed that perfect self-possession in danger by which English seamen are characterised; they extinguished the flames on board their own ship, and then hastened to extinguish them in the enemy, by throwing buckets of water from the gangway. When the *Redoutable* had struck it was not practicable to board her from the *Victory*, for, though the two ships touched, the upper works of both fell in so much, that there was a great space between their gangways, and she could not be boarded from the lower or middle decks, because her ports were down. Some of our men went to Lieutenant Quilham, and offered to swim under her bows, and get up there, but it was thought unfit to hazard brave lives in this manner.

What our men would have done from gallantry, some of the crew of the *Santissima Trinidad* did to save themselves. Un-

able to stand the tremendous fire of the *Victory*, whose larboard guns played against this great four-decker, and not knowing how else to escape them, nor where else to betake themselves for protection, many of them leaped overboard, and swam to the *Victory*, and were actually helped up her sides by the English during the action. The Spaniards began the battle with less vivacity than their unworthy allies, but they continued it with greater firmness. The *Argonauta* and *Bahama* were defended till they had each lost about four hundred men, the *San Juan Nepomucino* lost three hundred and fifty. Often as the superiority of British courage has been proved against France upon the seas, it was never more conspicuous than in this decisive conflict. Five of our ships were engaged muzzle to muzzle with five of the French. In all five the Frenchmen lowered their lower-deck ports, and deserted their guns, while our men continued deliberately to load and fire, till they had made the victory secure.

Once, amidst his sufferings, Nelson had expressed a wish that he were dead, but immediately the spirit subdued the pangs of death, and he wished to live a little longer,—doubtless that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously begun. That consolation—that joy—that triumph, was afforded him. He lived to know that the victory was decisive, and the last guns which were fired at the flying enemy were heard a minute or two before he expired. The ships which were thus flying were four of the enemy's van, all French, under Rear-Admiral Dumanou. They had borne no part in the action, and now, when they were seeking safety in flight, they fired not only into the *Victory* and *Royal Sovereign* as they passed, but poured their broadsides into the Spanish captured ships, and they were seen to back their top-sails, for the purpose of firing with more precision. The indignation of the Spaniards at this detestable cruelty from their allies, for whom they had fought so bravely, and so profusely bled, may well be conceived. It was such, that when, two days after the action, seven of the ships which had escaped into Cadiz came out, in hopes of retaking some of the disabled prizes, the prisoners in the *Argonauta*, in a body, offered their services to the British prize-master, to man the guns against any of the French ships saying, that if a Spanish ship came alongside, they would quietly go below, but they requested that they might be allowed to fight the French, in resentment for the murderous usage which they had suffered at their hands. Such was their earnestness, such the implicit confidence which could be placed in Spanish honour, that the offer was accepted, and they were actually

stationed at the lower-deck guns Dumanoir and his squadron were not more fortunate than the fleet from whose destruction they fled they fell in with Sir Richard Strachan, who was cruising for the Rochefort squadron, and were all taken In the better days of France, if such a crime could then have been committed, it would have received an exemplary punishment from the French Government under Buonaparte, it was sure of impunity, and, perhaps, might be thought deserving of reward But, if the Spanish court had been independent, it would have become us to have delivered Dumanoir and his captains up to Spain, that they might have been brought to trial, and hanged in sight of the remains of the Spanish fleet

The total British loss in the battle of Trafalgar amounted to one thousand five hundred and eighty-seven Twenty of the enemy struck, but it was not possible to anchor the fleet, as Nelson had enjoined,—a gale came on from the south-west some of the prizes went down, some went on shore, one effected its escape into Cadiz, others were destroyed, four only were saved, and those by the greatest exertions The wounded Spaniards were sent ashore, an assurance being given that they should not serve till regularly exchanged, and the Spaniards, with a generous feeling, which would not, perhaps, have been found in any other people, offered the use of their hospitals for our wounded, pledging the honour of Spain that they should be carefully attended there. When the storm, after the action, drove some of the prizes upon the coast, they declared that the English, who were thus thrown into their hands, should not be considered as prisoners of war, and the Spanish soldiers gave up their own beds to their shipwrecked enemies The Spanish vice admiral, Alva, died of his wounds Villeneuve was sent to England, and permitted to return to France The French Government say that he destroyed himself on the way to Paris, dreading the consequences of a court-martial, but there is every reason to believe that the tyrant, who never acknowledged the loss of the battle of Trafalgar, added Villeneuve to the numerous victims of his murderous policy

It is almost superfluous to add, that all the honours which a grateful country could bestow were heaped upon the memory of Nelson His brother was made an earl, with a grant of £6,000 a year, £10,000 were voted to each of his sisters, and £100,000 for the purchase of an estate A public funeral was decreed, and a public monument Statues and monuments also were voted by most of our principal cities The leaden coffin in which he was brought home was cut in pieces, which were distributed as relics of Saint Nelson,—so the gunner of the Victory

called them,—and when, at his interment, his flag was about to be lowered into the grave, the sailors' who assisted at the ceremony with one accord rent it in pieces, that each might preserve a fragment while he lived

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity, men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us, and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end: the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed, new navies must be built and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him, whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, would have alike delighted to honour, whom every tongue would have blessed, whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and 'old men from the chimney corner,' to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy, for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas: and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength, for while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose from the appearances upon opening the body, that in the course of nature he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done, nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the

height of human fame The most triumphant death is that of the martyr, the most awful that of the martyred patriot, the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England, a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them — *The Life of Nelson.*

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## CHARLES LAMB.

BORN 1775, DIED 1834

Essayist and poet. His style was pure and good, the language being easy and familiar, and at the same time always in good taste He is chiefly known by his *Essays of Elia*, a charming collection of essays on miscellaneous subjects

### *Confessions of a Drunkard*

DEPORTATIONS from the use of strong liquors have been the favourite topic of sober declaimers in all ages, and have been received with abundance of applause by water-drinking critics But with the patient himself, the man that is to be cured, unfortunately, their sound has seldom prevailed Yet the evil is acknowledged, the remedy simple Abstain No force can oblige a man to raise the glass to his head against his will 'Tis as easy as not to steal, not to tell lies

Alas! the hand to pulfer, and the tongue to bear false witness, have no constitutional tendency These are actions indifferent to them At the first instance of the reformed will, they can be brought off without a murmur The itching finger is but a figure in speech, and the tongue of the liar can with the same natural delight give forth useful truths with which it has been accustomed to scatter their pernicious contraries But when a man has commenced sot—

O pause, thou sturdy moralist, thou person of stout nerves and a strong head, whose liver is happily untouched, and ere thy gorge riseth at the name which I have written, first learn

what the *thing* is, how much of compassion, how much of human allowance, thou mayest virtuously mingle with thy disapprobation. Trample not on the ruins of a man. Exact not, under so terrible a penalty as infamy, a resuscitation from a state of death almost as real as that from which Lazarus rose not but by a miracle.

Begin a reformation, and custom will make it easy. But what if the beginning be dreadful, the first steps not like climbing a mountain, but going through fire?—what if the whole system must undergo a change violent as that which we conceive of the mutation of form in some insects?—what if a process comparable to flaying alive be to be gone through? Is the weakness that sinks under such struggles to be confounded with the pertinacity which clings to other vices, which have induced no constitutional necessity, no engagement of the whole victim, body and soul?

I have known one in that state, when he has tried to abstain but for one evening—though the poisonous potion had long ceased to bring back its first enchantments, though he was sure it would rather deepen his gloom than brighten it,—in the violence of the struggle, and the necessity he has felt of getting rid of the present sensation at any rate, I have known him to scream out, to cry aloud, for the anguish and pain of the strife within him.

Why should I hesitate to declare, that the man of whom I speak is myself? I have no puling apology to make to mankind. I see them all in one way or another deviating from the pure reason. It is to my own nature alone I am accountable for the woe that I have brought upon it.

I believe that there are constitutions, robust heads and non insides, whom scarce any excesses can hurt, whom brandy (I have seen them drink it like wine), at all events whom wine, taken in ever so plentiful a measure, can do no worse injury to than just to muddle their faculties, perhaps never very pellucid. On them this discourse is wasted. They would but laugh at a weak brother, who, trying his strength with them, and coming off foiled from the contest, would fain persuade them that such agonistic exercises are dangerous. It is to a very different description of persons I speak. It is to the weak, the nervous, to those who feel the want of some artificial aid to raise their spirits in society to what is no more than the ordinary pitch of all around them without it. This is the secret of our drinking. Such must fly the convivial board in the first instance, if they do not mean to sell themselves for term of life.

Twelve years ago I had completed my six and-twentieth year. I had lived from the period of leaving school to that time pretty much in solitude. My companions were chiefly books, or at most one or two living ones of my own book-loving and sober stamp. I rose early, went to bed betimes, and the faculties which God had given me, I have reason to think, did not rust in me unused.

About that time I fell in with some companions of a different order. They were men of boisterous spirits, sitters up a-nights, disputants, drunken, yet seemed to have something noble about them. We dealt about the wit, or what passes for it after midnight, jovially. Of the quality called fancy, I certainly possessed a larger share than my companions. Encouraged by their applause, I set up for a professed joker! I, who of all men am least fitted for such an occupation, having, in addition to the greatest difficulty which I experience at all times of finding words to express my meaning, a natural nervous impediment in my speech!

Reader, if you are gifted with nerves like mine, aspire to any character but that of a wit. When you find a tickling relish upon your tongue, disposing you to that sort of conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way, to it as you would fly your greatest destruction. If you cannot crush the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake for such, divert it, give it some other play. Write an essay, pen a character or description,—but not as I do now, with tears trickling down your cheeks.

To be an object of compassion to friends, of derision to foes, to be suspected by strangers, stared at by fools, to be esteemed dull when you cannot be witty, to be applauded for witty when you know that you have been dull, to be called upon for the extemporaneous exercise of that faculty which no premeditation can give, to be spurred on to efforts which end in contempt, to be set on to provoke mirth which procures the procurer hatred, to give pleasure and be paid with squinting malice, to swallow draughts of life destroying wine which are to be distilled into any breath to tickle vain auditors, to mortgage miserable morrows for nights of madness, to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little inconsiderable drops of grudging applause,—are the wages of buffoonery and death.

Time, which has a sure stroke at dissolving all connexions which have no solid fastening than this liquid cement, more kind to me than my own taste or penetration, at length opened

my eyes to the supposed qualities of my first friends. No trace of them is left but in the vices which they introduced, and the habits they infixed. In them my friends survive still, and exercise ample retribution for any supposed infidelity that I may have been guilty of towards them.

My next more immediate companions were and are persons of such intrinsic and felt worth, that though accidentally their acquaintance has proved pernicious to me, I do not know that if the thing were to do over again, I should have the courage to eschew the mischief at the price of forfeiting the benefit. I came to them reeking from the steams of my late overheated notions of companionship, and the slightest fuel which they unconsciously afforded, was sufficient to feed my old fires into a propensity.

They were no drinkers, but, one from professional habits, and another from a custom derived from his father, smoked tobacco. The devil could not have devised a more subtle trap to retake a backsliding penitent. The transition, from gulping down draughts of liquid fire to puffing out innocuous blasts of dry smoke, was so like cheating him. But he is too hard for us when we hope to commute. He beats us at barter, and when we think to set off a new failing against an old infirmity, 'tis odds but he puts the trick upon us of two for one. That (comparatively) white devil of tobacco brought with him in the end seven worse than himself.

It were impertinent to carry the reader through all the processes by which, from smoking at first with malt liquor, I took my degrees through thin wines, through stronger wine and water, through small punch, to those juggling compositions, which, under the name of mixed liquors, slur a great deal of brandy or other poison under less and less water continually, until they come to next to none, and so to none at all. But it is hateful to disclose the secrets of my Tartarus.

I should repel my readers, from a mere incapacity of believing me, were I to tell them what tobacco has been to me, the drudging service which I have paid, the slavery which I have vowed to it. How, when I have resolved to quit it, a feeling as of ingratitude has started up, how it has put on personal claims and made the demands of a friend upon me. How a pipe was ever in my midnight path before me, till the vision forced me to realise it,—how then its ascending vapours curled, its fragrance lulled, and the thousand delicious ministrings conversant about it, employing every faculty, extracted the sense of pain. How from illuminating it came to darken, from a quick solace it turned to a negative relief, thence to a restless-



ness and dissatisfaction, thence to a positive misery. How, even now, when the whole secret stands confessed in all its dreadful truth before me, I feel myself linked to it beyond the power of revocation. Bone of my bone——

Persons not accustomed to examine the motives of their actions, to reckon up the countless nails that rivet the chains of habit, or perhaps being bound by none so obdurate as those I have confessed to, may recoil from this as from an over-charged picture. But what short of such a bondage is it, which in spite of protesting friends, a weeping wife, and a reprobating world, chains down many a poor fellow, of no original indisposition to goodness, to his pipe and his pot?

I have seen a print in which three female figures are ministering to a man who sits fast bound at the root of a tree. Sensuality is soothing him, Evil Habit is nailing him to a branch, and Repugnance at the same instant of time is applying a snake to his side. In his face is feeble delight, the recollection of past rather than perception of present pleasures, languid enjoyment of evil with utter imbecility to good, a Sybaritic effeminacy, a submission to bondage, the springs of the will gone down like a broken clock, the sin and the suffering co-instantaneous, or the latter forerunning the former, remorse preceding action—all this represented in one point of time.—When I saw this, I admired the wonderful skill of the painter. But when I went away, I wept, because I thought of my own condition.

Of *that* there is no hope that it should ever change. The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavour of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will,—to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself, to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise, to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruin—could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this night's repetition of the folly, could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hoarsely with feeble and feeble outcry to be delivered,—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling

beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation, to make him clasp his teeth,

and not undo 'em  
To suffer WET DRAINAGE to run thro' 'em

Yea, but (methinks I hear somebody object) if sobriety be that fine thing you would have us to understand, if the comforts of a cool brain are to be preferred to that state of heated excitement which you describe and deplore, what hinders in your instance that you do not return to those habits from which you would induce others never to swerve?—if the blessing be worth preserving, is it not worth recovering?

*Recovering!*—O if a wish could transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the next clear spring could slake any heats which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in the blood, how gladly would I return to thee, pure element, the drink of children, and of child-like holy hermit! In my dreams I can sometimes fancy thy cool refreshment purling over my burning tongue. But my waking stomach rejects it. That which refreshes innocence only makes me sick and faint.

But is there no middle way betwixt total abstinence and the excess which kills you?—For your sake, reader, and that you may never attain to my experience, with pain I must utter the dreadful truth, that there is none, none that I can find. In my stage of habit (I speak not of habits less confirmed—for some of them I believe the advice to be most prudential), in the stage which I have reached, to stop short of that measure which is sufficient to draw on torpor and sleep, the benumbing apoplectic sleep of the drunkard, is to have taken none at all. The pain of the self-denial is all one. And what that is, I had rather the reader should believe on my credit, than know from his own trial. He will come to know it, whenever he shall arrive in that state, in which, paradoxical as it may appear, *reason shall only visit him through intoxication* for it is a fearful truth, that the intellectual faculties by repeated acts of intemperance may be driven from their orderly sphere of action, their clear daylight ministries, until they shall be brought at last to depend, for the faint manifestation of their departing energies, upon the returning periods of the fatal madness to which they owe their devastation. The drinking man is never less himself than during his sober intervals. Evil is so far his good.

Behold me then, in the robust period of life, reduced to imbecility and decay. Hear me count my gains, and the profits which I have derived from the midnight cup.

Twelve years ago, I was possessed of a healthy frame of mind and body. I was never strong, but I think my constitution (for a weak one) was as happily exempt from the tendency to any malady as it was possible to be. I scarce knew what it was to ail anything. Now, except when I am losing myself in a sea of drink, I am never free from those uneasy sensations in head and stomach, which are so much worse to bear than any definite pains or aches.

At that time I was seldom in bed after six in the morning, summer and winter. I awoke refreshed, and seldom without some merry thoughts in my head, or some piece of a song to welcome the new-born day. Now, the first feeling which besets me, after stretching out the hours of recumbence to their last possible extent, is a forecast of the wearisome day that lies before me, with a secret wish that I could have lain on still, or never awaked.

Life itself, my waking life, has much of the confusion, the trouble, and obscure perplexity, of an ill dream. In the daytime I stumble upon dark mountains.

Business, which, though never very particularly adapted to my nature, yet as something of necessity to be gone through, and therefore best undertaken with cheerfulness, I used to enter upon with some degree of alacrity, now wearies, affrights, perplexes me. I fancy all sorts of discouragements, and am ready to give up an occupation which gives me bread, from a harassing concert of incapacity. The slightest commission given me by a friend, or any small duty which I have to perform for myself, as giving orders to a tradesman, &c., haunts me as a labour impossible to be got through. So much the springs of action are broken.

The same cowardice attends me in all my intercourse with mankind. I dare not promise that a friend's honour, or his cause, would be safe in my keeping, if I were put to the expense of any manly resolution in defending it. So much the springs of moral action are deadened within me.

My favourite occupations in times past, now cease to entertain. I can do nothing readily. Application for ever so short a time kills me. This poor abstract of my condition was penned at long intervals, with scarcely any attempt at connexion of thought, which is now difficult to me.

The noble passages which formerly delighted me in history or poetic fiction, now only draw a few weak tears, allied to

dotage My broken and dispirited nature seems to sink before anything great and admirable

I perpetually catch myself in tears, for any cause, or none It is inexpressible how much this infirmity adds to a sense of shame, and a general feeling of deterioration

These are some of the instances, concerning which I can say with truth, that it was not always so with me

Shall I lift up the veil of my weakness any further?—or is this disclosure sufficient?

I am a poor nameless egotist, who have no vanity to consult by these Confessions I know not whether I shall be laughed at, or heard seriously Such as they are, I commend them to the reader's attention, if he finds his own case any way touched I have told him what I am come to Let him stop in time —  
*Essays of Elia*

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*Popular Fallacies —That a Man must not Laugh at his own Jest*

THE severest exaction surely ever invented, upon the self-denial of poor human nature! This is to expect a gentleman to give a treat without partaking of it, to sit esurient at his own table, and commend the flavour of his venison upon the absurd strength of his never touching it himself On the contrary, we love to see a wag *taste* his own joke to his party, to watch a quirk or a merry conceit flickering upon the lips some seconds before the tongue is delivered of it. If it be good, fresh, and racy—begotten of the occasion, if he that utters it never thought it before, he is naturally the first to be tickled with it, and any suppression of such complacency we hold to be churlish and insulting What does it seem to imply, but that your company is weak or foolish enough to be moved by an image or a fancy, that shall stir you not at all, or but faintly? This is exactly the humour of the fine gentleman in Mandeville, who, while he dazzles his guests with the display of some costly toy, affects himself to 'see nothing considerable in it'—*Essays of Elia*

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*Popular Fallacies —That we should lie down with the Lamb*

WE could never quite understand the philosophy of this arrangement, or the wisdom of our ancestors in sending us for

instruction to these woolly bed-fellows. A sheep, when it is dark, has nothing to do but to shut his silly eyes, and sleep if he can. Man found out candles—Hail, candle-light! without disparagement to sun or moon, the kindest luminary of the three—if we may not rather style thee their radiant deputy, mild viceroy of the moon!—We love to read, talk, sit silent, eat, drink, sleep, by candle-light. They are everybody's sun and moon. This is our peculiar and household planet. Wanting it, what savage unsocial nights must our ancestors have spent, wintering in caves and unilluminated fastnesses! They must have lain about and grumbled at one another in the dark. What repartees could have passed, when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbour's cheek to be sure that he understood it? This accounts for the seriousness of the elder poetry. It has a sombre cast, derived from the tradition of those unlantern'd nights. Jokes came in with candles. We wonder how they saw to pick up a pin, if they had any. How did they sup? What a medley of chance carving they must have made of it!—here one had got a leg of a goat, when he wanted a horse's shoulder—there another had dipped his scooped palm in a kid-skin of wild honey, when he meditated night mare's milk. There is neither good eating nor drinking in fresco. Who, even in these civilised times, has never experienced this, when at some economic table he has commenced dining after dusk, and waited for the flavour till the lights came? The senses absolutely give and take reciprocally. Take away the candle from the smoking man, by the glimmering of the left ashes, he knows that he is still smoking, but he knows it only by an inference, till the restored light, coming in aid of the olfactories, reveals to both senses the full aroma. Then how he redoubles his puffs! how he burnishes!—There is absolutely no such thing as reading but by a candle. We have tried the affectation of a book at noon-day in gardens, and in sultry arbours, but it was labour thrown away. Those gay motes in the beam come about you, hovering and teasing. By the midnight taper, the writer digests his meditations. By the same light we must approach to their perusal, if we would catch the flame, the odour. It is a mockery, all that is reported of the influential Phœbus. No true poem ever owed its birth to the sun's light. They are abstracted works—

Things that were born, when none but the still night,  
And his dumb candle, saw his pinching throes

Marry, daylight—daylight might furnish the images, the crude material, but for the fine shapings, the true turning and filing

(as mine author hath it), they must be content to hold their inspiration of the candle. The mild internal light, that reveals them, like fires on the domestic hearth, goes out in the sunshine. Night and silence call out the starry fancies. Milton's Morning Hymn in Paradise, we would hold a good wager, was penned at midnight, and Taylor's rich description of a sunrise smells decidedly of the taper. Even ourself, in these our humbler lucubrations, tune our best-measured cadences (Prose has her cadences) not unfrequently to the charm of the drowsier watchman, 'blessing the doors,' or the wild sweep of winds at midnight. Even now a loftier speculation than we have yet attempted, courts our endeavours. We would indite something about the Solar System—*Betty, bring the Candles!*—*Essays of Elia*

— *HL* —

*The Merchant of Venice A Tale from Shakspeare \**

SHYLOCK, the Jew, lived at Venice. he was an usurer, who had amassed an immense fortune by lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock, being a hard-hearted man, exacted the payment of the money he lent with such severity, that he was much disliked by all good men, and particularly by Antonio, a young merchant of Venice, and Shylock as much hated Antonio, because he used to lend money to people in distress, and would never take any interest for the money he lent, therefore there was great enmity between this covetous Jew and the generous merchant Antonio. Whenever Antonio met Shylock on the Rialto (or *Exchange*), he used to reproach him with his usuries and hard dealings, which the Jew would bear with seeming patience, while he secretly meditated revenge.

Antonio was the kindest man that lived, the best conditioned, and had the most unweary spirit in doing courtesies, indeed he was one in whom the ancient Roman honour more appeared than in any that drew breath in Italy. He was greatly beloved by all his fellow-citizens, but the friend who was nearest and dearest to his heart was Bassanio, a noble Venetian, who, having but a small patrimony, had nearly exhausted his little fortune by living in too expensive a manner for his slender means, as young men of high rank with small fortunes are too

\* These *Tales from Shakspeare* were written by Charles Lamb with the help of his sister, Mary Lamb

apt to do. Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio assisted him, and it seemed as if they had but one heart and one purse between them

One day Bassanio came to Antonio, and told him that he wished to repair his fortune by a wealthy marriage with a lady whom he dearly loved, whose father, that was lately dead, had left her sole heiress to a large estate, and that in her father's lifetime he used to visit at her house, when he thought he had observed this lady had sometimes from her eyes sent speechless messages, that seemed to say he would be no unwelcome suitor, but not having money to furnish himself with an appearance befitting the lover of so rich an heiress, he besought Antonio to add to the many favours he had shown him, by lending him three thousand ducats

Antonio had no money by him at that time to lend his friend, but expecting soon to have some ships come home laden with merchandise, he said he would go to Shylock, the rich money-lender, and borrow the money upon the credit of those ships

Antonio and Bassanio went together to Shylock, and Antonio asked the Jew to lend him three thousand ducats upon any interest he should require, to be paid out of the merchandise contained in his ships at sea. On this, Shylock thought within himself, 'If I can once catch him on the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him he hates our Jewish nation, he lends out money gratis, and among the merchants he rails at me and my well-earned bargains, which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him!' Antonio finding he was musing within himself and did not answer, and being impatient for the money, said, 'Shylock, do you hear? will you lend the money?' To this question the Jew replied, 'Signior Antonio, on the Rialto many a time and often you have railed at me about my monies and my usuries, and I have borne it with a patient shrug, for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe, and then you have called me unbeliever, cut-throat dog, and spit upon my Jewish garments, and spurned at me with your foot, as if I was a cur. Well then, it now appears you need my help, and you come to me, and say, *Shylock, lend me monies*. Has a dog money? Is it possible a cur should lend three thousand ducats? Shall I bend low and say, Fair sir, you spit upon me on Wednesday last, another time you called me dog, and for these courtesies I am to lend you monies?' Antonio replied, 'I am as like to call you so again, to spit on you again, and spurn you too. If you will lend me this money, lend it not to me as to a friend, but rather lend it to me as to an enemy, that, if I break, you

may with better face exact the penalty'—'Why, look you,' said Shylock, 'how you stoirm! I would be friends with you, and have your love I will forget the shames you have put upon me I will supply your wants, and take no interest for my money' This seemingly kind offer greatly surprised Antonio, and then Shylock, still pretending kindness, and that all he did was to gain Antonio's love, again said he would lend him the three thousand ducats, and take no interest for his money, only Antonio should go with him to a lawyer, and there sign in merry sport a bond, that if he did not repay the money by a certain day, he would forfeit a pound of flesh, to be cut off from any part of his body that Shylock pleased

'Content,' said Antonio. 'I will sign to this bond, and say there is much kindness in the Jew'

Bassanio said, Antonio should not sign to such a bond for him, but still Antonio insisted that he would sign it, for that before the day of payment came, his ships would return laden with many times the value of the money

Shylock, hearing this debate, exclaimed, 'O father Abraham, what suspicious people these Christians are! Their own hard dealings teach them to suspect the thoughts of others I pray you tell me this, Bassanio if he should break this day, what should I gain by the exaction of the forfeiture? A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man, is not so estimable, nor profitable neither, as the flesh of mutton or of beef I say, to buy his favour I offer this friendship if he will take it, so, if not, adieu'

At last, against the advice of Bassanio, who, notwithstanding all the Jew had said of his kind intentions, did not like his friend should run the hazard of this shocking-penalty for his sake, Antonio signed the bond, thinking it really was (as the Jew said) merely in sport

The rich heiress that Bassanio wished to marry lived near Venice, at a place called Belmont her name was Portia, and in the graces of her person and her mind she was nothing inferior to that Portia, of whom we read, who was Cato's daughter, and the wife of Brutus

Bassanio being so kindly supplied with money by his friend Antonio at the hazard of his life, set out for Belmont with a splendid train, and attended by a gentleman of the name of Gratiano

Bassanio proving successful in his suit, Portia in a short time consented to accept him as her husband

Bassanio confessed to Portia that he had no fortune, and that his high birth and noble ancestry were all that he could



## MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

boast of, she, who loved him for his worthy qualities, and had riches enough not to regard wealth in a husband, answered with a graceful modesty, that she would wish herself a thousand times more fair, and ten thousand times more rich, to be more worthy of him, and then the accomplished Portia prettily dispraised herself, and said she was an unlessoned gull, unschooled, unpractised, yet not so old but that she could learn, and that she would commit her gentle spirit to be directed and governed by him in all things, and she said, 'Myself and what is mine, to you and yours is now converted. But yesterday, Bassanio, I was the lady of this fair mansion, queen of myself, and mistress over these servants, and now this house, these servants, and myself, are yours, my lord, I give them with this ring' presenting a ring to Bassanio.

Bassanio was so overpowered with gratitude and wonder at the gracious manner in which the rich and noble Portia accepted of a man of his humble fortunes, that he could not express his joy and reverence to the dear lady who so honoured him, by any thing but broken words of love and thankfulness, and taking the ring, he vowed never to part with it.

Gratiano and Nerissa, Portia's waiting-maid, were in attendance upon their lord and lady, when Portia so gracefully promised to become the obedient wife of Bassanio, and Gratiano, wishing Bassanio and the generous lady joy, desired permission to be married at the same time.

'With all my heart, Gratiano,' said Bassanio, 'if you can get a wife!'

Gratiano then said that he loved the lady Portia's fair waiting gentlewoman Nerissa, and that she had promised to be his wife, if her lady married Bassanio. Portia asked Nerissa if this was true. Nerissa replied, 'Madam, it is so, if you approve of it.' Portia willingly consenting, Bassanio pleasantly said, 'Then our wedding-feast shall be much honoured by your marriage, Gratiano.'

The happiness of these lovers was sadly crossed at this moment by the entrance of a messenger, who brought a letter from Antonio containing fearful tidings. When Bassanio read Antonio's letter, Portia feared it was to tell him of the death of some dear friend, he looked so pale, and inquiring what was the news which had so distressed him, he said, 'O sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper. gentle lady, when I first imparted my love to you, I freely told you all the wealth I had run in my veins; but I should have told you that I had less than nothing, being in debt.' Bassanio then told Portia what has been here

related, of his borrowing the money of Antonio, and of Antonio's procuring it of Shylock the Jew, and of the bond by which Antonio had engaged to forfeit a pound of flesh, if it was not repaid by a certain day and then Bassanio read Antonio's letter, the words of which were, '*Sweet Bassanio, my ships are all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeited, and since in paying it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death, notwithstanding, use your pleasure, if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter*' 'O my dear love,' said Portia, 'despatch all business, and be gone, you shall have gold to pay the money twenty times over, before this kind friend shall lose a hair by my Bassanio's fault, and as you are so dearly bought, I will dearly love you' Portia then said she would be married to Bassanio before he set out, to give him a legal right to her money, and that same day they were married, and Gratiano was also married to Nerissa, and Bassanio and Gratiano, the instant they were married, set out in great haste for Venice, where Bassanio found Antonio in prison.

The day of payment being past, the cruel Jew would not accept of the money which Bassanio offered him, but insisted upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh. A day was appointed to try this shocking case before the duke of Venice, and Bassanio awaited in dreadful suspense the event of the trial.

When Portia parted with her husband, she spoke cheerfully to him, and bade him bring his dear friend along with him when he returned, yet she feared it would go hard with Antonio, and when she was left alone, she began to think and consider within herself, if she could by any means be instrumental in saving the life of her dear Bassanio's friend, and notwithstanding, when she wished to honour her Bassanio, she had said to him with such a meek and wife-like grace, that she would submit in all things to be governed by his superior wisdom, yet being now called forth into action by the peril of her honoured husband's friend, she did nothing doubt her own powers, and by the sole guidance of her own true and perfect judgment, at once resolved to go herself to Venice, and speak in Antonio's defence.

Portia had a relation who was a counsellor in the law, to this gentleman, whose name was Bellario, she wrote, and stating the case to him, desired his opinion, and that with his advice he would also send her the dress worn by a counsellor. When the messenger returned, he brought letters from Bellario of advice how to proceed, and also everything necessary for her equipment.

Portia dressed herself and her maid Nerissa in men's apparel, and putting on the robes of a counsellor, she took Nerissa along with her as her clerk, and setting out immediately, they arrived at Venice on the very day of the trial. The cause was just going to be heard before the duke and senators of Venice in the senate-house, when Portia entered this high court of justice, and presented a letter from Bellario, in which that learned counsellor wrote to the duke, saying, he would have come himself to plead for Antonio, but that he was prevented by sickness, and he requested that the learned young doctor Balthasar (so he called Portia) might be permitted to plead in his stead. This the duke granted, much wondering at the youthful appearance of the stranger, who was prettily disguised by her counsellor's robes and her large wig.

And now began this important trial. Portia looked around her, and she saw the merciless Jew, and she saw Bassanio, but he knew her not in her disguise. He was standing beside Antonio, in an agony of distress and fear for his friend.

The importance of the arduous task Portia had engaged in gave this tender lady courage, and she boldly proceeded in the duty she had undertaken to perform. And first of all she addressed herself to Shylock, and allowing that he had a right by the Venetian law to have the forfeit expressed in the bond, she spoke so sweetly of the noble quality of *mercy*, as would have softened any heart but the unfeeling Shylock's, saying, that it dropped as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath, and how mercy was a double blessing, it blessed him that gave, and him that received it. And how it became monarchs better than their crowns, being an attribute of God himself; and that earthly power came nearest to God's, in proportion as mercy tempered justice, and she bid Shylock remember that as we all pray for mercy, that same prayer should teach us to show mercy. Shylock only answered her by desiring to have the penalty forfeited in the bond. 'Is he not able to pay the money?' asked Portia. Bassanio then offered the Jew the payment of the three thousand ducats as many times over as he should desire, which Shylock refusing, and still insisting upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh, Bassanio begged the learned young counsellor would endeavour to wrest the law a little, to save Antonio's life. But Portia gravely answered, that laws once established must never be altered. Shylock hearing Portia say that the law might not be altered, it seemed to him that she was pleading in his favour, and he said, 'A Daniel is come to judgment!' O wise

young judge, how I do honour you ! How much elder are you than your looks !'

Portia now desired Shylock to let her look at the bond, and when she had read it, she said, 'This bond is forfeited, and by this the Jew may lawfully claim a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off nearest Antonio's heart' Then she said to Shylock, 'Be merciful take the money, and bid me tear the bond.' But no mercy would the cruel Shylock show, and he said, 'By my soul I swear, there is no power in the tongue of man to alter me'—'Why then, Antonio,' said Portia, 'you must prepare your bosom for the knife' and while Shylock was sharpening a long knife with great eagerness to cut off the pound of flesh, Portia said to Antonio, 'Have you any thing to say?' Antonio with a calm resignation replied, that he had but little to say, for that he had prepared his mind for death Then he said to Bassanio, 'Give me your hand, Bassanio ! Fare you well ! Grieve not that I am fallen into this misfortune for you Commend me to your honourable wife, and tell her how I have loved you !' Bassanio in the deepest affliction replied, 'Antonio, I am married to a wife, who is as dear to me as life itself, but life itself, my wife and all the 'world, are not esteemed with me above your life I would lose all, I would sacrifice all to this devil here, to deliver you.'

Portia hearing this, though the kind-hearted lady was not at all offended with her husband for expressing the love he owed to so true a friend as Antonio in these strong terms, yet could not help answering, 'Your wife would give you little thanks, if she were present, to hear you make this offer' And then Gratiano, who loved to copy what his lord did, thought he must make a speech like Bassanio's, and he said in Nerissa's hearing, who was writing in her clerk's dress by the side of Portia, 'I have a wife, whom I protest I love, I wish she were in heaven, if she could but entreat some power there to change the cruel temper of this currish Jew' 'It is well you wish this behind her back, else you would have but an unquiet house,' said Nerissa.

Shylock now cried out impatiently, 'We trifle time, I pray you pronounce the sentence' And now all was awful expectation in the court, and every heart was full of grief for Antonio

Portia asked if the scales were ready to weigh the flesh, and she said to the Jew, 'Shylock, you must have some surgeon by, lest he bleed to death' Shylock, whose whole intent was that Antonio should bleed to death, said, 'It is

not so named in the bond' Portia replied, 'It is not so named in the bond, but what of that? It were good you did so much for charity' To this all the answer Shylock would make was, 'I cannot find it, it is not in the bond' 'Then,' said Portia, 'a pound of Antonio's flesh is thine The law allows it, and the court awards it And you may cut this flesh from off his breast The law allows it, and the court awards it' Again Shylock exclaimed, 'O wise and upright judge! A Daniel is come to judgment!' And then he sharpened his long knife again, and looking eagerly on Antonio, he said, 'Come, prepare!'

'Tarry a little, Jew,' said Portia, 'there is something else This bond here gives you no drop of blood, the words expressly are, "a pound of flesh" If in the cutting off the pound of flesh you shed one drop of Christian blood, your land and goods are by the law to be confiscated to the state of Venice' Now as it was utterly impossible for Shylock to cut off the pound of flesh without shedding some of Antonio's blood, this wise discovery of Portia's, that it was flesh and not blood that was named in the bond, saved the life of Antonio, and all admiring the wonderful sagacity of the young counsellor, who had so happily thought of this expedient, plaudits resounded from every part of the senate-house, and Gratiano exclaimed, in the words which Shylock had used, 'O wise and upright judge! mark, Jew, a Daniel is come to judgment!'

Shylock, finding himself defeated in his cruel intent, said with a disappointed look, that he would take the money, and Bassanio, rejoiced beyond measure at Antonio's unexpected deliverance, cried out, 'Here is the money!' But Portia stopped him, saying, 'Softly, there is no haste, the Jew shall have nothing but the penalty therefore prepare, Shylock, to cut off the flesh, but mind you shed no blood, nor do not cut off more nor less than just a pound, be it more or less by one poor scruple, nay if the scale turn but by the weight of a single hair, you are condemned by the laws of Venice to die, and all your wealth is forfeited to the senate' 'Give me my money, and let me go,' said Shylock 'I have it ready,' said Bassanio 'Here it is'

Shylock was going to take the money, when Portia again stopped him, saying, 'Tarry, Jew, I have yet another hold upon you By the laws of Venice, your wealth is forfeited to the State, for having conspired against the life of one of its citizens, and your life lies at the mercy of the duke, therefore down on your knees, and ask him to pardon you.'

The duke then said to Shylock, 'That you may see the difference of our Christian spirit, I pardon you your life before you ask it, half your wealth belongs to Antonio, the other half comes to the State'

The generous Antonio then said, that he would give up his share of Shylock's wealth, if Shylock would sign a deed to make it over at his death to his daughter and her husband, for Antonio knew that the Jew had an only daughter, who had lately married against his consent to a young Christian, named Lorenzo, a friend of Antonio's, which had so offended Shylock, that he had disinherited her

The Jew agreed to this and being thus disappointed in his revenge, and despoiled of his riches, he said, 'I am ill Let me go home, send the deed after me, and I will sign over half my riches to my daughter'—'Get thee gone, then,' said the duke, 'and sign it, and if you repent your cruelty and turn Christian, the State will forgive you the fine of the other half of your riches.'

The duke now released Antonio, and dismissed the court He then highly praised the wisdom and ingenuity of the young counsellor, and invited him home to dinner Portia, who meant to return to Belmont before her husband, replied, 'I humbly thank your Grace, but I must away directly' The duke said he was sorry he had not leisure to stay and dine with him, and turning to Antonio, he added, 'Reward this gentleman, for in my mind you are much indebted to him'

The duke and his senators left the court, and then Bassanio said to Portia, 'Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend Antonio have by your wisdom been this day acquitted of grievous penalties, and I beg you will accept of the three thousand ducats due unto the Jew' 'And we shall stand indebted to you over and above,' said Antonio, 'in love and service evermore'

Portia could not be prevailed upon to accept the money, but upon Bassanio still pressing her to accept of some reward, she said, 'Give me your gloves, I will wear them for your sake' and then Bassanio taking off his gloves, she espied the ring which she had given him upon his finger now it was the ring the wily lady wanted to get from him to make a merry jest when she saw her Bassanio again, that made her ask him for his gloves, and she said, when she saw the ring, 'And for your love I will take this ring from you' Bassanio was sadly distressed, that the counsellor should ask him for the only thing he could not part with, and he replied in great confusion,

that he could not give him that ring, because it was his wife's gift, and he had vowed never to part with it, but that he would give him the most valuable ring in Venice, and find it out by proclamation. On this Portia affected to be affronted, and left the court, saying, 'You teach me, sir, how a beggar should be answered'

'Dear Bassanio,' said Antonio, 'let him have the ring, let my love and the great service he has done for me be valued against your wife's displeasure.' Bassanio, ashamed to appear so ungrateful, yielded, and sent Gratiano after Portia with the ring, and then the *clerk* Nerissa, who had also given Gratiano a ring, she begged his ring, and Gratiano (not choosing to be outdone in generosity by his lord) gave it to her. And there was laughing among these ladies to think, when they got home, how they would tax their husbands with giving away their rings, and swear that they had given them as a present to some woman.

Portia, when she returned, was in that happy temper of mind which never fails to attend the consciousness of having performed a good action, her cheerful spirits enjoyed every thing she saw. The moon never seemed to shine so bright before, and when that pleasant moon was hid behind a cloud, then a light which she saw from her house at Belmont as well pleased her charmed fancy, and she said to Nerissa, 'That light we see is burning in my hall, how far that little candle throws its beams, so shines a good deed in a naughty world,' and hearing the sound of music from her house, she said, 'Methinks that music sounds much sweeter than by day.'

And now Portia and Nerissa entered the house, and dressing themselves in their own apparel, they waited the arrival of their husbands, who soon followed them with Antonio, and Bassanio presenting his dear friend to the lady Portia, the congratulations and welcomings of that lady were hardly over, when they perceived Nerissa and her husband quarrelling in a corner of the room. 'A quarrel already?' said Portia. 'What is the matter?' Gratiano replied, 'Lady, it is about a paltry gilt ring that Nerissa gave me, with words upon it like the poetry on a cutler's knife, *love me, and leave me not*'

'What does the poetry or the value of the ring signify?' said Nerissa. 'You swore to me when I gave it to you, that you would keep it till the hour of death, and now you say you gave it to the lawyer's clerk. I know you gave it to a woman.'—'By this hand,' replied Gratiano, 'I gave it to a youth, a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy, no higher than

yourself, he was clerk to the young counsellor, that by his wise pleading saved Antonio's life this prating boy begged it for a fee, and I could not for my life deny him' Portia said, 'You were to blame, Gratiano, to part with your wife's first gift I gave my lord Bassanio a ring, and I am sure he would not part with it for all the world' Gratiano, in excuse for his fault, now said, 'My lord Bassanio gave his ring away to the counsellor, and then the boy, his clerk, that took some pains in writing, he begged my ring'

Portia, hearing this, seemed very angry, and reproached Bassanio for giving away her ring, and she said, Nerissa had taught her what to believe, and that she knew some woman had the ring Bassanio was very unhappy to have so offended his dear lady, and he said with great earnestness, 'No, by my honour, no woman had it, but a civil doctor, who refused three thousand ducats of me, and begged the ring, which when I denied him, he went displeased away What could I do, sweet Portia? I was so beset with shame for my seeming ingratitude, that I was forced to send the ring after him Pardon me, good lady, had you been there, I think you would have begged the ring of me to give the worthy doctor'

'Ah!' said Antonio, 'I am the unhappy cause of these quarrels'

Portia bid Antonio not to grieve at that, for that he was welcome notwithstanding, and then Antonio said, 'I once did lend my body for Bassanio's sake, and but for him to whom your husband gave the ring, I should have now been dead I die be bound again, my soul upon the forfeit, your lord will never more break his faith with you.'—'Then you shall be his surety,' said Portia, 'give him this ring, and bid him keep it better than the other'

When Bassanio looked at this ring, he was strangely surprised to find it was the same he gave away, and then Portia told him, how she was the young counsellor, and Nerissa was her clerk, and Bassanio found, to his unspeakable wonder and delight, that it was by the noble courage and wisdom of his wife that Antonio's life was saved

And Portia again welcomed Antonio, and gave him letters which by some chance had fallen into her hands, which contained an account of Antonio's ships, that were supposed lost, being safely arrived in the harbour So these tragical beginnings of this rich merchant's story were all forgotten in the unexpected good fortune which ensued, and there was leisure to laugh at the comical adventure of the rings, and the husbands



that did not know their own wives Gratiano merrily swearing,  
in a sort of rhyming speech, that

— while he lived, he'd fear no other thing  
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring

— '*Tales from Shakspeare,*' by Charles and Mary Lamb

## REGINALD HEBER,

BISHOP OF CALCUTTA

BORN 1763, DIED 1826

Chiefly known as a writer of sacred poetry, and as the author of a very interesting journal kept during his residence in India

### *A Hindu Spectacle.*

It was with the greatest difficulty that a carpenter could be found in the whole city to drive a nail, or a blacksmith to make a horseshoe, it being the festival of Ráma and Sitá, all the world was employed in seeing the hero with his army of monkeys attack the giant Rávana. Many other hindrances and disappointments occurred, but the delay they occasioned gave me an opportunity of seeing something of the Rámáyana festival, which consists in a sort of dramatic representation, during many successive days, of Ráma's history and adventures. The first evening I went with Mr. Bird to the *show*, for such it is now considered, and so entirely divested of every religious character as to be attended even by Musalmáns without scruple. I found Ráma, his brother Lakshmana, and his betrothed wife Sitá, represented by three children of about twelve years old, seated in Dui bar, under an awning in the principal street of the Sepoy lines, with a great crowd round them, some fanning them, of which, poor things, they had great need, some blowing horns and beating gongs and drums, and the rest shouting till the air rang again. The two heroes were very fine boys, and acted their parts admirably. Each had a gilt bow in his left hand, and a sabre in his right, their naked bodies were almost covered with gilt ornaments and tinsel, they had high tinsel crowns on their heads, their foreheads and bodies spotted with

charcoal, chalk, and vermilion, and altogether perfectly resembled the statues of Hindoo deities.

Except that of their eyes alone  
The twinkle show'd they were not

Poor little Sítá, wrapt up in a gorgeous veil of flimsy finery, and tired to death, had dropped her head on her breast and seemed happily insensible to all which was going on. The Bráhmañ Sepoys, who bore the principal part in the play, made room, with great solicitude, for us to see. I asked a good many questions, and obtained very ready answers in much the same way and with no more appearance of reverence and devotion than one should receive from an English mob at a puppet-show. 'I see Ráma, Sítá, Lakshmana, but where is Hanumán?' (the famous monkey general) 'Hanumán,' was the answer, 'is not yet come, but that man,' pointing to a great stout soldier of singularly formidable exterior, 'is Hanumán, and he will soon arrive.' The man began laughing as if half ashamed of his destination, but now took up the conversation, telling me that 'next day was to be a far prettier play than I now saw, for Sítá was to be stolen away by Rávan and his attendant evil spirits, Ráma and Lakshmana were to go to the jungle in great sorrow to seek for her.'

('Ráma, your Ráma' to greenwood must live')

That 'then (laughing again) I and my army shall come, and we shall fight bravely, bravely' The evening following I was engaged, but the next day I repeated my visit, I was then too late for the best part of the show, which had consisted of a first and unsuccessful attack by Ráma and his army on the fortress of the gigantic ravisher. That fortress, however, I saw,—an enclosure of bamboos covered with paper and painted with doors and windows, within which was a frightful paper giant, fifteen feet high, with ten or twelve arms, each grasping either a sword, an arrow, a bow, a battle axe, or a spear. At his feet sat poor little Sítá as motionless as before, guarded by two figures to represent demons. The brothers, in a splendid palkee, were conducting the retreat of their army, the divine Hanuman, as naked and almost as hairy as the animal whom he represented, was gamboling before them, with a long tail tied round his waist, a mask to represent the head of a baboon, and two great painted clubs in his hands. His army followed a number of men with similar tails and masks, their bodies dyed with indigo,

and also armed with clubs, There yet remained two or three days of pageant, before Sítá's release, purification, and re-marriage to her hero-lover, but for this conclusion I did not remain in Allahabad. At Benares, I am told, the show is on such occasions really splendid. The raja attends in state with all the principal inhabitants of the place, he lends his finest elephants and jewels to the performers, who are children of the most eminent families, and trained up by long previous education. I saw enough, however, at Allahabad to satisfy my curiosity — *Indian Journal*

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### *Tiger-Shooting.*

WE set out a little after three on our elephants, with a servant behind each howdah carrying a large chattah, which, however, was almost needless. The raja, in spite of his fever, made his appearance too, saying that he could not bear to be left behind. A number of people, on foot and horseback, attended from our own camp and the neighbouring villages, and the same sort of interest and delight was evidently excited which might be produced in England by a great coursing party. The raja was on a little female elephant, hardly bigger than the Durham ox, and almost as shaggy as a poodle. She was a native of the neighbouring wood, where they are generally, though not always, of a smaller size than those of Bengal and Chittagong. He sat in a low howdah, with two or three guns ranged beside him ready for action. Mr Boulderson had also a formidable apparatus of muskets and fowling-pieces projecting over his mohout's head. We rode about two miles across a plain covered with long jungle-grass, which very much put me in mind of the country near the Cuban. Quails and wild fowl rose in great numbers, and beautiful antelopes were seen scudding away in all directions. With them our party had no quarrel, their flesh is good for little, and they are in general favourites both with native and English sportsmen, who feel disinclined to meddle with a creature so graceful and so harmless.

At last we came to a deeper and more marshy ground, which lay a little before the tope pointed out to us, and while Mr Boulderson was doubting whether we should pass through it, or skirt it, some country people came running to say that the tiger had been tracked there that morning. We there-

fore went in, keeping line as if we had been beating for a hare, through grass so high that it reached up to the howdah of my elephant, though a tall one, and almost hid the raja entirely. We had not gone far before a very large animal of the deer kind sprang up just before me, larger than a stag, of a dusky-brown colour, with spreading, but not palmated horns. Mr Boulderson said it was a 'mohr,' a species of elk, that this was a young one, but that they sometimes grew to an immense size, so that he had stood upright between the tips of their horns. He could have shot it, but did not like to fire at present, and said it was, after all, a pity to meddle with such harmless animals. The mohr accordingly ran off unmolested, rising with splendid bounds up to the very top of the high jungle, so that his whole body and limbs were seen from time to time above it. A little further another rose, which Mr Boulderson said was the female, of her I had but an imperfect view. The sight of these curious animals had already, however, ~~well-repaid my coming out,~~ and from the animation and eagerness of everybody round me, the anxiety with which my companions looked for every waving of the jungle-grass, and the continued calling and shouting of the horse and foot behind us, it was impossible not to catch the contagion of interest and enterprise.

At last the elephants all threw up their trunks into the air, began to roar, and to stamp violently with their forefeet, the raja's little elephant turned short round, and in spite of all her mohout could say or do, took up her post, to the raja's great annoyance, close in the rear of Mr Boulderson. The other three (for one of my baggage elephants had come out too, the mohout, though unarmed, not caring to miss the show) went on slowly but boldly, with their trunks raised, their ears expanded, and their sagacious little eyes bent intently forward. 'We are close upon him,' said Mr Boulderson, 'fire where you see the long grass shake, if he rises before you.' Just at that moment my elephant stamped again violently. 'There, there,' cried the mohout, 'I saw his head!' A short roar, or rather loud growl, followed, and I saw immediately before my elephant's head the motion of some large animal stealing away through the grass. I fired as directed, and, a moment after, seeing the motion still more plainly, fired the second barrel. Another short growl followed, the motion was immediately quickened, and was soon lost in the more distant jungle. Mr Boulderson said, 'I should not wonder if you hit him that last time, at any rate we shall drive him out of the cover, and then I will take care of

him' In fact, at that moment, the crowd of horse and foot spectators at the jungle side began to run off in all directions. We went on to the place, but found it was a false alarm, and, in fact, we had seen all we were to see of him, and went twice more through the jungle in vain. A large extent of high grass stretched out in one direction, and thus we had now not sufficient daylight to explore. In fact, that the animal so near me was a tiger at all I have no evidence but its growl, Mr Boulderson's belief, the assertion of the mohout, and what is, perhaps, more valuable than all the rest, the alarm expressed by the elephants. I could not help feeling some apprehension that my firing had robbed Mr. Boulderson of his shot, but he assured me that I was quite in rule, that in such sport no courtesies could be observed, and that the animal, in fact, rose before me, but that he should himself have fired without scruple if he had seen the rustle of the grass in time. Thus ended my first, and probably my last, essay in the 'field sports' of India, in which I am much mistaken, notwithstanding what Mr Boulderson said, if I harmed any living creature.

I asked Mr Boulderson, on our return, whether tiger hunting was generally of this kind, which I could not help comparing to that chace of bubbles which enables us in England to pursue an otter. In a jungle, he answered, it must always be pretty much the same, inasmuch as, except under very peculiar circumstances, or when a tiger felt himself severely wounded, and was roused to revenge by despair, his aim was to remain concealed, and to make off as quietly as possible. It was after he had broken cover, or when he found himself in a situation so as to be fairly at bay, that the serious part of the sport began, in which case he attacked his enemies boldly, and always died fighting. He added that the lion, though not so large or swift an animal as the tiger, was generally stronger and more courageous. Those which have been killed in India, instead of running away when pursued through a jungle, seldom seem to think its cover necessary at all. When they see their enemies approaching, they spring out to meet them, open-mouthed, in the plain, like the boldest of all animals, a mastiff dog. They are thus generally shot with very little trouble, but if they are missed, or only slightly wounded, they are truly formidable enemies. Though not swift, they leap with vast strength and violence, and their large heads, immense paws, and the great weight of their body forwards, often enable them to spring on the head of the largest elephants, and fairly pull them down to the ground,

riders and all When a tiger springs on an elephant, the latter is generally able to shake him off under his feet, and then woe be to him! The elephant either kneels on him and crushes him at once, or gives him a kick which breaks half his ribs, and sends him flying perhaps twenty paces The elephants, however, are often dreadfully torn, and a large old tiger sometimes clings too fast to be thus dealt with In this case it often happens that the elephant himself falls, from pain or from the hope of rolling on his enemy, and the people on his back are in very considerable danger both from friends and foes, for Mr Boulderson said the scratch of a tiger was sometimes venomous, as that of a cat is said to be But this did not often happen, and in general persons wounded by his teeth or claws, if not killed outright, recovered easily enough —*Indian Journal*

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### *The Jann Temple of Kanah*

ALTOGETHER, I have seen no Indian station (Meerut excepted) from which I have derived so much comfort and pleasure as from Kanah The worst is its extreme unhealthiness, besides the burning heat, under which all Guzerât suffers, and in which it is more unfavourably circumstanced than any other province in India, there is something in the nature of the soil, which, like the Terai, though not in so fatal a degree, affects mankind, particularly Europeans, with fever, ague, and the other complaints of tropical climates The havoc among the European troops during the hot months, and still more during the rains, is dreadful, and even my Hindoostanees and Bengalees were, many of them, affected in a way which reminded me much of 'the Belt of Death,' one was taken ill after another, and though all recovered, all were so thoroughly alarmed, that I never witnessed more alacrity displayed by them than when I gave orders to prepare for marching Archdeacon Barnes and I felt nothing like indisposition Here, as in the Terai, the servants ascribed their illness to the badness of the water The majority of the wells are certainly brackish, but there is one very fine one of excellent quality at the military hospital, to which, I apprehend, they would, by using my name, have had free access I am myself inclined to impute the unhealthiness of the station to the quantity of saltpetre in the soil, a circumstance in which this district appears to resemble Lower Bengal At the same time, it should seem that the spot on which the cantonment stands is peculiarly unfortunate, since

the neighbouring city, and even the artillery lines, though only separated from the rest by a river, are reckoned much more healthy

The city of Kairah is a large and tolerably neat town, surrounded by a lofty stone wall, with semi-circular bastions, in good repair, and sufficient to keep off either nightly robbers, or parties of irregular cavalry. To sudden attacks of both kinds, notwithstanding the vicinity of the cantonments, it would otherwise still be (as it has been in times past) exposed. The streets within, though narrow, are clean, and the houses solid and lofty, with sloping tiled roofs, and a good deal of carving exhibited on the wood-work of their gable-ends and verandahs. Near the centre of the town are a large Jain temple and school, the former consisting of many small apartments up and down stairs, and even underground, with a good deal of gaudy ornament, and some very beautiful carving in a dark wood like oak. In one of the upper rooms is a piece of mechanism, something like those moving clock-work groups of kings, armies, gods, and goddesses which are occasionally carried about our own country by Italians and Frenchmen, in which sundry divinities dance and salâm, with a sort of musical accompaniment. These figures are made chiefly of the same black wood which I have described. What they last showed us was a cellar below ground, approached by a very narrow passage, and containing, on an altar of the usual construction, the four statues of sitting men, which are the most frequent and peculiar objects of Jain idolatry. They are of white marble, but had (as seems to have been the case with many of the images of ancient Greece) their eyes of silver, which gleamed in a very dismal and ghostly manner in the light of a solitary lamp which was burning before them, aided by a yet dimmer ray which penetrated from above through two narrow apertures, like flues, in the vaulting. We were very civilly conducted over the whole building by one of the junior priests, the senior pundit of the place remaining as if absorbed in heavenly things, immoveable and silent, during the whole of our stay. While I was in the temple a good many worshippers entered, chiefly women, each of whom, first touching one of the bells which hung from the roof, bent to the ground before one or other of the idols, depositing, in some instances, flowers or sugar-candy before it. There seemed no reluctance to admit me and Mr Williams, the judge and magistrate, who accompanied me, to any part of the building, but the priests drove back, without any ceremony, such of our attendants as wished to follow us.

Near this temple is the Adawlut, a handsome building, with pillars in the Grecian style, having its attic story raised high above the town, and containing very convenient apartments for the judge and his family. Separated by a narrow street is the prison, a large and strong building, which was, nevertheless, nearly forced eight or ten years ago by a mob of coolies who had determined to release one of their associates who was in confinement. Mr Ironside, the senior judge, nearly lost his life on that occasion.

During the Saturday before we left Kairah, one of my servants was severely stung by a scorpion. He caught and killed the animal, and brought it to Dr Smith, who, however, did not apply it to the wound, regarding it as a superstitious remedy which he has never known to do any good. Nothing, indeed, according to his experience, is really serviceable except patience, and a lotion of vinegar and water, and the last rather as occupying the patient's attention, than from any direct efficacy to relieve the pain. This is very severe, and continues six or eight hours, after which it generally goes away by degrees. It very seldom, if ever, happens that the injury is of more lasting consequences, but, during this time, Dr Smith has seen strong and courageous men crying like children from the extremity of their anguish. The bite of the centipede he considers worse than that of the scorpion, and a very large insect of that kind was killed during Divine Service on Saturday, creeping up the shoe of one of the soldiers. The beginning of the hot weather, and the first ten days of the rainy season, are the times at which venomous animals are most active and troublesome all over India, nor, in spite of these two cases, have I any reason to suppose that they are more numerous in Guzerât than elsewhere.

In different parts of this province, particularly near the town of Kuppergunge, are found numbers of cornelians and other pebbles, particularly of the kind called in England 'mocha stones,' which the shopkeepers of Cambay cut, polish, and set very neatly. The cornelians are always roasted in a strong fire before anything is done to them, nor is it known, till this has taken place, whether they are worth anything or no. The silversmiths of Cutch and Cattywar *emboss* very neatly, by filling the cup, watch-case, box, or other vessel with gum lac, and punching it in, to the figure required, with a small chisel. Major Sale showed me a watch-case and small tankard very prettily ornamented in this manner with flowers, elephants, and different birds and animals—*Indian Journal*.



## WASHINGTON IRVING,

BORN 1783, DIED 1859

An American writer His chief works are *The Sketch book*, published in 1819, and *The Conquest of Granada*, published in 1829

*A Voyage.*

To one given to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea-voyage is full of subjects for meditation, but then they are the wonders of the deep and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the main-top, of a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea, to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms and people them with a creation of my own, to watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe with which I looked down, from my giddy height, on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols,—schools of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship, the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface, or the ravenous shark darting, like a spectre, through the blue waters My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me, of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys, of the shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth, and of those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, which has in a manner triumphed over wind and wave, has brought the ends of the world into communion, has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south, has diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life, and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea everything that breaks the monotony of the

surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked, for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months, clusters of shellfish had fastened about it, and long seaweeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, are the crew? Their struggle has long been over—they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest—their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! What prayers offered up at the deserted fireside at home! How often has the mistress, the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento may ever return for love to cherish. All that may ever be known, is, that she sailed from her port, ‘and was never heard of more.’

The sight of this wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms which will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp in the cabin that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster.

The storm increased with the night. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion. There was a fearful, sullen sound of rushing waves and broken surges. Deep called unto deep. At times, the black volume of clouds overhead seemed rent asunder by flashes of lightning which quivered along the foaming billows, and made the succeeding darkness doubly terrible. The thunders bellowed over the wild waste of waters, and were echoed and prolonged by the mountain waves. As I saw the ship staggering and plunging among these roaring caverns, it seemed miraculous that she regained her balance or preserved her buoyancy. Her yards would dip into the water, her bow was almost buried beneath the waves. Sometimes an impending surge appeared ready to overwhelm her, and nothing but a dexterous movement of the helm preserved her from the shock.

When I retired to my cabin, the awful scene still followed me. The whistling of the wind through the rigging sounded like

funeral wailings. The creaking of the masts, the straining and groaning of bulk-heads, as the ship laboured in the weltering sea, were frightful. As I heard the waves rushing along the sides of the ship, and roaring in my very ear, it seemed as if Death were raging round this floating prison, seeking for his prey—the mere starting of a nail, the yawning of a seam, might give him entrance.

A fine day, however, with a tranquil sea and favouring breeze, soon put all these dismal reflections to flight. It is impossible to resist the gladdening influence of fine weather and fair wind at sea. When the ship is decked out in all her canvas, every sail swelled, and careering gaily over the curling waves, how lofty, how gallant she appears—how she seems to lord it over the deep!

I might fill a volume with the reveries of a sea-voyage, for with me it is almost a continual reverie—but it is time to get to shore.

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of 'Land!' was given from the mast-head. None but those who have experienced it can form an idea of the delicious throng of sensations which rush into an American's bosom, when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations with the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with everything of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered.

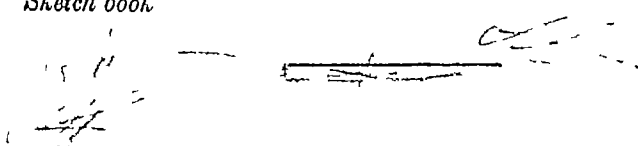
From that time until the moment of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war, that prowled like guardian giants along the coast, the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel, the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds, all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey I reconnoitred the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass plots. I saw the mouldering ruin of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church, rising from the brow of a neighbouring hill,—all were characteristic of England.

The tide and wind were so favourable that the ship was enabled to come at once to the pier. It was thronged with people, some, idle lookers-on, others, eager expectants of friends or relatives. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship was consigned, I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust into his pockets, he was whistling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded him by the crowd, in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheerings and

salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to recognise each other.

I particularly noticed one young woman of humble dress, but interesting demeanour. She was leaning forward from among the crowd, her eye hurried over the ship as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated, when I heard a faint voice call her name. It was from a poor sailor who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his messmates had spread a mattress for him on deck in the shade, but of late his illness had so increased, that he had taken to his hammock, and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died. He had been helped on deck as we came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, so ghastly, that it was no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognise him. But at the sound of his voice, her eye darted on his features ~~it read at once a whole volume of sorrow~~, she uttered a faint shriek, clasped her hands, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

All now was hurry and bustle. The meeting of acquaintances—the greetings of friends—the consultations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers—but felt that I was a stranger in the land—*The Sketch book*



SIR W. F. NAPIER.

BORN 1785, DIED 1860

A distinguished soldier. He wrote *The History of the Peninsular War*, published in 1828.

*The Battle of Corunna, and Death of Sir John Moore*

SIR JOHN MOORE, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot, the shock threw him from his horse with violence, but he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiments engaged in his front, no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments,

when he was satisfied that the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm was hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart were broken, and bared of flesh for the muscles of the breast were torn into long strips, and interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket his sword got entangled with his clothes, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge, a staff officer, who was near, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, '*It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me,*' and in that manner, so becoming to a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight.

Meanwhile the army was rapidly gaining ground. The reserve, overthrowing everything in the valley, obliged La Hous-saye's dragoons, who had dismounted, to retire, and thus turning the enemy on that side, approached the eminence upon which the great battery was posted, on the left, Colonel Nicholls, at the head of some companies of the fourteenth, carried Palavia Abaxo, which General Foy defended but feebly, in the centre, the obstinate dispute for Elvina had terminated in favour of the British, and when the night set in, their line was considerably advanced beyond the original position of the morning, while the French were falling back in confusion. If at this time General Fraser's division had been brought into action along with the reserve, the enemy could hardly have escaped a signal overthrow, for the little ammunition Soult had been able to bring up was nearly exhausted, the river Mero was in full tide behind him, and the difficult communication by the bridge of El Burgo was alone open for a retreat. On the other hand, to continue the action in the dark was to tempt fortune, the French were still the most numerous, their ground was strong, and then disorder furnished an opportunity to pursue the original plan of embarking during the night. Sir John Hope, upon whom the command had devolved, resolved therefore to ship the army, and so complete were the arrangements, that no confusion or difficulty occurred, the piquets kindled fires to cover the retreat, and were themselves withdrawn at daybreak to embark under the protection of Hill's brigade, which was in position under the ramparts of Corunna.

When morning dawned, the French, seeing the British had abandoned their position, pushed some battalions to the heights of San Lucia, and about midday opened a battery on the shipping in the harbour. This caused great confusion amongst the transports, several masters cut their cables, and four vessels

went on shore, but the troops were rescued by the men of war's boats, the stranded vessels burned, and the fleet got out of harbour. General Hill then embarked at the citadel, which was maintained by a rearguard under General Beresford, until the 18th, when the wounded being all put on board, the troops likewise embarked, the inhabitants faithfully maintained the town meanwhile, and the fleet sailed for England.

The loss of the British, never officially published, was estimated at eight hundred, of the French at three thousand. The latter is probably an exaggeration, yet it must have been very great, for the aims of the English were all new, the ammunition fresh, and whether from the peculiar construction of our muskets, the physical strength and coolness of the men, or from all combined, it is certain the fire of an English line is the most destructive known. The nature of the ground also prevented any movement of artillery on either side, and the French columns in their attack were exposed to grape, which they could not return because of the distance of their batteries.

Thus ended the retreat to Corunna, a transaction which up to this day has called forth as much of falsehood and malignity as servile and interested writers could offer to the unprincipled leaders of a base faction, but which posterity will regard as a genuine example of ability and patriotism. From the spot where he fell, the general who had conducted it was carried to the town by a party of soldiers, his blood flowed fast and the torture of his wound was great, yet such was the unshaken firmness of his mind, that those about him, judging from the resolution of his countenance that his hurt was not mortal, expressed a hope of his recovery, hearing this, he looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and then said, '*No, I feel that to be impossible!*' Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn him round, that he might behold the field of battle, and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction and permitted the bearers to proceed. When brought to his lodgings the surgeons examined his wound, but there was no hope, the pain increased, and he spoke with great difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten, and addressing his old friend, Colonel Anderson, said, '*You know that I always wished to die this way!*' Again he asked if the enemy were defeated, and being told they were, said, '*It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French!*' His countenance continued firm and his thoughts clear, once only when he spoke of his mother he became agitated, but he often inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff, and he did not even in this moment forget to recommend those whose

merit had given them claims to promotion. His strength failed fast and life was just extinct, when with an unsubdued spirit, as if anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, '*I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!*' In a few minutes afterwards he died, and his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Corunna, the guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours, and Soult with a noble feeling of respect for his valour raised a monument to his memory on the field of battle.

Thus ended the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall graceful person, his dark searching eyes, strongly defined forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition and a refined understanding, the lofty sentiments of honour habitual to his mind, were adorned by a subtle playful wit, which gave him in conversation an ascendancy that he always preserved by the decisive vigour of his actions. He maintained the right with a vehemence bordering upon fierceness, and every important transaction in which he was engaged increased his reputation for talent, and confirmed his character as a stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit, a just and faithful servant of his country. The honest loved him, the dishonest feared him. For while he lived he did not shun, but scorned and spurned, the base, and with characteristic propriety they spurned at him when he was dead.

A soldier from his earliest youth, Moore thirsted for the honours of his profession, and feeling that he was worthy to lead a British army, hailed the fortune which placed him at the head of the troops destined for Spain. As the stream of time passed, the inspiring hopes of triumph disappeared, but the austere glory of suffering remained, and with a firm heart he accepted that gift of a severe fate. Confiding in the strength of his genius, he disregarded the clamours of presumptuous ignorance, and opposing sound military views to the foolish projects so insolently thrust upon him by the ambassador, he conducted his long and arduous retreat with sagacity, intelligence, and fortitude, no insult disturbed, no falsehood deceived him, no remonstrance shook his determination, fortune frowned without subduing his constancy, death struck, but the spirit of the man remained unbroken when his shattered body scarcely afforded it a habitation. Having done all that was just towards others, he remembered what was due to himself, neither the shock of the

mortal blow, nor the lingering hours of acute pain which preceded his dissolution, could quell the pride of his gallant heart, or lower the dignified feeling with which conscious of merit, he at the last moment asserted his right to the gratitude of the country he had served so truly.

If glory be a distinction, for such a man death is not a leveler!—*History of the Peninsular War.*

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### *The Close of the Battle of Albuera.*

SUCH a gallant line, issuing from the midst of the smoke and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy's heavy masses, which were increasing and pressing onwards as to an assured victory, they wavered, hesitated, and then vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front, while a fearful discharge of grape from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Myers was killed, Cole, the three colonels, Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe fell wounded, and the fusilier battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships. But suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult with voice and gesture animate his Frenchmen, in vain did the hardest veterans break from the crowded columns, and sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field, in vain did the mass itself bear up, and fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately upon friends and foes, while the horsemen hovering on the flank, threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order, their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front, their measured tread shook the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as slowly and with a horrid carnage it was pushed by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the height. There the French reserve mixed with the struggling multitude, and endeavoured to sustain the fight, but the effort only increased the irremediable confusion, the mighty mass gave way, and like a loosened cliff went headlong down the steep: the run flowed after in streams



discoloured with blood, and eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill!—*History of the Peninsular War.*

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### *The British Infantry*

THAT the British infantry soldier is more robust than the soldier of any other nation can scarcely be doubted by those who, in 1815, observed his powerful frame distinguished amidst the united armies of Europe, and notwithstanding his habitual excess in drinking, he sustains fatigue and wet, and the extremes of cold and heat, with incredible vigour. When completely disciplined, and three years are required to accomplish this, his port is lofty and his movements free, the whole world cannot produce a nobler specimen of military bearing, nor is the mind unworthy of the outward man. He does not indeed possess that presumptuous vivacity which would lead him to dictate to his commanders, or even to censure real errors, although he may perceive them, but he is observant and quick to comprehend his orders, full of resources under difficulties, calm and resolute in danger, and more than usually obedient and careful of his officers in moments of imminent peril.

It has been asserted that his undeniable firmness in battle is the result of a phlegmatic constitution uninspired by moral feeling. Never was a more stupid calumny uttered! Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields where every helmet caught some beams of glory, but the British soldier conquered under the cold shade of aristocracy, no honours awaited his daring, no despatch gave his name to the applauses of his countrymen, his life of danger and hardship was uncheered by hope, his death unnoticed. Did his heart sink therefore? Did he not endure with surpassing fortitude the sorest of ills, sustain the most terrible assaults in battle unmoved, overthrowing with incredible energy every opponent, and at all times prove that, while no physical military qualification was wanting, the fount of honour was also full and fresh within him!

The result of a hundred battles, and the united testimony of impartial writers of different nations, have given the first place amongst the European infantry to the British—*History of the Peninsular War*

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## THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

BORN 1785, DIED 1850

An essayist and critic. His style has always been admired as being remarkably elegant and polished, as well as powerful. His most important work is *The Confessions of an English Opium eater*, of which the language is generally most eloquent.

*The Letters of Junius*

AN ally of Burke's upon East Indian politics ought to have a few words of notice, not so much for any power that he actually had as a rhetorician, but because he is sometimes reputed such. This was Sir Philip Francis, who, under his early disguise of Junius, had such a success as no writer of libels ever will have again. It is our private opinion that this success rested upon a great delusion which has never been exposed. The general belief is, that Junius was read for his elegance, we believe no such thing. The pen of an angel would not, upon such a theme as personal politics, have upheld the interest attached to Junius had there been no other cause in co-operation. Language, after all, is a limited instrument, and it must be remembered that Junius, by the extreme narrowness of his range, which went entirely upon matters of fact and personal interests, still further limited the compass of that limited instrument. For it is only in the expression and management of general ideas, that any room arises for conspicuous elegance. The real truth is this: the interest in Junius travelled downwards, he was read in the lower ranks, because in London it speedily became known that he was read with peculiar interest in the highest. This was already a marvel, for newspaper patriots, under the signatures of Publicola, Brutus, and so forth, had become a jest and a byword to the real practical statesman, and any man at leisure to write for so disinterested a purpose as 'his country's good,' was presumed of course to write in a garret. But here for the first time a pretended patriot, a Junius Brutus, was read even by statesmen, and read with agitation. Is any man simple enough to believe that such a contagion could extend to cabinet ministers and official persons overladen with public business, on so feeble an excitement as a little reputation in the art of constructing sentences with elegance, an elegance which, after all, excluded eloquence and every other *positive* quality of excellence? That this can have been believed, shows the

readiness with which men swallow marvels. The real secret was this. Junius was read with the profoundest interest by members of the cabinet, who would not have paid half-a-crown for all the wit and elegance of this world, simply because it was most evident that some traitor was amongst them, and that either directly by one of themselves, or through some abuse of his confidence by a servant, the secrets of office were betrayed. The circumstances of this breach of trust are now fully known, and it is readily understood why letters, which were the channel for those perfidies, should interest the ministry of that day in the deepest degree. The existence of such an interest, but not its cause, had immediately become known, it descended, as might be expected, amongst all classes, once excited it seemed to be justified by the real merits of the letters, which merit again, illustrated by its effects, appeared a thousand times greater than it was, and, finally, this interest was heightened and sustained by the mystery which invested the author. How much that mystery availed in keeping alive the public interest in Junius, is clear from this fact, that since the detection of Junius as Sir Philip Francis, the letters have suddenly declined in popularity, and are no longer the saleable article which once they were.

In fact, upon any other principle, the continued triumph of Junius, and his establishment as a classical author, is a standing enigma. One talent, undoubtedly, he had in a rare perfection—the talent of sarcasm. He stung like a scorpion. But, besides that such a talent has a narrow application, an interest of personality cannot be other than fugitive, take what direction it may, and malignity cannot embalm itself in materials that are themselves perishable. Such were the materials of Junius. His vaunted elegance was, in a great measure, the gift of his subject, general terseness, short sentences, and a careful avoiding of all awkward construction—these were his advantages. And from these he would have been dislodged by a higher subject, or one that would have forced him out into a wider compass of thought. Rhetorician he was none, though he has often been treated as such, for, without sentiment, without imagery, without generalisation, how should it be possible for rhetoric to subsist? It is an absolute fact, that Junius has not one principle, aphorism, or remark of a general nature in his whole armoury, not in a solitary instance did his barren understanding ascend to an abstraction or general idea, but lingered for ever in the dust and rubbish of individuality, amongst the tangible realities of things and persons. Hence, the peculiar absurdity of that

hypothesis which discovered Junius in the person of Burke. The opposition was here too pointedly ludicrous between Burke, who exalted the merest personal themes into the dignity of philosophic speculations, and Junius, in whose hands the very loftiest dwindled into questions of person and party—*Essay on Rhetoric*

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### *The Publication of Books*

DID the reader ever happen to reflect on the great idea of *publication*? An idea we call it, because even in our own times, with all the mechanic aids of steam presses, &c., this object is most imperfectly approached, and is destined, perhaps, for ever to remain an unattainable ideal, useful (like all ideals) in the way of regulating our aims, but also as a practicable object not reconcilable with the limitation of human power. For it is clear that if books were multiplied by a thousand fold, and truth of all kinds were carried to the very fireside of every family, nay, placed below the eyes of every individual, still the purpose of any universal publication would be defeated and utterly confounded, were it only by the limited opportunities of readers. One condition of publication defeats another. Even so much as a general publication is a hopeless idea. Yet, on the other hand, publication in some degree, and by some mode, is a *sine quâ non* condition for the generation of literature. Without a larger sympathy than that of his own personal circle, it is evident that no writer could have a motive for those exertions and previous preparations, without which excellence is not attainable in any art whatsoever.

Now, in our own times, it is singular, and really philosophically curious, to remark the utter blindness of writers, readers, publishers, and all parties whatever interested in literature, as to the trivial fraction of publicity which settles upon each separate work. The very multiplication of books has continually defeated the object in a growing progression. Readers have increased, the engines of publication have increased, but books, increasing in a still greater proportion, have left as the practical result—an average quotient of publicity for each book, taken apart, continually decreasing. And if the whole world were readers, probably the average publicity for each separate work would reach a *minimum*, such would be the concurrent increase of books. But even this view of the case keeps out of sight the most monstrous forms of this pheno-

menon. The inequality of the publication has the effect of keeping very many books absolutely without a reader. The majority of books are never opened, five hundred copies may be printed, or half as many more, of these it may happen that five are carelessly turned over. Popular journals, again, which carry a promiscuous miscellany of papers into the same number of hands, as a stage-coach must convey all its passengers at the same rate of speed, dupe the public with a notion that here at least all are read. Not at all. One or two are read from the interest attached to their subjects. Occasionally one is read a little from the ability with which it treats a subject not otherwise attractive. The rest have a better chance certainly than books, because they are at any rate placed under the eye and in the hand of readers. But this is no more than a variety of the same case. A hasty glance may be taken by one in a hundred at the less attractive papers, but reading is out of the question. Then, again, another delusion, by which all parties disguise the truth, is the absurd belief that not being read at present a book may, however, be revived hereafter. Believe it not! This is possible only with regard to books that demand to be studied, where the merit is slowly discovered. Every month, every day, indeed, produces its own novelties, with the additional zest that they *are* novelties. Every future year, which will assuredly fail in finding time for its own books, how should it find time for defunct books? No, no, every year buries its own literature. Since Waterloo, there have been added upwards of fifty thousand books and pamphlets to the shelves of our *native* literature, taking no account of foreign importations. Of these fifty thousand, possibly two hundred still survive, possibly twenty will survive for a couple of centuries, possibly five or six thousand may have been indifferently read, the rest not so much as opened. In this hasty sketch of a calculation, we assume a single copy to represent a whole edition. But in order to have the total sum of copies numerically neglected since Waterloo, it will be requisite to multiply forty-four thousand by five hundred at the least, but probably by a higher multiplier. At the very moment of writing this—by way of putting into a brighter light the inconceivable blunder as to publicity habitually committed by sensible men of the world—let us mention what we now see before us in a public journal. Speaking with disapprobation of a just but disparaging expression applied to the French war-mania by a London morning paper, the writer has described it as likely to irritate the people of France. O genius of arith-

metic! The offending London journal has a circulation of four thousand copies daily, and it is assumed that thirty-three millions, of whom assuredly not twenty-five individuals will ever see the English paper as a visible object, nor five ever read the passage in question, are to be maddened by one word in a colossal paper laid this morning on a table amongst fifty others, and to-morrow morning pushed off that table by fifty others of more recent date. How are such delusions possible? Simply from the previous delusion, of ancient standing, connected with printed characters: what is printed seems to every man invested with some fatal character of publicity such as cannot belong to mere MS, whilst, in the meantime, out of every thousand printed pages, one at the most, but at all events a very small proportion indeed, is in any true sense more public when printed than previously as a manuscript, and that one, even that thousandth part, perishes as effectually in a few days to each separate reader, as the words perish in our daily conversation. Out of all that we talk, or hear others talk, through the course of a year, how much remains on the memory at the closing day of December? Quite as little, we may be sure, survives from most people's reading. A book answers its purpose by sustaining the intellectual faculties in motion through the current act of reading, and a general deposition or settling takes effect from the sum of what we read, even that, however, chiefly according to the previous condition in which the book finds us for understanding it, and referring them to heads under some existing arrangement of our knowledge. Publication is an idle term applied to what is not published, and nothing is *published* which is not made known *publicly* to the understanding as well as to the eye, whereas, for the enormous majority of what is printed, we cannot say so much as that it is made known to the eyes—  
*Essay on Style*

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### *An English Home*

Mr K—— was a young and rising American merchant, by which I mean, that he was an Englishman who exported to the United States. He had married about three years previously a pretty and amiable young woman—well educated, and endowed with singular compass of intellect. But the distinguishing feature in this household was the spirit of love which, under the benign superintendence of the mistress, diffused itself through all its members.

The late Dr. Arnold of Rugby, amongst many novel ideas, which found no welcome even with his friends, insisted earnestly and often upon this—viz, that a great danger was threatening our social system in Great Britain, from the austere separation existing between our educated and our working classes, and that a more conciliatory style of intercourse between these two bisections of our social body must be established, or else—a tremendous revolution. This is not the place to discuss so large a question, and I shall content myself with making two remarks. The first is this—that, although a change of the sort contemplated by Dr. Arnold might, if considered as an operative *cause*, point forward to some advantages, on the other hand, if considered as an *effect*, it points backward to a less noble constitution of society by much than we already enjoy. Those nations whose upper classes speak paternally and caressingly to the working classes, and to servants in particular, do so because they speak from the lofty stations of persons having civil rights to those who have none. Two centuries back, when a military chieftain addressed his soldiers as ‘*my children*,’ he did so because he was an irresponsible despot exercising uncontrolled powers of life and death. From the moment when legal rights have been won for the poorest classes, inevitable respect on the part of the higher classes extinguishes for ever the affectionate style which belongs naturally to the state of pupillage or infantine bondage.

That is my first remark. My second is this—that the change advocated by Dr. Arnold, whether promising or not, is practically impossible; or possible, I should say, through one sole channel—viz, that of domestic servitude. There only do the two classes concerned come hourly into contact. On that stage only they meet without intrusion upon each other. There only is an opening for change. And a wise mistress, who possesses tact enough to combine a gracious affability with a self-respect that never slumbers nor permits her to descend into gossip, will secure the attachment of all young and impressible women. Such a mistress was Mrs. K.—She had won the gratitude of her servants from the first, by making the amplest provision for their comfort, their confidence, by listening with patience, and counselling with prudence, and their respect, by refusing to intermeddle with gossiping personalities always tending to slander. To this extent, perhaps, most mistresses might follow her example. But the happiness which reigned in Mrs. K.—’s house at this time depended very much upon special causes. All the eight

persons had the advantage of youth, and the three young female servants were under the spell of fascination, such as could rarely be counted on, from a spectacle held up hourly before their eyes, that spectacle which of all others is the most touching to womanly sensibilities, and which any one of these servants might hope, without presumption, to realise for herself—the spectacle, I mean, of a happy marriage union between two persons, who lived in harmony so absolute with each other, as to be independent of the world outside. How tender and self-sufficing such an union might be, they saw with their own eyes. The season was then mid-winter, which of itself draws closer all household ties. Their own labours, as generally in respectable English services, were finished for the most part by two o'clock, and as the hours of evening drew nearer, when the master's return might be looked for without fail, beautiful was the smile of anticipation upon the gentle features of the mistress—even more beautiful the reflex of that smile, half-unconscious, and half-repressed, upon the features of the sympathising handmaidens. One child, a little girl of two years old, had then crowned the happiness of the K——s. She naturally lent her person at all times, and apparently in all places at once, to the improvement of the family groups. My brother and myself, who had been trained from infancy to the courteous treatment of servants, filled up a vacancy in the graduated scale of ascending ages, and felt in varying degrees the depths of a peace which we could not adequately understand or appreciate. Bad tempers there were none amongst us, nor any opening for personal jealousies, nor, through the privilege of our common youth, either angry recollections breathing from the past, or fretting anxieties gathering from the future. The spirit of hope and the spirit of peace (so it seemed to me, when looking back upon this profound calm) had, for their own enjoyment, united in a sisterly league to blow a solitary bubble of visionary happiness—and to sequester from the unresting hurricanes of life one solitary household of eight persons within a four months' lull, as if within some Arabian tent on some untrodden wilderness, withdrawn from human intrusion, or even from knowledge, by mists of mist and vapour—*Confessions of an English Opium-eater*

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### *Leaving School*

Now came the last official ceremony of the day—the students were all mustered, and the names of all were challenged



according to the order of precedence My name, as usual, came first Stepping forward, I passed Mr Lawson, and bowed to him, looking earnestly in his face, and saying to myself, 'He is old and infirm, and in this world I shall not see him again' I was right, I never *did* see him again, nor ever shall He looked at me complacently, smiled placidly, returned my salutation (not knowing it to be my valediction), and we parted for ever Intellectually, I might not have seen cause to reverence him in any emphatic sense But very sincerely I respected him as a conscientious man, faithful to his duties, and as, even in his latter ineffectual struggle with these duties, inflicting more suffering upon himself than upon others, finally, I respected him as a sound and accurate (though not brilliant) scholar Personally I owed him much gratitude, for he had been uniformly kind to me, and had allowed me such indulgences as lay in his power, and I grieved at the thought of the mortification I should inflict upon him

The morning came which was to launch me into the world, that morning from which, and from its consequences, my whole succeeding life has, in many important points, taken its colouring At half-past three I rose, and gazed with deep emotion at the ancient collegiate church, 'dress'd in earliest light,' and beginning to crimson with the deep lustre of a cloudless July morning I was firm and immovable in my purpose, but yet agitated by anticipation of uncertain danger and troubles To this agitation the deep peace of the morning presented an affecting contrast, and in some degree a medicine The silence was more profound than that of midnight and to me the silence of a summer morning is more touching than all other silence, because, the light being broad and strong as that of noonday at other seasons of the year, it seems to differ from perfect day chiefly because man is not yet abroad, and thus, the peace of nature, and of the innocent creatures of God, seems to be secure and deep, only so long as the presence of man, and his unquiet spirit, are not there to trouble its sanctity I dressed myself, took my hat and gloves, and lingered a little in the room For nearly a year and a half, this room had been my 'pensive citadel' here I had read and studied, through all the hours of night, and, though true it was that, for the latter part of this time, I had lost my gaiety and peace of mind during the strife and fever of contention with my guardian, yet, on the other hand, as a boy passionately fond of books, and dedicated to intellectual pursuits, I could not fail to have enjoyed many happy hours in the midst of general dejection.

Happy hours? Yes, and was it certain that ever again I should enjoy hours *as* happy? At this point it is not impossible that, left to my own final impressions, I might have receded from my plan. But it seemed to me, as too often happens in such cases, that no retreat was now open. The confidence which unavoidably I had reposed in a groom of Mr Lawson's made it dangerous. The effect of this distracted view was, not to alter my plan, but to throw despondency for one sad half-hour over the whole prospect before me. In that condition, with my eyes open, I dreamed. Suddenly a sort of trance, a frost as of some death-like revelation, wrapped round me, and I found renewed within me a hateful remembrance derived from a moment that I had long left behind. Two years before, when I wanted about as much of my fifteenth birthday as now of my seventeenth, I happened to be in London for part of a single day, with a friend of my own age. Naturally, amongst some eight or ten great spectacles which challenged our earnest attention, St Paul's Cathedral had been one. This we had visited, and consequently the Whispering Gallery. More than by all beside I had been impressed by this, and some half-hour later, as we were standing beneath the dome, and I should imagine pretty nearly on the very spot where rather more than five years subsequently Lord Nelson was buried, a spot from which we saw, pompously floating to and fro in the upper spaces of a great aisle running westwards from ourselves, many flags captured from France, Spain, and Holland, I, having my previous impressions of awe deepened by these solemn trophies of chance and change amongst mighty nations, had suddenly been surprised by a dream as profound as at present, in which a thought that often had persecuted me figured triumphantly. This thought turned upon the fatality that must often attend an evil choice. Already, at fifteen, I had become deeply ashamed of judgments which I had once pronounced, of idle hopes that I had once encouraged, false admirations or contempts with which once I had sympathised. And as to acts which I surveyed with any doubts at all, I never felt sure that after some succession of years I might not feel withering doubts about them, both as to principle and as to inevitable results.

This sentiment of nervous recoil from any word or deed that could not be recalled had been suddenly re-awakened on that London morning, by the impressive experience of the Whispering Gallery. At the earlier end of the gallery had stood my friend, breathing in the softest of whispers a

solemn but not acceptable truth. At the further end, after running along the walls of the gallery, that solemn truth reached me as a deafening menace in tempestuous uproars. And now, in these last lingering moments, when I dreamed ominously with open eyes in my Manchester study, once again that London menace broke angrily upon me as out of a thick cloud with redoubled strength, a voice, too late for warning, seemed audibly to say, 'Once leave this house, and a Rubicon is placed between thee and all possibility of return. Thou wilt not say that what thou doest is altogether approved in thy secret heart. Even now thy conscience speaks against it in sullen whispers, but at the other end of thy long life-gallery that same conscience will speak to thee in volleying thunders.'

A sudden step upon the stairs broke up my dream, and recalled me to myself. Dangerous hours were now drawing near, and I prepared for a hasty farewell.

I shed tears as I looked round on the chair, hearth, writing-table, and other familiar objects, knowing too certainly that I looked upon them for the last time. Whilst I write this, it is nineteen years ago, and yet, at this moment, I see, as if it were but yesterday, the lineaments and expressions of the object on which I fixed my parting gaze. It was the picture of a lovely lady, which hung over the mantelpiece, the eyes and mouth of which were so beautiful, and the whole countenance so radiant with divine tranquillity, that I had a thousand times laid down my pen, or my book, to gather consolation from it, as a devotee from his patron saint. Whilst I was yet gazing upon it, the deep tones of the old church clock proclaimed that it was six o'clock. I went up to the picture, kissed it, then gently walked out, and closed the door for ever — *Confessions of an English Opium-eater*.

## SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON.

BORN 1792, DIED 1867

Author of *The History of Europe*, which was published in 1839

### *The Retreat of Napoleon's Grand Army from Moscow.*

THE weather, though cold and frosty at night, had hitherto been clear and bright during the day, and the continued, though now level and powerless sun, had cheered the hearts of the soldiers. But on the 6th November, the Russian winter

set in with unwonted severity Cold fogs first rose from the surface of the ground, and obscured the heretofore unclouded face of the sun, a few flakes of snow next began to float in the atmosphere, and filled the army with dread gradually the light of day declined, and a thick murky darkness overspread the firmament The wind rose and ere long blew with frightful violence, howling through the forests, or sweeping over the plains with resistless fury the snow fell in thick and continued showers which soon covered the earth with an impenetrable clothing, confounding all objects together, and leaving the army to wander in the dark through an icy desert Great numbers of the soldiers, in struggling to get forward, fell into hollows or ditches which were concealed by the treacherous surface, and perished miserably before the eyes of their comrades, others were swallowed up in the moving hills, which, like the sands of the desert, preceded the blast of death To fall was certain destruction the severity of the tempest speedily checked respiration, and the snow, accumulating round the sufferer, soon formed a little sepulchre for his remains The road, and the fields in its vicinity, were rapidly strewed with these melancholy eminences and the succeeding columns found the surface rough and almost impassable from the multitude of these icy mounds that lay upon their route

Accustomed as the soldiers had been to death in its ordinary forms, there was something singularly appalling in the uniformity of the snowy wilderness which, like a vast winding-sheet, seemed ready to envelop the remains of the whole army Exhausted by fatigue, or pierced by cold, they sank by thousands on the road, casting a last look upon their comrades, and pronouncing with their dying breath the names of those most dear to them Clouds of ravens, like the birds which are only seen at sea when a shipwreck is at hand, issued from the forests, and hovered over the dying remains of the soldiers while troops of dogs, which had followed the army from Moscow, driven to fury by suffering, howled in the rear, and often fell upon their victims before life was extinct The only objects that rose above the snow were the tall pines, whose gigantic stems and funereal foliage cast a darker horror over the scene, and seemed destined to mark the grave of the army amidst the deathlike uniformity of the wilderness

The weight of their arms soon became intolerable to the least robust of the soldiers their fingers frequently dropped off while holding their muskets, and the useless load was thrown aside in the struggle for the maintenance of life

Amidst the general ruin, multitudes left their ranks, and wandered on the flanks or rear of the army, where they were speedily massacred by the peasants, or made prisoners by the Cossacks. But the troops now felt the consequences of their former licentiousness: the whole country, to the breadth of seven or eight leagues on either side of the great road, had been laid waste during the advance of the army, and the exhausted soldiers were now unable to reach the limits of their former devastation. By a degree of reckless violence, also, of which it is difficult to form a conception, the first columns of the army destroyed, along the whole line of the retreat, the few remaining houses which had survived the march in summer: and the rearguard, in consequence, suffered as much from the madness of their comrades who preceded, as the hostility of their enemies who followed them. Fire was before them with its ashes, winter followed them with its horrors. The horses of the cavalry and artillery, especially those which came from France and Germany, suffered dreadfully from the severity of the cold, which the entire want of provisions rendered them unable to bear. In less than a week after it commenced, thirty thousand had perished. Caissons and cannon were abandoned at every step: the ascent from a stream, or the fall of a bridge, occasioned the abandonment of whole trains of artillery. Famished groups throw themselves upon the dead bodies of the horses to satisfy the cravings of nature, and in many instances, even the repugnance of our nature at human flesh was overcome by the pangs of protracted hunger.

Night came, but with it no diminution of the sufferings of the soldiers. Amidst the howling wilderness, the weary men sought in vain for the shelter of a rock, the cover of a friendly habitation, or the warmth of a fire: the stems of the pine, charged with snow and hardened by frost, long resisted the flames lighted by the troops, and when, by great exertions, the fire was kindled, crowds of starving men prepared a miserable meal of rye, mixed with snow-water and horse flesh. Sleep soon closed their eyelids, and for sixteen long hours the darkness was illuminated by the light of the bivouacs; but numbers never woke from their slumbers, and on the following day, the sites of the night fires were marked by circles of dead bodies, with their feet still resting on the extinguished piles.

Upon the great body of the men the continuance of these horrors produced the usual results of recklessness, in sobriety, and despair. The French soldier, more susceptible than any others of warm impressions, early perceived the full

extent of their danger, and became desperate from the accumulation of perils from which they could perceive no possibility of escaping. Every thing seemed allowable when there was no other mode of preserving life, the men tore off the cloaks from their comrades who had sunk down, to warm their own shivering limbs. Those who first got round the fires at night, sternly repelled the succeeding crowds who strove to share in the warmth, and saw them with indifference sink down and die in the frigid outer circle. In the general ruin the sympathies and generous feelings of our nature were for the most part extinguished. The strong instinct of self-preservation concentrated, in these terrible moments, every one's energies on his own safety, and the catastrophes of others were unheeded, when all anticipated similar disasters for themselves. Some, however, of a firmer character, resisted the contagion, and preserved, even in the wreck of nature, the gaiety and serenity of indomitable minds.

In the midst of these unparalleled horrors, the rapid disorganisation of the army seemed the prelude to its entire destruction. The road, trodden down by such an unnumerable multitude of feet, and rolled over by such a number of wheels, became as hard and slippery as ice itself. In that rigorous latitude, where this state of things annually returns, and continues five months, the horses of the Russians are all rough-shod, the waggons are placed upon sledges, and the light cannon are put on carriages mounted on the same vehicles. But no precautions of this description had been thought of in the French army: none of the horses were frosted, nor were any means provided for doing so, and numbers of the unhappy animals, slipping and falling on their knees at every step, became exhausted with fatigue, and sank down on the ice to rise no more. The want of forage or provisions at the same time weakened those which kept their feet, to such a degree that they became unable to resist the effect of the night bivouacs: it was this, and not the cold, which proved fatal to the horses, for, if well fed, a horse can withstand the severest cold as well as the strongest man. The few regiments which had hitherto succeeded in preserving a few animals, by means of pasture picked up in the fields on the roadside, now found them at once destroyed by the snow covering the ground. For magazines, or distributions of rations, there were none, either for men or horses, from Moscow to Smolensko, a distance of two hundred miles.

It was the incessant fatigue and want of provisions, more even than the cold, which at this period of the retreat, and

indeed during its whole continuance, proved fatal to the French army. The troops, marching without intermission, and never receiving any distribution of rations, soon found themselves a prey to the horrors of famine, and were reduced, as their sole means of subsistence, to the flesh of the numerous horses which dropped down by the wayside. The instant that one of these wretched animals fell, a famished group fell upon it, and shared its remains among them. The army subsisted almost entirely, for weeks together, on this melancholy resource, and, much as Napoleon lamented the destruction of these animals, his condition, had they survived, would have been still worse, for in that case all the men would have perished. But these disastrous circumstances, and, above all, the evident hopelessness of their situation, from the knowledge that there were no magazines on the line of retreat over a space of five hundred miles, except at Smolensko and Minsk, produced the most depressing effect upon the mind of the soldiers. Despair and recklessness made them desert their standards in crowds, before they reached Smolensko, the army generally had lost all appearance of a regular array, and presented a hideous mass of stragglers, clothed in fur-cloaks and other finery, which they had plundered from Moscow, or reft from their dead comrades, who had perished on the road.

No one could credit who had not witnessed it, the general hardness of heart which prevailed. The strongest bonds of gratitude, the oldest ties of friendship, were snapped asunder. Self-preservation became the universal object. The dying closed their eyes with curses and imprecations on their lips, the living passed unheeding by. The few prisoners taken at Malo-Jaroslawitz and Wiasma were shot without mercy when they could march no more. In the midst of the general distress, the marshals, generals, and higher administrators, who had taken the precaution to bring provisions for themselves and their horses with them from Moscow, lived in comparative abundance, and the contrast this afforded to their own destitute condition, augmented the rage and indignation of the soldiers. They broke out into as vehement and impassioned complaints against, as they had formerly breathed adulation towards, Napoleon. His ambition, his obstinacy, his pride, were in every mouth, he had penetrated to Moscow, contrary to all the rules of art, he had ruined himself, and them all with him. The Emperor himself marched on foot, grave, but calm and collected, his appearance was that of a great mind contending with adversity — *History of Europe*

## WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

BORN IN CALCUTTA, 1811, DIED 1863

A novelist and satirist. His best-known novels are *Vanity Fair*, published in 1846-48, and *Pendennis*, 1849-50

*The Family of King George III*

THE queen's character is represented in *Burney* at full length. She was a sensible, most decorous woman, a very grand lady on state occasions, simple enough in ordinary life, well read as times went, and giving shrewd opinions about books, stingy, but not unjust not generally unkind to her dependants, but invincible in her notions of etiquette, and quite angry if her people suffered ill-health in her service. She gave Miss Burney a shabby pittance, and led the poor young woman a life which well-nigh killed her. She never thought but that she was doing Burney the greatest favour, in taking her from freedom, fame, and competence, and killing her off with languor in that dreary Court. It was not dreary to her. Had she been servant instead of mistress, her spirit would never have broken down. She never would have put a pin out of place, or been a moment from her duty. *She* was not weak, and she could not pardon those who were. She was perfectly correct in life, and she hated poor sinners with a rancour such as virtue sometimes has. She must have had awful private trials of her own not merely with her children, but with her husband, in those long days about which nobody will ever know anything now, when he was not quite insane, when his incessant tongue was babbling folly, rage, persecution, and she had to smile and be respectful and attentive under this intolerable ennui. The queen bore all her duties stoutly, as she expected others to bear them. At a State christening, the lady who held the infant was tired and looked unwell, and the Princess of Wales asked permission for her to sit down. 'Let her stand,' said the queen, flicking the snuff off her sleeve. *She* would have stood, the resolute old woman, if she had had to hold the child till his beard was grown. 'I am seventy years of age,' the queen said, facing a mob of ruffians who stopped her sedan. 'I have been fifty years queen of England, and I never was insulted before.' Fearless, rigid, unforgiving little queen! I don't wonder that her sons revolted from her.



Of all the figures in that large family group which surrounds George and his queen, the prettiest, I think, is the father's darling, the Princess Amelia, pathetic for her beauty, her sweetness, her early death, and for the extreme passionate tenderness with which her father loved her. This was his favourite amongst all the children of his sons, he loved the Duke of York best. Burney tells a sad story of the poor old man at Weymouth, and how eager he was to have this darling son with him. The king's house was not big enough to hold the prince, and his father had a portable house erected close to his own, and at huge pains, so that his dear Frederick should be near him. He clung on his arm all the time of his visit, talked to no one else, had talked of no one else for some time before. The prince, so long expected, stayed but a single night. He had business in London the next day, he said. The dulness of the old king's Court stupefied York and the other big sons of George III. They scared equerries and ladies, frightened the modest little circle, with their coarse spirits and loud talk. Of little comfort, indeed, were the king's sons to the king.

But the pretty Amelia was his darling, and the little maiden, prattling and smiling in the fond arms of that old father, is a sweet image to look on. There is a family picture in *Burney*, which a man must be very hard-hearted not to like. She describes an after-dinner walk of the royal family at Windsor — 'It was really a mighty pretty procession,' she says. 'The little princess, just turned of three years old, in a robecoat covered with fine muslin, a dressed close cap, white gloves, and fan, walked on alone and first, highly delighted with the parade, and turning from side to side to see everybody as she passed, for all the terracers stand up against the walls, to make a clear passage for the royal family the moment they come in sight. Then followed the king and queen, no less delighted with the joy of their little darling. The Princess Royal leaning on Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, the Princess Augusta holding by the Duchess of Ancaster, the Princess Elizabeth led by Lady Charlotte Bertie, followed. Office here takes place of rank,' says Burney, — to explain how it was that Lady E. Waldegrave, as lady of the bedchamber, walked before a duchess, — 'General Bude, and the Duke of Montague, and Major Price as equerry, brought up the rear of the procession.' One sees it, the band playing its old music, the sun shining on the happy, loyal crowd, and lighting the ancient battlements, the rich elms, and purple landscape, and bright greensward, the royal standard drooping from the great tower

yonder, as old George passes, followed by his race, preceded by the charming infant, who caresses the crowd with her innocent smiles

'On sight of Mrs Delany, the king instantly stopped to speak to her, the queen, of course, and the little princess, and all the rest stood still. They talked a good while with the sweet old lady, during which time the king once or twice addressed himself to me. I caught the queen's eye, and saw in it a little surprise, but by no means any displeasure, to see me of the party. The little princess went up to Mrs Delany, of whom she is very fond, and behaved like a little angel to her. She then, with a look of inquiry and recollection, came behind Mrs Delany to look at me. "I am afraid," said I, in a whisper, and stooping down, "your Royal Highness does not remember me?" Her answer was an arch little smile, and a nearer approach, with her lips pouted out to kiss me.'

The princess wrote verses herself, and there are some pretty plaintive lines attributed to her, which are more touching than better poetry —

Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,  
I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung  
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,  
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain,  
Concluding, in those hours of glee,  
That all the world was made for me.

But when the hour of trial came,  
When sickness shook this trembling frame,  
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,  
And I could sing and dance no more,  
It then occur'd, how sad 'twould be  
Were this world only made for me.

The poor soul quitted it—and ere yet she was dead the agonised father was in such a state that the officers round about him were obliged to set watchers over him, and from November 1810, George III ceased to reign. All the world knows the story of his malady: all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. I have seen his picture as it was taken at this time, hanging in the apartment of his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse Hombourg—amidst books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy

beard falling over his breast—the star of his famous Oider still idly shining on it. He was not only sightless—he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had, in one of which, the queen, desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished, he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him, but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled.

What preacher need moralise on this story? what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. ‘O brothers,’ I said to those who heard me first in America—‘O brothers! speaking the same dear mother tongue—O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne, buffeted by rude hands, with his children in revolt, the darling of his old age killed before him untimely, our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries, “Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!”’

Vex not his ghost—oh! let him pass—he hates him  
That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer!’

Hush, Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy.—*The Four Georges*

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### *Goldsmith's Style and Character*

IN some charming lines of Béranger, one may fancy described the career, the sufferings, the genius, the gentle nature of GOLDSMITH, and the esteem in which we hold him. Who, of the millions whom he has amused, does not love him?

To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man ! \* A wild youth, wayward but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve fame and fortune—and after years of dire struggle, and neglect and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home—he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissosy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant, in repose it longs for change as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy, and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage and necessity keep him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style, and humour? his sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon—save the harp on which he plays to you, and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.—*English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*

\* 'He was a friend to virtue, and in his most playful pages never forgets what is due to it. A gentleness, delicacy, and purity of feeling distinguishes whatever he wrote, and bears a correspondence to the generosity of a disposition which knew no bounds but his last guinea.

'The admirable ease and grace of the narrative, as well as the pleasing truth with which the principal characters are designed, make "The Vicar of Wakefield" one of the most delicious morsels of fictitious composition on which the human mind was ever employed.

'We read "The Vicar of Wakefield" in youth and in age—we return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature.'—SIR WALTER SCOTT

## CHARLES DICKENS.

BORN 1812, DIED 1870

Chiefly famous as a novelist he wrote *Pickwick* in 1837, *David Copperfield* in 1850, and many others

*The Story of Joan of Arc.*

IN a remote village among some wild hills in the province of Lorraine, there lived a countryman whose name was JACQUES D'ARC. He had a daughter, JOAN OF ARC, who was at this time in her twentieth year. She had been a solitary girl from her childhood, she had often tended sheep and cattle for whole days where no human figure was seen or human voice heard, and she had often knelt, for hours together, in the gloomy empty little village chapel, looking up at the altar and at the dim lamp burning before it, until she fancied that she saw shadowy figures standing there, and even that she heard them speak to her. The people in that part of France were very ignorant and superstitious, and they had many ghostly tales to tell about what they dreamed, and what they saw among the lonely hills when the clouds and the mists were resting on them. So, they easily believed that Joan saw strange sights, and they whispered among themselves that angels and spirits talked to her.

At last, Joan told her father that she had one day been surprised by a great unearthly light, and had afterwards heard a solemn voice, which said it was Saint Michael's voice, telling her that she was to go and help the Dauphin. Soon after this (she said), Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret had appeared to her, with sparkling crowns upon their heads, and had encouraged her to be virtuous and resolute. These visions had returned sometimes, but the Voices very often, and the Voices always said, 'Joan, thou art appointed by Heaven to go and help the Dauphin!' She almost always heard them while the chapel bells were ringing.

There is no doubt, now, that Joan believed she saw and heard these things. It is very well known that such delusions are a disease which is not by any means uncommon. It is probable enough that there were figures of Saint Michael, and Saint Catherine, and Saint Margaret, in the little chapel (where they would be very likely to have shining crowns upon their heads), and that they first gave Joan the idea of those three personages. She had long been a moping, fanciful girl,

and, though she was a very good girl, I dare say she was a little vain, and wishful for notoriety

Her father, something wiser than his neighbours, said, 'I tell thee, Joan, it is thy fancy. Thou hadst better have a kind husband to take care of thee, girl, and work to employ thy mind!' But Joan told him in reply, that she had taken a vow never to have a husband, and that she must go as Heaven directed her, to help the Dauphin

It happened, unfortunately for her father's persuasions, and most unfortunately for the poor girl, too, that a party of the Dauphin's enemies found their way into the village while Joan's disorder was at this point, and burnt the chapel, and drove out the inhabitants. The cruelties she saw committed touched Joan's heart and made her worse. She said that the Voices and the figures were now continually with her, that they told her she was the girl who, according to an old prophecy, was to deliver France, that she must go and help the Dauphin, and must remain with him until he should be crowned at Rheims and that she must travel a long way to a certain lord named BAUDRICOURT, who could and would bring her into the Dauphin's presence

As her father still said, 'I tell thee, Joan, it is thy fancy,' she set off to find out this lord, accompanied by an uncle, a poor village wheelwright and cart-maker, who believed in the reality of her visions. They travelled a long way and went on and on, over a rough country, full of the Duke of Burgundy's men, and of all kinds of robbers and marauders, until they came to where this lord was

When his servants told him that there was a poor peasant girl named Joan of Arc, accompanied by nobody but an old village wheelwright and cart-maker, who wished to see him because she was commanded to help the Dauphin and save France, Baudricourt burst out a-laughing, and bade them send the girl away. But he soon heard so much about her lingering in the town, and praying in the churches, and seeing visions, and doing harm to no one, that he sent for her, and questioned her. As she said the same things after she had been well sprinkled with holy water as she had said before the sprinkling, Baudricourt began to think there might be something in it. At all events, he thought it worth while to send her on to the town of Chinon, where the Dauphin was. So he bought her a horse, and a sword, and gave her two squires to conduct her. As the Voices had told Joan that she was to wear a man's dress, now she put one on, and girded her sword to her side, and bound spurs to her heels, and

mounted her horse and rode away with her two squires. As to her uncle the wheelwright, he stood staring at his niece in wonder until she was out of sight—as well he might—and then went home again. The best place, too.

Joan and her two squires rode on and on, until they came to Chinon, where she was, after some doubt, admitted into the Dauphin's presence. Picking him out immediately from all his court, she told him that she came commanded by Heaven to subdue his enemies and conduct him to his coronation at Rheims. She also told him (or he pretended so afterwards to make the greater impression upon his soldiers) a number of his secrets known only to himself, and, furthermore, she said there was an old, old sword in the cathedral of Saint Catherine at Pierbois, marked with five old crosses on the blade, which Saint Catherine had ordered her to wear.

Now, nobody knew anything about this old, old sword, but when the cathedral came to be examined—which was immediately done—there, sure enough, the sword was found! The Dauphin then required a number of grave priests and bishops to give him their opinion whether the girl derived her power from good spirits or from evil spirits, which they held prodigiously long debates about, in the course of which several learned men fell fast asleep and snored loudly. At last, when one gruff old gentleman had said to Joan, 'What language do your Voices speak?' and when Joan had replied to the gruff old gentleman, 'A pleasanter language than yours,' they agreed that it was all correct, and that Joan of Arc was inspired from Heaven. This wonderful circumstance put new heart into the Dauphin's soldiers when they heard of it, and dispirited the English army, who took Joan for a witch.

So Joan mounted horse again, and again rode on and on, until she came to Orleans. But she rode now, as never peasant girl had ridden yet. She rode upon a white war-horse in a suit of glittering armour, with the old, old sword from the cathedral, newly burnished, in her belt, with a white flag carried before her, upon which were a picture of God, and the words JESUS MARIA. In this splendid state, at the head of a great body of troops escorting provisions of all kinds for the starving inhabitants of Orleans, she appeared before that beleaguered city.

When the people on the walls beheld her, they cried out, 'The Maid is come! The Maid of the Prophecy is come to deliver us!' And this, and the sight of the Maid fighting at the head of their men, made the French so bold, and made the English so fearful, that the English line of forts was soon

broken, the troops and provisions were got into the town, and Orleans was saved.

Joan, henceforth called THE MAID OF ORLEANS, remained within the walls for a few days, and caused letters to be thrown over, ordering Lord Suffolk and his Englishmen to depart from before the town according to the will of Heaven. As the English general very positively declined to believe that Joan knew anything about the will of Heaven (which did not mend the matter with his soldiers, for they stupidly said if she were not inspired she was a witch, and it was of no use to fight against a witch), she mounted her white war-horse again, and ordered her white banner to advance.

The besiegers held the bridge, and some strong towers upon the bridge, and here the Maid of Orleans attacked them. The fight was fourteen hours long. She planted a scaling-ladder with her own hands, and mounted a tower wall, but was struck by an English arrow in the neck, and fell into the trench. She was carried away and the arrow was taken out, during which operation she screamed and cried with the pain, as any other girl might have done, but presently she said that the Voices were speaking to her and soothing her to rest. After a while, she got up, and was again foremost in the fight. When the English who had seen her fall, and supposed her to be dead, saw this, they were troubled with the strangest fears, and some of them cried out that they beheld St Michael on a white horse (probably Joan herself) fighting for the French. They lost the bridge, and lost the towers, and next day set their chain of forts on fire, and left the place.

But as Lord Suffolk himself retired no farther than the town of Jargeau, which was only a few miles off, the Maid of Orleans besieged him there, and he was taken prisoner. As the white banner scaled the wall, she was struck upon the head with a stone, and was again tumbled down into the ditch, but she only cried all the more, as she lay there, 'On, on, my countrymen! And fear nothing, for the Lord hath delivered them into our hands.' After this new success of the Maid's, several other fortresses and places which had previously held out against the Dauphin were delivered up without a battle, and at Patay she defeated the remainder of the English army, and set up her victorious white banner on a field where twelve hundred Englishmen lay dead.

She now urged the Dauphin (who always kept out of the way when there was any fighting) to proceed to Rheims, as the first part of her mission was accomplished, and to complete the whole by being crowned there. The Dauphin



was in no particular hurry to do this, as Rheims was a long way off, and the English and the Duke of Burgundy were still strong in the country through which the road lay. However, they set forth, with ten thousand men, and again the Maid of Orleans rode on and on, upon her white war-horse, and in her shining armour. Whenever they came to a town which yielded readily, the soldiers believed in her, but whenever they came to a town which gave them any trouble, they began to murmur that she was an impostor. The latter was particularly the case at Troyes, which finally yielded, however, through the persuasion of one Richard, a friar of the place. Friar Richard was in the old doubt about the Maid of Orleans, until he had sprinkled her well with holy water, and had also well sprinkled the threshold of the gate by which she came into the city. Finding that it made no change in her on the gate, he said, as the other grave old gentlemen had said, that it was all right, and became her great ally.

So, at last, by dint of riding on and on, the Maid of Orleans, and the Dauphin, and the ten thousand sometimes believing and sometimes unbelieving men, came to Rheims. And in the great cathedral of Rheims, the Dauphin actually was crowned Charles the Seventh in a great assembly of the people. Then the Maid, who with her white banner stood beside the King in that hour of his triumph, kneeled down upon the pavement at his feet, and said, with tears, that what she had been inspired to do was done, and that the only recompense she asked for was, that she should now have leave to go back to her distant home, and her sturdily incredulous father, and her first simple escort the village wheelwright and cart-maker. But the King said 'No!' and made her and her family as noble as a King could, and settled upon her the income of a Count.

Ah! happy had it been for the Maid of Orleans if she had resumed her rustic dress that day, and had gone home to the little chapel and the wild hills, and had forgotten all these things, and had been a good man's wife, and had heard no stranger voices than the voices of little children!

It was not to be, and she continued helping the King (she did a world for him, in alliance with Friar Richard), and trying to improve the lives of the coarse soldiers, and leading a religious, an unselfish, and a modest life, herself, beyond any doubt. Still, many times she prayed the King to let her go home, and once she even took off her bright armour and hung it up in a church, meaning never to wear it more. But the King always won her back again—while she was of any use to him—and so she went on and on and on, to her doom.

When the Duke of Bedford, who was a very able man, began to be active for England, and, by bringing the war back into France and by holding the Duke of Burgundy to his faith, to distress and disturb Charles very much, Charles sometimes asked the Maid of Orleans what the Voices said about it. But the Voices had become (very like ordinary voices in perplexed times) contradictory and confused, so that now they said one thing, and now said another, and the Maid lost credit every day. Charles marched on Paris, which was opposed to him, and attacked the suburb of Saint Honoré. In this fight, being again struck down into the ditch, she was abandoned by the whole army. She lay unaided among a heap of dead, and crawled out how she could. Then some of her believers went over to an opposition Maid, Catherine of La Rochelle, who said she was inspired to tell where there were treasures of buried money—though she never did—and then Joan accidentally broke the old, old sword, and others said that her power was broken with it. Finally, at the siege of Compiègne, held by the Duke of Burgundy, where she did valiant service, she was basely left alone in a retreat, though facing about and fighting to the last, and an archer pulled her off her horse.

O the uproar that was made, and the thanksgivings that were sung, about the capture of this one poor country girl! O the way in which she was demanded to be tried for sorcery and heresy, and anything else you like, by the Inquisitor-General of France, and by this great man, and by that great man, until it is wearisome to think of! She was bought at last by the Bishop of Beauvais for ten thousand francs, and was shut up in her narrow prison plain Joan of Arc again, and Maid of Orleans no more.

I should never have done if I were to tell you how they had Joan out to examine her, and cross examine her, and re examine her, and worry her into saying anything and everything, and how all sorts of scholars and doctors bestowed their utmost tediousness upon her. Sixteen times she was brought out and shut up again, and worried, and entrapped, and argued with, until she was heart-sick of the dreary business. On the last occasion of this kind she was brought into a burial-place at Rouen, dismally decorated with a scaffold, and a stake and faggots, and the executioner, and a pulpit with a fiar therein, and an awful sermon ready. It is very reflecting to know that even at that pass the poor girl honoured the mean vermin of a King, who had so used her for his purposes and so abandoned her, and that, while she had been

regardless of reproaches heaped upon herself, she spoke out courageously for him

It was natural in one so young to hold to life To save her life, she signed a declaration prepared for her—signed it with a cross, for she couldn't write—that all her visions and Voices had come from the Devil Upon her recanting the past, and protesting that she would never wear a man's dress in future, she was condemned to imprisonment for life, 'on the bread of sorrow and the water of affliction'

But, on the bread of sorrow and the water of affliction, the visions and the Voices soon returned It was quite natural that they should do so, for that kind of disease is much aggravated by fasting, loneliness, and anxiety of mind It was not only got out of Joan that she considered herself inspired again, but, she was taken in a man's dress, which had been left—to entrap her—in her prison, and which she put on, in her solitude, perhaps, in remembrance of her past glories, perhaps, because the imaginary Voices told her For this relapse into the sorcery and heresy and anything else you like, she was sentenced to be burnt to death And in the market-place of Rouen, in the hideous dress which the monks had invented for such spectacles, with priests and bishops sitting in a gallery looking on, though some had the Christian grace to go away, unable to endure the infamous scene, this shrieking gul—last seen amidst the smoke and fire, holding a crucifix between her hands, last heard calling upon Christ—was burnt to ashes They threw her ashes into the river Seine, but they will rise against her murderers on the last day

From the moment of her capture, neither the French King nor one single man in all his court raised a finger to save her It is no defence of them that they may have never really believed in her, or that they may have won her victories by their skill and bravery The more they pretended to believe in her, the more they had caused her to believe in herself, and she had ever been true to them, ever brave, ever nobly devoted But it is no wonder that they, who were in all things false to themselves, false to one another, false to their country, false to Heaven, and false to Earth, should be monsters of ingratitude and treachery to a helpless peasant girl

In the picturesque old town of Rouen, where weeds and grass grow high on the cathedral towers, and the venerable Norman streets are still warm in the blessed sunlight, though the monkish fires that once gleamed horribly upon them have long grown cold, there is a statue of Joan of Arc, in the scene of her last agony, the square to which she has given its present

name I know some statues of modern times—even in the World's metropolis, I think—which commemorate less constancy, less earnestness, smaller claims upon the world's attention, and much greater impostors—*A Child's History of England.*

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## S SMILES

A LIVING WRITER.

### *Self-help—National and Individual*

'HEAVEN helps those who help themselves' is a well-tryed maxim, embodying in a small compass the results of vast human experience. The spirit of self-help is the root of all genuine growth in the individual, and, exhibited in the lives of many, it constitutes the true source of national vigour and strength. Help from without is often enfeebling in its effects, but help from within invariably invigorates. Whatever is done *for* men or classes, to a certain extent takes away the stimulus and necessity of doing for themselves, and where men are subjected to over-guidance and over-government, the inevitable tendency is to render them comparatively helpless.

Even the best institutions can give a man no active help. Perhaps the most they can do is, to leave him free to develop himself and improve his individual condition. But in all times men have been prone to believe that their happiness and well-being were to be secured by means of institutions rather than by their own conduct. Hence the value of legislation, as an agent in human advancement, has usually been much over-estimated. To constitute the millionth part of a Legislature, by voting for one or two men once in three or five years, however conscientiously this duty may be performed, can exercise but little active influence upon any man's life and character. Moreover, it is every day becoming more clearly understood, that the function of Government is negative and restrictive, rather than positive and active; being resolvable principally into protection—protection of life, liberty, and property. Laws, wisely administered, will secure men in the enjoyment of the fruits of their labour, whether of mind or body, at a comparatively small personal sacrifice, but no laws, however stringent, can make the idle industrious, the thriftless provident, or the drunken sober. Such reforms can only be

effected by means of individual action, economy, and self-denial, by better habits, rather than by greater rights.

The Government of a nation itself is usually found to be but the reflex of the individuals composing it. The Government that is ahead of the people will inevitably be dragged down to their level, as the Government that is behind them will in the long run be dragged up. In the order of nature the collective character of a nation will as surely find its befitting results in its law and government, as water finds its own level. The noble people will be nobly ruled, and the ignorant and corrupt ignobly. Indeed, all experience serves to prove that the worth and strength of a State depend far less upon the form of its institutions than upon the character of its men. For the nation is only an aggregate of individual conditions, and civilisation itself is but a question of the personal improvement of the men, women, and children of whom society is composed.

National progress is the sum of individual industry, energy, and uprightness, as national decay is of individual idleness, selfishness, and vice. What we are accustomed to decry as great social evils, will, for the most part, be found to be but the outgrowth of man's own perverted life, and though we may endeavour to cut them down and extirpate them by means of Law, they will only spring up again with fresh luxuriance in some other form, unless the conditions of personal life and character are radically improved. If this view be correct, then it follows that the highest patriotism and philanthropy consist, not so much in altering laws and modifying institutions, as in helping and stimulating men to elevate and improve themselves by their own free and independent individual action.

It may be of comparatively little consequence how a man is governed from without, whilst everything depends upon how he governs himself from within. The greatest slave is not he who is ruled by a despot, great though that evil be, but he who is the thrall of his own moral ignorance, selfishness, and vice. Nations who are thus enslaved at heart cannot be freed by any mere changes of masters or of institutions, and so long as the fatal delusion prevails, that liberty solely depends upon and consists in government, so long will such changes, no matter at what cost they may be effected, have as little practical and lasting result as the shifting of the figures in a phantasmagoria. The solid foundations of liberty must rest upon individual character, which is also the only sure guarantee for social security and national

progress John Stuart Mill truly observes that 'even despotism does not produce its worst effects so long as individuality exists under it, and whatever crushes individuality is despotism, by whatever name it be called'

Old fallacies as to human progress are constantly turning up. Some call for Cæsars, others for Nationalities, and others for Acts of Parliament. We are to wait for Cæsars, and when they are found, 'happy the people who recognise and follow them'. This doctrine shortly means, everything *for* the people, nothing *by* them,—a doctrine which, if taken as a guide, must, by destroying the free conscience of a community, speedily prepare the way for any form of despotism. Cæsarism is human idolatry in its worst form—a worship of mere power, as degrading in its effects as the worship of mere wealth would be. A far healthier doctrine to inculcate among the nations would be that of Self-help, and so soon as it is thoroughly understood and carried into action, Cæsarism will be no more. The two principles are directly antagonistic, and what Victor Hugo said of the Pen and the Sword, alike applies to them, '*Ceci tuera cela*' [*this will kill that*].

The power of Nationalities and Acts of Parliament is also a prevalent superstition. What William Dargan, one of Ireland's truest patriots, said at the closing of the first Dublin Industrial Exhibition, may well be quoted now. 'To tell the truth,' he said, 'I never heard the word independence mentioned, that my own country and my own fellow-townsmen did not occur to my mind. I have heard a great deal about the independence that we were to get from this, that, and the other place, and of the great expectations we were to have from persons from other countries coming amongst us. Whilst I value, as much as any man, the great advantages that must result to us from that intercourse, I have always been deeply impressed with the feeling that our industrial independence is dependent upon ourselves. I believe that with simple industry and careful exactness in the utilisation of our energies, we never had a fairer chance nor a brighter prospect than the present. We have made a step, but perseverance is the great agent of success, and if we but go on zealously, I believe in my conscience that in a short period we shall arrive at a position of equal comfort, of equal happiness, and of equal independence, with that of any other people.'

All nations have been made what they are by the thinking and the working of many generations of men. Patient and persevering labourers in all ranks and conditions of life, culti-

vators of the soil and explorers of the mine, inventors and discoverers, manufacturers, mechanics and artisans, poets, philosophers, and politicians, all have contributed towards the grand result, one generation building upon another's labours, and carrying them forward to still higher stages. This constant succession of noble workers—the artisans of civilisation—has served to create order out of chaos, in industry, science, and art, and the living race has thus, in the course of nature, become the inheritor of the rich estate provided by the skill and industry of our forefathers, which is placed in our hands to cultivate, and to hand down, not only unimpaired, but improved, to our successors.

The spirit of self-help, as exhibited in the energetic action of individuals, has in all times been a marked feature in the English character, and furnishes the true measure of our power as a nation. Rising above the heads of the mass, there were always to be found a series of individuals distinguished beyond others, who commanded the public homage. But our progress has also been owing to multitudes of smaller and less known men. Though only the generals' names may be remembered in the history of any great campaign, it has been in a great measure through the individual valour and heroism of the privates that victories have been won. And life, too, is 'a soldier's battle,'—men in the ranks having in all times been amongst the greatest of workers. Many are the lives of men unwritten, which have nevertheless as powerfully influenced civilisation and progress as the more fortunate Great whose names are recorded in biography. Even the humblest person, who sets before his fellows an example of industry, sobriety, and upright honesty of purpose in life, has a present as well as a future influence upon the well-being of his country, for his life and character pass unconsciously into the lives of others, and propagate good example for all time to come.

Daily experience shows that it is energetic individualism which produces the most powerful effects upon the life and action of others, and really constitutes the best practical education. Schools, academies, and colleges give but the merest beginnings of culture in comparison with it. Far more influential is the life-education daily given in our homes, in the streets, behind counters, in workshops, at the loom and the plough, in counting-houses and manufactories, and in the busy haunts of men. This is that finishing instruction as members of society, which Schiller designated 'the education of the human race,' consisting in action, conduct, self-culture,

self-control, all that tends to discipline a man truly, and fit him for the proper performance of the duties and business of life,—a kind of education not to be learnt from books, or acquired by any amount of mere literary training. With his usual weight of words, Bacon observes, that ‘Studies teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation,’ a remark that holds true of actual life, as well as of the cultivation of the intellect itself. For all experience serves to illustrate and enforce the lesson, that a man perfects himself by work more than by reading,—that it is life rather than literature, action rather than study, and character rather than biography, which tend perpetually to renovate mankind.

Biographies of great, but especially of good men, are nevertheless most instructive and useful, as helps, guides, and incentives to others. Some of the best are almost equivalent to gospels—teaching high living, high thinking, and energetic action for their own and the world’s good. The valuable examples which they furnish of the power of self-help, of patient purpose, resolute working, and steadfast integrity, issuing in the formation of truly noble and manly character, exhibit in language not to be misunderstood what it is in the power of each to accomplish for himself, and eloquently illustrate the efficacy of self-respect and self-reliance in enabling men of even the humblest rank to work out for themselves an honourable competency and a solid reputation.

Great men of science, literature, and art—apostles of great thoughts and lords of the great heart—have belonged to no exclusive class nor rank in life. They have come alike from colleges, workshops, and farmhouses, from the huts of poor men and the mansions of the rich. Some of God’s greatest apostles have come from ‘the ranks.’ The poorest have sometimes taken the highest places, nor have difficulties apparently the most insuperable proved obstacles in their way. Those very difficulties, in many instances, would even seem to have been their best helpers, by evoking their powers of labour and endurance, and stimulating into life faculties which might otherwise have lain dormant. The instances of obstacles thus surmounted, and of triumphs thus achieved, are indeed so numerous, as almost to justify the proverb that ‘with Will one can do anything.’ Take, for instance, the remarkable fact, that from the barber’s shop came Jeremy Taylor, the most poetical of divines, Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning-jenny and founder of the cotton manufacture, Lord Tenterden, one of the most distinguished of Lord



Chief Justices, and Turner, the greatest among landscape painters

No one knows to a certainty what Shakspeare was, but it is unquestionable that he sprang from a humble rank. His father was a butcher and grazier, and Shakspeare himself is supposed to have been in early life a woolcomber, whilst others aver that he was an usher in a school, and afterwards a scrivener's clerk. He truly seems to have been 'not one, but all mankind's epitome'. For such is the accuracy of his sea-phrases, that a naval writer alleges that he must have been a sailor, whilst a clergyman infers, from internal evidence in his writings, that he was probably a parson's clerk, and a distinguished judge of horse-flesh insists that he must have been a horse-dealer. Shakspeare was certainly an actor, and in the course of his life 'played many parts,' gathering his wonderful stores of knowledge from a wide field of experience and observation. In any event, he must have been a close student and a hard worker, and to this day his writings continue to exercise a powerful influence on the formation of English character — *Self help*

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*Sir Charles Napier.*

SIR CHARLES NAPIER was another Indian leader of extraordinary courage and determination. He once said of the difficulties with which he was surrounded in one of his campaigns, 'They only make my feet go deeper into the ground'. His battle of Meeanee was one of the most extraordinary feats in history. With 2,000 men, of whom only 400 were Europeans, he encountered an army of 35,000 hardy and well-armed Beloochees. It was an act, apparently, of the most daring temerity, but the general had faith in himself and in his men. He charged the Belooch centre up a high bank which formed their rampart in front, and for three mortal hours the battle raged. Each man of that small force, inspired by the chief, became for the time a hero. The Beloochees, though twenty to one, were driven back, but with their faces to the foe. It is this sort of pluck, tenacity, and determined perseverance which wins soldiers' battles, and, indeed, every battle. It is the one neck nearer that wins the race and shows the blood, it is the one march more that wins the campaign, the five minutes' more persistent courage that wins the fight. Though our force be less than another's, you equal and outmaster

your opponent if you continue it longer and concentrate it more. The reply of the Spartan father, who said to his son, when complaining that his sword was too short, 'Add a step to it,' is applicable to everything in life.

Napier took the right method of inspiring his men with his own heroic spirit. He worked as hard as any private in the ranks. 'The great art of commanding,' he said, 'is to take a fair share of the work. The man who leads an army cannot succeed unless his whole mind is thrown into his work. The more trouble, the more labour must be given, the more danger, the more pluck must be shown, till all is overpowered.' A young officer who accompanied him in his campaign in the Cutochee Hills, once said, 'When I see that old man incessantly on his horse, how can I be idle who am young and strong? I would go into a loaded cannon's mouth if he ordered me.' This remark, when repeated to Napier, he said was ample reward for his toils. The anecdote of his interview with the Indian juggler strikingly illustrates his cool courage as well as his remarkable simplicity and honesty of character. On one occasion, after the Indian battles, a famous juggler visited the camp and performed his feats before the General, his family, and staff. Among other performances, this man cut in two with a stroke of his sword a lime or lemon placed in the hand of his assistant. Napier thought there was some collusion between the juggler and his retainer. To divide by a sweep of the sword on a man's hand so small an object without touching the flesh he believed to be impossible, though a similar incident is related by Scott in his romance of the 'Talisman'. To determine the point, the General offered his own hand for the experiment, and he stretched out his right arm. The juggler looked attentively at the hand, and said he would not make the trial. 'I thought I would find you out!' exclaimed Napier. 'But stop,' added the other, 'let me see your left hand.' The left hand was submitted, and the man then said firmly, 'If you will hold your arm steady, I will perform the feat.' 'But why the left hand and not the right?' 'Because the right hand is hollow in the centre, and there is a risk of cutting off the thumb, the left is high, and the danger will be less.' Napier was startled. 'I got frightened,' he said, 'I saw it was an actual feat of delicate swordsmanship, and if I had not abused the man as I did before my staff, and challenged him to the trial, I honestly acknowledge I would have retired from the encounter. However, I put the lime on my hand, and held out my arm steadily. The juggler balanced himself, and, with a swift

stroke, cut the lime in two pieces I felt the edge of the sword on my hand as if a cold thread had been drawn across it So much (he added) for the brave swordsmen of India, whom our fine fellows defeated at Meeanee'—*Self-help*

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## JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

BORN 1812 DIED 1890

### *Characteristics of the Athenians.*

Now at length I am drawing near the subject which I have undertaken to treat, though Athens is both in leagues and in centuries a great way off England after all But first to recapitulate — a State or polity implies two things, Power on the one hand, Liberty on the other, a Rule and a Constitution Power, when freely developed, results in centralization, Liberty, in self-government The two principles are in antagonism from their very nature, so far forth as you have rule, you have not liberty, so far forth as you have liberty, you have not rule If a people gives up nothing at all, it remains a mere People, and does not rise to be a State If it gives up everything, it could not be worse off, though it gave up nothing Accordingly, it always must give up something, it never can give up everything, and in every case the problem to be decided is, what is the most advisable compromise, what point is the *maximum* of at once protection and independence

Those political institutions are the best which subtract as little as possible from a people's natural independence as the price of their protection The stronger you make the Ruler, the more he can do for you, *but* the more he also can do against you, the weaker you make him, the less he can do against you, *but* the less also he can do for you The Man promised to kill the Stag, but he fairly owned that he must be first allowed to mount the Horse Put a sword into the Ruler's hands, it is at his option to use or not use it against you, reclaim it, and who is to use it for you? Thus, if States are free, they are feeble, if they are vigorous, they are high-handed I am not speaking of a nation or a people, but of a State as such, and I say, the more a State secures to

itself of rule and centralization, the more it can do for its subjects externally, and the more it grants to them of liberty and self government, the less it can do against them internally, and thus a despotic government is the best for war, and a popular government the best for peace

• Now this may seem a paradox so far as this,—that I have said a State cannot be at once free and strong, whereas the combination of these advantages is the very boast which we make about our island in one of our national songs, which runs,—

Britannia, *rule* the waves!  
Britons never shall be *slaves*

I acknowledge the force of this authority, but I must recall the reader's attention to the distinction which I have just been making between a Nation and a State. Britains are free, considered as a State, they are strong, considered as a Nation,—and, as a good deal depends on this distinction, I will illustrate it, before I come to the consideration of our own country, by the instance of that ancient and famous people whose name I have prefixed to this portion of my inquiry,—a people who, in most respects, are as unlike us, as beauty is unlike utility, but who are in this respect, strange to say, not dissimilar to the Britain

So pure a democracy was Athens, that, if any of its citizens were eminent, he might be banished by the rest for this simple offence of greatness. Self-government was developed there in the fullest measure, as if provision was not at all needed against any foe. Nor indeed, in the earlier period of Athens, was it required, for the poverty of the soil, and the extent of seaboard as its boundary, secured it against both the cupidity and the successful enterprise of invaders. The chief object, then, of its polity was the maintenance of internal order, but even in this respect solicitude was superfluous, according to its citizens themselves, who were accustomed to boast that they were attracted, one and all, in one and the same way, and moulded into a body politic by an innate perception of the beautiful and true, and that the genius and cultivation of mind, which were their characteristics, served them better for the observance of the rules of good-fellowship and for carrying on the intercourse of life, than the most stringent laws and the best appointed officers of police.

Here then was the extreme of self-government carried out, and the State was intensely free. That in proportion to that internal freedom was its weakness in its external relations, its

uncertainty, caprice, injustice, and untrustworthiness, history, I think, abundantly shows. It may be thought unfair to appeal to the age of Philip and Demosthenes when no Greek State could oppose a military organization worthy of such a foe as Macedon, but at no anterior period had it shown a vigour and perseverance similar to the political force of the barbaric monarchy which extinguished its liberties. It was simply unable to defend and perpetuate that democratical license which it so inordinately prized.

Had Athens then no influence on the world outside of it, because its political influence was so baseless and fluctuating? Has she gained no conquests, exercised no rule, effected no changes, left no traces of herself upon the nations? On the contrary, never was country able to do so much, never has country so impressed its image upon the history of the world, except always that similarly small strip of land in Syria. And moreover,—for this I wish to insist upon, rather than merely concede,—this influence of hers was in consequence, though not by means, of her democratical *régime*. That democratical polity formed a *People*, who could do what democracy itself could not do. Feeble altogether, the Athenians were superlatively energetic one by one. It was their very keenness of intellect individually which made them collectively so inefficient. This point of character, insisted on both by friendly and hostile orators in the pages of her great historian, is a feature in which Athens resembles England. Englishmen, indeed, do not go to work with the grace and poetry which, if Pericles is to be believed, characterized an Athenian, but Athens may boast of her children as having the self-reliance, the spirit, and the unflagging industry of the individual Englishman.

It was this individualism which was the secret of the power of Athens in her day, and remains as the instrument of her influence now. What was her trade, or her colonies, or her literature, but private, not public achievements, the triumph, not of State policy, but of personal effort? Rome sent out her colonies, as Russia now, with political foresight, modern Europe has its State Universities, its Royal Academies, its periodical scientific Associations, it was otherwise with Athens. There great things were done by citizens working in their private capacity, working, it must be added, not so much from patriotism as for their personal advantage, or, if with patriotism, still with little chance of State encouragement or reward. Socrates, the greatest of her moralists, and since his day one of her chief glories, lived unrecognized and unrewarded,

and died under a judicial sentence Xenophon conducted his memorable retreat across Asia Minor, not as an Athenian, but as the mercenary or volunteer of a Persian Prince Miltiades was of a family of adventurers, who by their private energy had founded a colony, and secured a lordship in the Chersonese, and he met his death while prosecuting his private interests with his country's vessels Themistocles had a double drift, patriotic and traitorous, in the very acts by which he secured to the Greeks the victory of Salamis, having in mind that those acts should profit him at the Persian court, if they did not turn to his account at home Perhaps we are not so accurately informed of what took place at Rome, when Hannibal threatened the city, but certainly Rome presents us with the picture of a strong State at that crisis, whereas, in the parallel trial, the Athens of Miltiades and Themistocles shows like the clever, dashing population of a large town

We have another sample of the genius of her citizens in their conduct at Pylos Neither they, nor their officers, would obey the orders of the elder Demosthenes, who was sent out to direct the movements of the fleet In vain did he urge them to fortify the place, they did nothing, till, the bad weather detaining them on shore, and inaction becoming tedious, suddenly they fell upon the work with a will, and, having neither tools nor carriages, hunted up stones where they could find them ready in the soil, made clay do the office of mortar, carried the materials on their backs, supporting them with their clasped hands, and thus finished the necessary works in the course of a few days

By this personal enterprise and daring the Athenians were distinguished from the rest of Greece 'They are fond of change,' say their Corinthian opponents in the Lacedemonian Council, 'quick to plan and to perform, venturing beyond their power, hazarding beyond their judgment, and always sanguine in whatever difficulties They are alert, while you, O Lacedemonians, dawdle, and they love locomotion, while you are especially a home-people They think to gain a point, even when they withdraw, but with you, even to advance is to surrender what you have attained When they defeat their foe, they rush on, when they are beaten, they hardly fall back What they plan and do not follow up, they deem an actual loss, what they set about and gain, they count a mere instalment of the future, what they attempt and fail in, they expect to make up for elsewhere Such is their labour and their risk from youth to age, no men enjoy so little what they have, for they are always getting, and their best holiday is to

do a stroke of needful work, and it is a misfortune to them to have to undergo, not the toil of business, but the listlessness of repose'

I do not mean to say that I trace the Englishman in every clause of this passage, but he is so far portrayed in it as a whole, as to suggest to us that perhaps he too, as well as the Athenian, has that inward spring of restless independence, which makes a State weak, and a Nation great—*Discussions and Arguments on Various Subjects*

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### *Parallel Characteristics of Englishmen.*

I HOPE I have now made it clear, that, in saying that a free State will not be strong, I am far indeed from saying that a People with what is called a free Constitution will not be active, powerful, influential, and successful. I am only saying that it will do its great deeds, not through the medium of its government, or *politically*, but through the medium of its individual members, or *nationally*. Self-government, which is another name for political weakness, may really be the means or the token of national greatness. Athens, as a State, was wanting in the elements of integrity, firmness, and consistency, but perhaps that political deficiency was the very condition and a result of her intellectual activity.

I will allow more than this readily. Not only in cases such as that of Athens, is the State's loss the Nation's gain, but further, most of those very functions which in despotisms are undertaken by the State may be performed in free countries by the Nation. For instance, roads, the posts, railways, bridges, aqueducts, and the like, in absolute monarchies are governmental matters, but they may be left to private energy, where self-government prevails. Letter-carriage indeed involves an extent of system and a punctuality in work, which is too much for any combination of individuals, but the care of Religion, which is a governmental work in Russia, and partly so in England, is left to private competition in the United States. Education, in like manner, is sometimes provided by the State, sometimes left to religious denominations, sometimes to private zeal and charity. The Fine Arts sometimes depend on the patronage of Court or Government, sometimes are given in charge to Academies, sometimes to committees or vestries.





against the foe, whom wind and water did not overwhelm. So secure have they felt in those defences, that they have habitually neglected others, so that, in spite of their valour, when a foe once gained the shore, be he Dane, or Norman, or Dutch, he was encountered by no sustained action or organised resistance, and became their king. These, however, were rare occurrences, and made no lasting impression, they were not sufficient to divert them from pursuing, or to thwart them in attaining, the amplest measures of liberty. Whom had the people to fear? not even then ships, which could not, like military, become a paid force encircling a tyrant, and securing him against their resistance.

To these outward circumstances of England, determining the direction of its political growth, must be added the character of the people themselves. There are races to whom consanguinity itself is not concord and unanimity, but the reverse. They fight with each other, for lack of better company. Imaginative, fierce, vindictive, with their clans, their pedigrees, and their feuds, snorting war, spurning trade or tillage, the old Highlanders, if placed on the broad plains of England, would have in time run through their national existence, and died the death of the sons of *Oedipus*. But, if you wish to see the sketch of a veritable Englishman in strong relief, refresh your recollection of Walter Scott's 'Two Drovers'. He is indeed rough, surly, a bully and a bigot, these are his weak points, but if ever there was a generous, good, tender heart, it beats within his breast. Most placable, he forgives and forgets, not only the wrongs he has received, but the insults he has inflicted. Such he is commonly, for doubtless there are times and circumstances in his dealings with foreigners in which, whether when in despair or from pride, he becomes truculent and simply hateful, but at home his bark is worse than his bite. He has qualities, excellent for the purposes of neighbourhood and intercourse,—and he has, besides, a shrewd sense, and a sobriety of judgment, and a practical logic, which passion does not cloud, and which makes him understand that good-fellowship is not only commendable, but expedient too. And he has within him a spring of energy, pertinacity, and perseverance, which makes him as busy and effective in a colony as he is companionable at home. Some races do not move at all, others are ever jostling against each other, the Englishman is ever stirring, yet never treads too hard upon his fellow-countryman's toes. He does his work neatly, silently, in his own place, he looks to himself, and can take care of himself, and he has that instinctive veneration

for the law, that he can worship it even in the abstract, and thus is fitted to go share with others all around him in that political sovereignty, which other races are obliged to concentrate in one ruler.

There was a time when England was divided into seven principalities, formed out of the wild warriors whom the elder race had called in to their own extermination. What would have been the history of those kingdoms if the invaders had been Highlanders instead of Saxons? But the Saxon Heptarchy went on, without any very desperate wars of kingdom with kingdom, pretty much as the nation goes on now. Indeed, I much question, supposing Englishmen rose one morning and found themselves in a Heptarchy again, whether its seven portions would not jog on together, much as they do now under Queen Victoria, the union in both cases depending, not so much on the government and the governed, but on the people, viewed in themselves, to whom peaceableness, justice, and non-interference are natural.

It is an invincible national quality to be keen yet to be fair to others, to be inquisitive, acquisitive, enterprising, aspiring, progressive, without encroaching upon his next neighbour's right to be the same. Such a people hardly need a Ruler, as being mainly free from the intrigues which make a ruler necessary. Law, like medicine, is only called for to assist nature, and when nature does so much for a people the wisest policy is, as far as possible, to leave them to themselves. This, then, is the science of government with English Statesmen, to leave the people alone, a free nation, a clear stage, and they will do the rest for themselves. The more a Ruler meddles, the less he succeeds, the less he initiates, the more he accomplishes, his duty is that of overseeing, facilitating, encouraging, guiding, intervening on emergencies. Some races are like children, and require a despot to nurse, and feed, and dress them, to give them pocket-money, and take them out for airing. Others, more manly, prefer to be rid of the trouble of their affairs, and use their Ruler as their mere manager and man of business. Now an Englishman likes to take his own matters into his own hands. He stands on his own ground, and does as much work as half a dozen men of certain other races. He can join too with others, and has a turn for organising, but he insists on its being voluntary. He is jealous of no one, except kings and governments, and offensive to no one except their partisans and creatures.

This, then, is the people for private enterprise, and of private enterprise alone have I been speaking all along.

What a place is London in its extent, its complexity, its myriads of dwellings, its subterraneous works! It is the production, for the most part, of individual enterprise. Waterloo Bridge was the greatest architectural achievement of the generation before this, it was built by shares. New regions, with streets of palaces and shops innumerable, each shop a sort of shrine or temple of this or that trade, and each a ticasue-house of its own merchandise, grow silently into existence, the creation of private spirit and speculation. The gigantic system of railroads rises and asks for its legal *status*. Prudent statesmen decide that it must be left to private companies, to the exclusion of Government. Trade is to be encouraged the best encouragement is, that it should be free. A famine threatens, one thing must be avoided,—any meddling on the part of Government with the export and import of provisions.

Emigration is in vogue. Out go swarms of colonists, not, as in the ancient times, from the Prytaneum, under State guidance and with religious rites, but each by himself, and at his own arbitrary and sudden will. The ship is wrecked, the passengers are cast upon a rock,—or make the hazard of a raft. In the extremest peril, in the most delicate and most anxious of operations, every one seems to find his place, as if by magic, and does his work, and subseves the rest with coolness, cheerfulness, gentleness, and without a master. Or they have a fair passage, and gain their new country, each takes his allotted place there, and works in it in his own way. Each acts irrespectively of the rest, takes care of number one, with a kind word and deed for his neighbour, but still as fully understanding that he must depend for his own welfare on himself. Pass a few years, and a town has risen on the desert beach, and houses of business are extending their connexions and influence up the country. At length, a company of merchants make the place their homestead, and they protect themselves from their enemies with a fort. They need a better defence than they have provided, for a numerous host is advancing upon them, and they are likely to be driven into the sea. Suddenly a youth, the castaway of his family, half-clerk, half-soldier, puts himself at the head of a few troops, defends posts, gains battles, and ends in founding a mighty empire over the graves of Mahmood and Aurungzebe.

It is the deed of one man, and so, wherever we go, all over the earth, it is the solitary Briton, the London agent, or the *Milordos*, who is walking restlessly about, abusing the natives, and raising a colossus, or setting the Thames on fire, in the

East or the West. He is on the top of the Andes, or in a diving-bell in the Pacific, or taking notes at Timbuctoo, or grubbing at the Pyramids, or scouring over the Pampas, or acting as prime minister to the king of Dahomey, or smoking the pipe of friendship with the Red Indians, or hutting at the Pole. No one can say beforehand what will come of these various specimens of the independent, self-governing, self-reliant Englishman. Sometimes failure, sometimes openings for trade, scientific discoveries or political aggrandizements. His country and his government have the gain, but it is he who is the instrument of it, and not political organization, centralization, systematic plans, authoritative acts. The polity of England is what it was before,—the Government weak, the Nation strong,—strong in the strength of its multitudinous enterprise, which gives to its Government a position in the world, which that Government could not claim for itself by any prowess or device of its own.—*Discussions and Arguments on Various Subjects*

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## E A FREEMAN, D.C.L.

BORN 1823 DIED 1892

### *The Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian Races*

*The Aryan Nations*—Some readers may perhaps by this time have asked what is to be understood by a word which has been already used more than once, namely, the *Aryan* nations. That is the name which is now generally received to express that division of the human race to which we ourselves belong, and which takes in nearly all the present nations of Europe, and several of the chief nations of Asia. The evidence of language shows that there was a time, a time of course long before the beginning of recorded history, when the forefathers of all these nations were one people, speaking one language. *Sanskrit*, the ancient language of India, *Persian*, *Greek*, *Latin*, *English*, and other tongues, are really only dialects of one common speech. They show their common origin alike by their grammatical forms, such as the endings of nouns and verbs, and the like, and by what is more easily understood by people in general, by their still having many of the commonest and most necessary words, those words without which no language can get on, essentially the same. Now many of the

nations which now speak these languages have for ages been so far parted from one another, that it is quite impossible that they can have borrowed these words, and still less these grammatical forms, from one another. We can thus see that all these nations are really kinsfolk, that they once were only one nation, the different branches of which parted off from one another at a time long before written history begins.

But what we know of the languages of the various Aryan nations tells us something more than this. By the nature of the words which are common to all or most of the kindred tongues, we can see what steps the forefathers of these various nations had already taken in the way of social life and regular government in the days before they parted asunder. And we can see that those steps were no small steps. Before there were such nations as Hindoos and Greeks and Germans, while the common forefathers of all were still only one people, they had risen very far indeed above the state of mere savages. They had already learnt to build houses, to plough the ground, and to grind their corn in a mill. This is shown by the words for ploughing, building, and grinding, being still nearly the same in all the kindred languages. It is easy for any one to see that our word *mill* is the same as the Latin *mola*, and that our old word to *car*—that is, to *plough*—the ground, which is sometimes used in the Old Testament, is the same as the Latin *arare*, which has the same meaning. But no one ought to fancy that the English word is derived from the Latin, or that we learned the use of the thing from any people who spoke Latin, because the same words are found also in many other of the kindred languages, even those which are spoken in countries which are furthest removed from one another. We see then that words of this kind—and I have only chosen two out of many—are really fragments remaining from the old common language which was spoken by our common forefathers before they branched off and became different nations. It is therefore quite plain that the things themselves, the names of which have thus been kept in so many different languages for thousands of years, were already known to the Aryan people before they parted into different nations. And I need not say that people who build houses, plough the ground, and grind their corn, though they may still have very much to learn, are in a much higher state than the people in some parts of the world are in even now.

But language again tells us something more of the early Aryan people than the progress which they had made in the merely mechanical arts. We find that the names for various

family relations, for the different degrees of kindred and affinity, *father, mother, brother, sister*, and the like, are the same in all or most of the kindred tongues. We see then that before the separation, the family life, the groundwork of all society and government, was already well understood and fully established. And we see too that regular government itself had already begun, for words meaning *king* or *ruler* are the same in languages so far distant from one another as Sanskrit, Latin, and English. The Latin words *rex, regere, regnum* are the same as the old-English *rica, rixian, rice*, words which have dropped out of the language, but which still remain in the ending of such words as *bishoprick*, where the last syllable means *government* or *possession*. And we can also see that the Aryans before their dispersion had already something of a religion. For there is a common stock of words and tales common to most of the Aryan nations, many of which they cannot have borrowed from one another, and which point to an early reverence for the great powers of the natural world. Thus the same name for the sky, or for the great God of the sky, appears in very different languages, as *Dyaus* in Sanskrit, *Zeus* in Greek, and the Old English God *Tiu*, from whom we still call the third day of the week *Tuesday* or *Tuesday*. And there are a number of stories about various gods and heroes found among different Aryan nations, all of which seem to come from one common source. And we may go on, and see that the first glimpses which we can get of the forms of government in the early days of the kindred nations show them to have been wonderfully like one another. Alike among the old Greeks, the old Italians, and the old Germans, there was a *King* or Chief with limited power, there was a smaller *Council* of nobles or of old men, and a general *Assembly* of the whole people. Such was the old constitution of England, out of which our present constitution has grown step by step. But there is no reason to think that this was at all peculiar to England, or even peculiar to those nations who are most nearly akin to the English. There is every reason to believe that this form of government, in which every man had a place, though some had a greater place than others, was really one of the possessions which we have in common with the whole Aryan family. We see, then, that our common Aryan forefathers, in the times when they were still one people, times so long ago that we cannot hope to give them any certain date, had already made advances in civilization which placed them far above mere savages. They already had the family life, they already had the beginnings of religion.

and government, and they already knew most of those simple arts which are most needed for the comfort of human life

*The Semitic Nations*—Such then were the original Aryans—that one among the great families of mankind to which we ourselves belong, and that which has played the greatest part in the history of the world. Still the Aryan nations are only a small part among the nations of the earth. It is not needful for our purpose to speak at any length of the nations which are not Aryan, but a few words must be given to the two great families which have always pretty well divided Europe and Asia with the Aryans, and with whom the history of the Aryans is constantly coming in contact. Next in importance to the Aryans we must place those which are called the *Semitic* nations, among whom those with whom we have most concern are the *Hebrews*, the *Phœnicians*, and the *Arabs*. Now the Semitic nations have, so to speak, kept much closer together than the Aryans have. They have always occupied a much smaller portion of the world than the Aryans, and they have kept much more in the same part of the world. Their chief seats have always been in south-western Asia, and though they have spread themselves thence into distant parts of the world, in Asia, Africa, and even Europe, yet this has mainly been by settlements in comparatively late times, about whose history we know something. Their languages also have parted off much less from one another than the Aryan languages have, the Semitic nations have thus always kept up more of the character of one family than the Aryans.

*The Turanian Nations*—The rest of Asia, which is not occupied either by Aryan or by Semitic people, is occupied by various nations whose tongues differ far more widely from one another than the Aryan tongues do. Still there is reason to believe that many of them at least were originally one people, and at all events, it is convenient for our purposes to class together all those nations of Europe and Asia which are neither Aryan nor Semitic. The people of the greater part of Asia are commonly known as the *Turanian* nations. In the old Persian stories, *Turan*, the land of darkness, is opposed to *Iran* or *Aria*, the land of light, and it is from this *Iran*, the old name of Persia, that it has been thought convenient to give the whole family the name of *Aryans*. And besides that large part of Asia which is still occupied by the Turanians, it is plain that in earlier times they occupied a large part of Europe also. But the Aryans have driven them out of nearly all Europe, except a few remnants in out-of-the-way corners,

such as the *Fins* and *Laps* in the north. The *Basques* also on the borders of Spain and Gaul, whether akin to the Turanians or not, are at least neither Aryan nor Semitic, so that for our purposes they may all go together. Except these few remnants of the old races, all Europe has been Aryan since the beginning of written history, except when Semitic or Turanian invaders have come in later times. But in Asia the nations which are neither Aryan nor Semitic, the *Chinese*, *Mongols*, *Turks*, and others, still far outnumber the Aryan and Semitic nations put together.

*The Aryan Dispersion* — We have seen that there was a time, long before the beginning of recorded history, when the forefathers of the various Aryans dwelled together as one people, speaking one language. And the advances which they had made towards civilisation show that they must have dwelled together for a long time, but a time whose length we cannot undertake to measure. Nor can we undertake to fix a date for the time of the great separation, when the families which had hitherto dwelled together parted off in different directions and became different nations, speaking tongues which are easily seen to be near akin to each other but which gradually parted from one another, so that different nations could no longer understand each other's speech. All that we can say is that these are facts which happened long before the beginnings of written history, but which are none the less certain because we learn them from another kind of proof. The various wandering bands must have parted off at long intervals, one by one, and it often happened that a band split off into two or more bands in the course of its wanderings. And in most cases they did not enter upon uninhabited lands, but upon lands in which men of other races were already dwelling, among whom they appeared as conquerors, and whom, for the most part, they drove out of the best parts of the land into out-of-the-way corners. First of all, there are the two great divisions of the *Eastern* and the *Western*, the *Asiatic* and the *European*, Aryans, divisions which become altogether cut off from one another in geographical position and in habits and feelings. From the old mother-land one great troop pressed to the south-east, and became the forefathers of the *Persians* and *Hindoos*, driving the older inhabitants of India down to the south, into the land which is properly distinguished from *Hindustan*, by the name of the *Deccan*. The other great troop pressed westward, and, sending off one swarm after another, formed the various Aryan nations of Europe. The order in which they came can be known only



by their geographical position. The first waves of the migration must be those whom we find furthest to the *West* and furthest to the *South* — *General Sketch of European History*.

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### *Historical Analogies.*

MANY students of history have a general dislike to any system of historical analogies. Nor can the dislike be called wholly unreasonable, when we think of the extravagant and unphilosophical way in which such analogies have sometimes been applied. It is certain that no age can exactly reproduce any age which has gone before it, if only because that age has gone before it. The one is the first of its class, the other the second, the one is an original, the other is at least a repetition, if not a direct copy. And besides this, no two nations ever found themselves in exactly the same circumstances. Distance of space will modify the likeness between two societies, otherwise analogous, which are in being at the same time. Distance of time will bring in points of unlikeness between parallels which repeat themselves even on the same ground. In fact, in following out an analogy, it is often the points of unlikeness on which we are most tempted to dwell. But this is in very truth the most powerful of witnesses to their general likeness. We do not stop to think of differences in detail, unless the general picture presents a likeness which is broad and unmistakable. We may reckon up the points of contrast between ancient Greece and mediæval Italy, but we never stop to count in how many ways a citizen of Athens differed from a subject of the Great King, or what are the points of unlikeness between the constitution of the United States from that of the Empire of all the Russias.

On the other hand, analogies which really exist are often passed by, merely because they lie beneath the surface. The essential likeness between two states of things is often disguised by some purely external difference. Thus, at first sight, no difference can seem greater than that which we see between our present artificial state of society and politics, and the primitive institutions of our forefathers before the Norman Conquest. Yet our position and sentiments are, in many important respects, less widely removed from that rude time than from intermediate ages whose outward garb hardly differs from our own. In many cases, the old Teutonic institutions have come up again, silently and doubtlessly unwittingly,

under new names, and under forms modified by altered circumstances. Thus the *Folcland* of early times, the common estate of the nation, was, as the royal power increased, gradually turned into the *Terra Regis*, the personal estate of the sovereign. Now that the Crown lands are applied to the public service, under the control of the House of Commons, what is it but a return to the old institution of *Folcland* in a shape fitted to the ideas of modern times? Again, the remark has been made that there can be no real likeness between ancient Athens and modern England, because the press, confessedly so important an engine among ourselves, had no being in the commonwealth of Periklēs. The difference here is obvious at first sight, it is, moreover, the sign of a more real and more important difference, but neither of them is enough to destroy the essential analogy. The real difference is, not that the Athenians had no printing, but the far more important difference that they had very little writing. Now this is simply the difference which cannot fail to exist between the citizen of a southern state confined to a single city, and the citizen of an extensive kingdom in a northern climate. The one passed his life in the open air, the other is driven by physical necessity to the fireside either of his home or his club. The one could be personally present and personally active in the deliberations of the commonwealth, the other needs some artificial means to make up for his unavoidable absence from the actual scene of debate. The one, in short, belonged to a seeing and hearing, the other belongs to a reading, public.

The difference between reading in print and reading in manuscript is a wide one, the difference between reading in manuscript and not reading at all is wider still, but the widest difference of all lies between free discussion in any shape and the absence of free discussion. The narrow strait between Athens and England sinks into nothing, beside the impassable gulf which fences off both from Sparta or Venice or 'imperial' France. Where there is free discussion of every subject of public interest, where no man is afraid to speak his mind on the most important affairs of the commonwealth, it matters comparatively little whether the intercourse between citizen and citizen is carried on with their own tongues or through the medium of type and paper. Thoughts pent up under the bondage of a despotism or an oligarchy would gladly catch at either means of expression, without being over-nice as to the comparative merits of the two methods—*Ancient Greece and Medieval Italy*

## SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

BORN 1817; DIED 1875

*On the Education of a Man of Business*

THE essential qualities for a man of business are of a moral nature, these are to be cultivated first. He must learn betimes to love truth. The same love of truth will be found a potent charm to bear him safely through the world's entanglements—I mean safely in the most worldly sense. Besides, the love of truth not only makes a man act with more simplicity, and therefore with less chance of error, but it conduces to the highest intellectual development. The following passage in *The Statesman* gives the reason: 'The correspondences of wisdom and goodness are manifold, and that they will accompany each other is to be inferred, not only because man's wisdom makes them good, but also because their goodness makes them wise. Questions of right and wrong are a perpetual exercise of the faculties of those who are solicitous as to the right and wrong of what they do and see, and a deep interest of the heart in these questions carries with it a deeper cultivation of the understanding than can be easily effected by any other excitement to intellectual activity.'

What has just been said of the love of truth applies also to other moral qualities. Thus, charity enlightens the understanding quite as much as it purifies the heart. And indeed knowledge is not more girt about with power than goodness is with wisdom.

The next thing in the training of one who is to become a man of business will be for him to form principles, for without these, when thrown on the sea of action, he will be without rudder and compass. They are the best results of study. Whether it is history, or political economy, or ethics, that he is studying, these principles are to be the reward of his labour. A principle resembles a law in the physical world though it can seldom have the same certainty, as the facts, which it has to explain and embrace, do not admit of being weighed or numbered with the same exactness as material things. The principles which our student adopts at first may be unsound, may be insufficient, but he must not neglect to form some, and must only nourish a love of truth that will not allow him to hold any, the moment that he finds them to be erroneous.

Much depends upon the temperament of a man of business. It should be hopeful, that it may bear him up against the faintheartedness, the folly, the falsehood, and the numberless discouragements which even a prosperous man will have to endure. It should also be calm, for else he may be driven wild by any great pressure of business, and lose his time, and his head, in rushing from one unfinished thing to begin something else. Now this wished-for conjunction of the calm and the hopeful is very rare. It is, however, in every man's power to study well his own temperament, and to provide against the defects in it.

A habit of thinking for himself is one which may be acquired by the solitary student. But the habit of deciding for himself, so indispensable to a man of business, is not to be gained by study. Decision is a thing that cannot be fully exercised until it is actually wanted. You cannot play at deciding. You must have realities to deal with.

It is true that the formation of principles, which has been spoken of before, requires decision, but it is of that kind which depends upon deliberate judgment, whereas, the decision which is wanted in the world's business must ever be within call, and does not judge so much as it foresees and chooses. This kind of decision is to be found in those who have been thrown early on their own resources or who have been brought up in great freedom.

It would be difficult to lay down any course of study, not technical, that would be peculiarly fitted to form a man of business. He should be brought up in the habit of reasoning closely, and to ensure this, there is hardly anything better for him than the study of geometry.

In any course of study to be laid down for him, something like universality should be aimed at, which not only makes the mind agile, but gives variety of information. Such a system will make him acquainted with many modes of thought, with various classes of facts, and will enable him to understand men better.

There will be a time in his youth which may perhaps be well spent in those studies which are of a metaphysical nature. In the investigation of some of the great questions of philosophy, a breadth and a tone may be given to a man's mode of thinking, which will afterwards be of signal use to him in the business of every-day life.

We cannot enter here into a description of the technical studies for a man of business, but I may point out that there are works which soften the transition from the schools to the

world, and which are particularly needed in a system of education like our own, consisting of studies for the most part remote from real life. These works are such as tend to give the student that interest in the common things about him, which he has scarcely ever been called upon to feel. They show how imagination and philosophy can be woven into practical wisdom. Such are the writings of Bacon. His lucid order, his grasp of the subject, the comprehensiveness of his views, his knowledge of mankind, the greatest perhaps that has ever been distinctly given out by any uninspired man, the practical nature of his purposes, and his respect for anything of human interest, render Bacon's works unrivalled in their fitness to form the best men for the conduct of the highest affairs.

It is not, however, so much the thing studied, as the manner of studying it. Our student is not intended to become a learned man, but a man of business, not a 'full man,' but a 'ready man.' He must be taught to arrange and express what he knows. For this purpose let him employ himself in making digests, arranging and classifying materials, writing narratives, and in deciding upon conflicting evidence. All these exercises require method. He must expect that his early attempts will be clumsy, he begins, perhaps, by dividing his subject in any way that occurs to him, with no other view than that of treating separate portions of it separately, he does not perceive, at first, what things are of one kind and what of another, and what should be the logical order of their following. But from such rude beginnings, method is developed, and there is hardly any degree of toil for which he would not be compensated by such a result. He will have a sure reward in the clearness of his own views, and in the facility of explaining them to others. People bring their attention to the man who gives them most profit for it, and this will be one who is a master of method.

Our student should begin soon to cultivate a fluency in writing—I do not mean a flow of words, but a habit of expressing his thoughts with accuracy, with brevity, and with readiness, which can only be acquired by practice early in life. You find persons who, from neglect in this part of their education, can express themselves briefly and accurately, but only after much care and labour. And again, you meet with others who cannot express themselves accurately, although they have method in their thoughts, and can write with readiness, but they have not been accustomed to look to the precise meaning of words, and such people are apt to fall into the common error of indulging in a great many words, as if it were from a sort of hope that some of them might be to the purpose.

In the style of a man of business, nothing is to be aimed at but plainness and precision. For instance, a close repetition of the same word for the same thing need not be avoided. The aversion to such repetitions may be carried too far in all kinds of writing. In literature, however, you are seldom brought to account for misleading people, but in business, you may soon be called upon to pay the penalty for having shunned the word which would exactly have expressed your meaning.

I cannot conclude this essay better, than by endeavouring to describe what sort of person a consummate man of business should be.

He should be able to fix his attention on details, and be ready to give every kind of argument a hearing. This will not encumber him, for he must have been practised beforehand in the exercise of his intellect, and be strong in principles. One man collects materials together, and there they remain a shapeless heap, another, possessed of method, can arrange what he has collected, but such a man as I would describe, by the aid of principles, goes farther, and builds with his materials.

He should be courageous. The courage, however, required in civil affairs, is that which belongs rather to the able commander than the mere soldier. But any kind of courage is serviceable.

Besides a stout heart, he should have a patient temperament, and a vigorous but disciplined imagination, and then he will plan boldly, and with large extent of view, execute calmly, and not be stretching out his hand for things not yet within his grasp. He will let opportunities grow before his eyes, until they are ripe to be seized. He will think steadily over possible failure, in order to provide a remedy or a retreat. There will be the strength of repose about him.

He must have a deep sense of responsibility. He must believe in the power and vitality of truth, and in all he does or says should be anxious to express as much truth as possible.

His feeling of responsibility and love of truth will almost inevitably endow him with diligence, accuracy, and discreetness,—those common-place requisites for a good man of business, without which all the rest may never come to be ‘translated into action’—*Essays Written in the Intervals of Business*

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J. A. FROUDE.

BORN 1818, DIED 1894.

*The Character of Mary Queen of Scots.*

MARY STUART's name will never be spoken of in history, however opinions may vary on the special details of her life, without sad and profound emotion.

She was not yet nineteen years old, but mind and body had matured amidst the scenes in which she had passed her girlhood. Graceful alike in person and in intellect, she possessed that peculiar beauty in which the form is lost in the expression, and which every painter therefore has represented differently.

Rarely perhaps has any woman combined in herself so many noticeable qualities as Mary Stuart, with a feminine insight into men and things and human life, she had cultivated herself to that high perfection in which accomplishments were no longer adventitious ornaments, but were wrought into her organic constitution. Though luxurious in her ordinary habits, she could share in the hard field life of the huntsman or the soldier with graceful cheerfulness, she had vigour, energy, tenacity of purpose, with perfect and never-failing self-possession, and as the one indispensable foundation for the effective use of all other qualities, she had indomitable courage. She wanted none either of the faculties necessary to conceive a great purpose, or of the abilities necessary to execute it, except perhaps only this, that while she made politics the game of her life, it was a game only, though played for a high stake. In the deeper and nobler emotions she had neither share nor sympathy.

Here lay the vital difference of character between the Queen of Scots and her great rival, and here was the secret of the difference of their fortunes. In intellectual gifts, Mary Stuart was at least Elizabeth's equal, and Anne Boleyn's daughter, as she said herself, was 'no angel'. But Elizabeth could feel, like a man, an unselfish interest in a great cause. Mary Stuart was ever her own centre of hope, fear, or interest, she thought of nothing, cared for nothing, except as linked with the gratification of some ambition, some desire, some humour of her own, and thus Elizabeth was able to overcome temptations before which Mary fell.—*History of England The Reign of Elizabeth.*

*The Rise of English Commerce.*

It is the purpose of this chapter to trace the first movements of the struggle which transferred from Spain to England the sovereignty of the seas—the first beginnings of that proud power which, rising out of the heart of the people, has planted the saplings of the English race in every quarter of the globe, has covered the ocean with its merchant-fleets, and flaunts its flag in easy supremacy among the nations of the earth

In the English nature there were and are two antagonistic tendencies—visible alike in our laws, in our institutions, in our religion, in our families, in the thoughts and actions of our greatest men—a disposition on the one hand to live by rule and precedent, to distrust novelties, to hold the experience of the past as a surer guide than the keenest conclusions of logic, and to maintain with loving reverence the customs, the convictions, and traditions which have come down to us from other generations, on the other hand, a restless impetuous energy, inventing, expanding, pressing forward into the future, regarding what has been already achieved only as a step or landing-place leading upwards and onwards to higher conquests—a mode of thought which in the half-educated takes the form of a rash disdain of earlier ages, which in the best and wisest creates a sense that we shall be unworthy of our ancestors if we do not eclipse them in all that they touched, if we do not draw larger circles round the compass of their knowledge and extend our power over nature, over the world, and over ourselves

In healthy ages as in healthy persons the two tendencies coexist, and produce that even progress, that strong vitality at once so vigorous and so composed, which is legible everywhere in the pages of English history. Under the accidental pressure of special causes, one or other disposition has for a time become predominant, and intervals of torpor and inactivity have been followed by a burst of license, when in one direction or another law and order have become powerless—when the people, shaking themselves free from custom, have hurried forward in the energy of their individual impulses, and new thoughts and new inclinations, like a rush of pent-up waters, have swept all before them

Through the century and a half which intervened between the death of Edward the Third and the fall of Wolsey, the English sea-going population with but few exceptions had moved in a groove, in which they lived and worked from day to day and year to year with unerring uniformity. The wine ships made their annual voyages to Bordeaux and Cadiz, the



hoys plied, with such regularity as the winds allowed them, between the Scheldt and the Thames, summer after summer the 'Iceland fleet' went north for the cod and ling, which were the food of the winter fasting days, the boats of Yarmouth and Rye, Southampton, Poole, Buxham, Dartmouth, Plymouth, and Fowey fished the Channel. The people themselves, though hardy and industrious, and though as much at home upon the ocean as then Scandinavian forefathers or their descendants in modern England, were yet contented to live in an unchanging round, from which they neither attempted nor desired to extricate themselves. The number of fishermen who found employment remained stationary, the produce of their labour supported their families in such comforts as they considered necessary. The officials of the London Companies ruled despotically in every English harbour, not a vessel cleared for a foreign port, not a smack went out for the herring season, without the official license, and the sale of every bale of goods or every hundredweight of fish was carried on under the eyes of the authorities, and at prices fixed by Act of Parliament.

To men contented to be so employed and so rewarded, it was in vain that Columbus held out as a temptation the discovery of a New World, it was in vain that foreigners guided English ships across the Atlantic, and opened out the road before their eyes. In 1497 John Cabot, the Venetian, with his son Sebastian—then a little boy—sailed from Bristol for 'the Islands of Cathay'. He struck the American continent at Nova Scotia, sailed up into the Greenland seas till he was blocked by the ice, then coasted back to Florida, and returned with the news of another continent waiting to be occupied. The English mariners turned away with indifference, their own soil and their own seas had been sufficient for the wants of their fathers, 'their fathers had more wit and wisdom than they,' and it was left to Spain, in that grand burst of energy which followed on the expulsion of the Moors and the union of the Crowns, to add a hemisphere to the globe, and found empires in lands beyond the sunset.

Strange indeed was the contrast between the two races, and stranger still the interchange of character, as we look back over three hundred years. Before the sixteenth century had measured half its course, the shadow of Spain already stretched beyond the Andes, from the mines of Peru and the custom-houses of Antwerp the golden rivers streamed into her imperial treasury, the crowns of Aragon and Castile, of Burgundy, Milan, Naples, and Sicily, clustered on the brow of her sovereigns, and the Spaniards themselves, before their national liberties

were broken, were beyond comparison the noblest, grandest, and most enlightened people in the known world

Meanwhile a vast intellectual revolution, of which the religious reformation was rather a sign than a cause, was making its way in the English mind. The discovery of the form of the earth, and of its place in the planetary system, was producing an effect on the imagination, which long familiarity with the truth renders it hard for us now to realise. The very heaven itself had been rolled up like a scroll, laying bare the illimitable abyss of space, the solid frame of the earth had become a transparent ball, and in a hemisphere below their feet men saw the sunny Palm Isles and the golden glories of the tropic seas. Long impassive, long unable from the very toughness of their natures to apprehend these novel wonders, indifferent to them, even hating them as at first they hated the doctrines of Luther, the English opened their eyes at last. In the convulsions which rent England from the Papacy, a thousand superstitions were blown away, a thousand new thoughts rushed in, bringing with them their train of new desires and new emotions, and when the fire was once kindled, the dry wood burnt fiercely in the wind.

Having thrown down the gauntlet to the Pope, Henry the Eighth had to look to the defences of the kingdom, and knowing that his best security lay in the command of the 'broad ditch,' as he called it, which cut him off from Europe, he turned his mind with instant sagacity to the development of the Navy. Long before indeed, when Anne Boleyn was a child, and Wolsey was in the zenith of his greatness, and Henry was the Pope's 'Defender of the Faith,' he had quickened his slumbering dockyards into life, studied naval architecture, built ships on new models, and cast unheard-of cannon. Gustavus in 1518 found him practising at Southampton with his new brass artillery. The 'Great Harry' was the wonder of Northern Europe, and the fleet afterwards collected at Spithead, when D'Annebault brought his sixty thousand Frenchmen to the Isle of Wight, and the 'Mary Rose' went down under Henry's eyes, was the strongest, proudest, and best formed which had yet floated in English waters.

The mariners and merchants had caught the impulse of the time. In 1530, when the divorce question was in its early stages, Mr William Hawkins of Plymouth, 'a man for his wisdom, valour, experience, and skill of sea causes, much esteemed and beloved of King Henry the Eighth,' 'armed out a tall and goodly ship,' sailed for the coast of Guinea, where he first trafficked with the negroes for gold dust and ivory, and

then crossed the Atlantic to Brazil, 'where he behaved himself so wisely with the savage people' that 'the King of Brazil came back with him to see the wonders of England,' and was introduced to Henry at Whitehall. The year after, Hawkins went back again, and 'the King' with him; the King on the passage home died of change of air, bad diet, and confinement, and there were fears for the Englishmen who had been left as hostages among the Indians. But they were satisfied that there had been no foul play, they welcomed Englishmen as cordially as they hated the Spaniards, and a trade was opened which was continued chiefly by the merchants of Southampton.

In 1549, Sebastian Cabot, who in his late manhood had returned to Bristol, was appointed, by Edward the Sixth, Grand Pilot of England, and as enterprise expanded with freedom and with the cracking up of superstition, the merchant-adventurers who had started up in London on principles of free trade, and who were to the established guilds as the Protestants to the Catholic Bishops, sent their ships up the Straits to the Levant, explored the Baltic, and had their factors at Novgorod. In 1552, Captain Windham of Norfolk followed William Hawkins to the coast of Guinea, and again in 1553, with Antonio Pinteado, he led a second expedition to the Bight of Benin and up the river to the court of the King. The same year the noble Sir Hugh Willoughby, enchanted like John Cabot with visions of 'the Islands of Cathay,' sailed in search of them into the Arctic circle, turned eastward into the frozen seas, and perished in the ice.

But neither the 'frost giants' of the north nor the deadly vapours of the African rivers could quell the spirit which had been at last aroused. Windham and Pinteado died of fever in the Benin waters, and of a hundred and forty mariners who sailed with them forty only ever saw Ramhead and Plymouth Sound again, but the year following John Lok was tempted to the same shores by the ivory and gold dust.

It is noticeable that on their first appearance on the west coast of Africa, the English visitors were received by the natives with marked cordiality. The slave trade hitherto had been a monopoly of the Spaniards and Portuguese, it had been established in concert with the native chiefs, as a means of relieving the tribes of bad subjects, who would otherwise have been hanged. Thieves, murderers, and such like, were taken down to the depôts and sold to the West Indian traders. But the theory—as was inevitable—soon ceased to correspond with the practice, to be able-bodied and helpless became a sufficient crime to justify deportation, the Portuguese stations became

institutions for an organized kidnapping, and when the English vessels appeared, they were welcomed by the smaller negro tribes as more harmless specimens of the dangerous white race. But the theft of five men made them fear that the new comers were no better than the rest, the alarm was spread all along the coast, and Towrson, a London merchant, found his voyage the next year made unprofitable through their unwillingness to trade. The injury was so considerable, and the value of the slaves in England so trifling, that they were sent back, and the captain who took them home was touched at the passionate joy with which the poor creatures were welcomed.

Thus it was that the accession of Elizabeth found trade leaving its old channels, and stretching in a thousand new directions. While the fishing trade was ruined by the change of creed, a taste came in for luxuries undreamt of in the simpler days which were passing away. Statesmen accustomed to rule the habits of private life with sumptuary laws, and to measure the imports of the realm by their own conceptions of the necessities of the people, took alarm at the inroads upon established ways and usages, and could see only 'a most lamentable spoil to the realm, in the over quantity of unnecessary wares brought into the port of London.'

From India came perfumes, spices, rice, cotton, indigo, and precious stones, from Persia and Turkey, carpets, velvets, satins, damasks, cloth of gold, and silk robes, 'wrought in divers colours.' Russia gave its ermines and sables, its wolf and bear skins, its tallow, flax, and hemp, its steel and iron, its ropes, cables, pitch, tar, masts for ships, and even deal boards. The New World sent over sugar, rare woods, gold, silver, and pearls, and these, with the pomegranates, lemons, and oranges, the silks and satins, the scented soaps and oils, and the fanciful variety of ornaments which was imported from the south of Europe, shocked the austere sense of the race of Englishmen who had been bred up in an age when heaven was of more importance than earthly pleasure — *History of England Reign of Elizabeth*

## REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, M.A.

BORN 1819, DIED 1876.

*Earthquakes*

CWS

So you have been looking at that beautiful drawing of the ruins of Arica in the 'Illustrated London News,' and it has puzzled you and made you sad? You want to know why God killed all those people—mothers among them, too, and little children?

Alas, my dear child! who am I, that I should answer you that?

Have you done wrong in asking me? No, my dear child, no (You have asked me because you are a human being and a child of God, and not merely a cleverer sort of animal, an ape who can read and write and cast accounts.) Therefore it is that you cannot be content, and ought not to be content, with asking how things happen, but must go on to ask why. You cannot be content with knowing the causes of things, and if you knew all the natural science that ever was or ever will be known to men, that would not satisfy you, for it would only tell you the *causes* of things, while your souls want to know the *reasons* of things besides, and though I may not be able to tell you the reasons of things, or show you aught but a tiny glimpse here and there of that which I called the other day the glory of Lady Why, yet I believe that somehow, somewhere, you will learn something of the reason of things. For that thirst to know *why*, was put into the hearts of little children by God himself, and I believe that God would never have given them that thirst if He had not meant to satisfy it.

There—you do not understand me. I trust that you will understand me some day. Meanwhile, I think—I only say I *think*—you know I told you how humble we must be whenever we speak of Lady Why—that we may guess at something like a good reason for the terrible earthquakes in South America. I do not wish to be hard upon poor people in great affliction, but I cannot help thinking that they have been staking their property and their lives upon the chances of no earthquakes coming, while they ought to have known that an earthquake might come any day. They have fulfilled (and little thought I that it would be fulfilled so soon) the parable,

that I told you once, of the nation of the Do-as-you-likes, who lived careless and happy at the foot of the burning mountain, and would not be warned by the smoke that came out of the top, or by the slag and cinders which lay all about them, till the mountain blew up, and destroyed them miserably.

Then I think that they ought to have expected an earthquake.

Well—it is not for us to judge any one, especially if they live in a part of the world in which we have not been ourselves. But I think that we know, and that they ought to have known, enough about earthquakes to have been more prudent than they have been for many a year. At least, we will hope that, though they would not learn their lesson till this year, they will learn it now, and will listen to the message which I think Madam How has brought them, spoken in a voice of thunder, and written in letters of flame.

And what is that?

My dear child, if the landlord of our house was in the habit of pulling the roof down upon our heads, and putting gunpowder under the foundations to blow us up, do you not think we should know what he meant, even though he never spoke a word? He would be very wrong in behaving so, of course; but one thing would be certain,—that he did not intend us to live in his house any longer if he could help it, and was giving us, in a very rough fashion, notice to quit. And so it seems to me that these poor Spanish Americans have received from the Landlord of all landlords, who can do no wrong, such a notice to quit as perhaps no people ever had before, which says to them in unmistakable words, ‘You must leave this country, or perish.’ And I believe that that message, like all Lady Why’s messages, is at heart a merciful and loving one, that if these Spaniards would leave the western coast of Peru, and cross the Andes into the green forests of the eastern side of their own land, they might not only live free from earthquakes, but (if they would only be good and industrious) become a great, rich, and happy nation, instead of the idle, and useless, and, I am afraid, not over-good, people which they have been. For in that eastern part of their own land, God’s gifts are waiting for them, in a paradise such as I can neither describe nor you conceive,—precious woods, fruits, drugs, and what not—boundless wealth, in one word—waiting for them to send it all down the waters of the mighty river Amazon, enriching us here in the Old World, and enriching themselves there in the New. If they would only

go and use these gifts of God, instead of neglecting them as they have been doing for now three hundred years, they would be a blessing to the earth, instead of being that which they have been

God giant, my dear child, that these poor people may take the warning that has been sent to them, 'The voice of God revealed in facts,' as the great Lord Bacon would have called it, and see not only that God has bidden them leave the place where they are now, but has prepared for them, in their own land, a home a thousand times better than that in which they now live

But you ask, How ought they to have known that an earthquake would come

Well, to make you understand that, we must talk a little about earthquakes, and what makes them, and in order to find out that, let us try the very simplest cause of which we can think That is the wise and scientific plan

Now, whatever makes these earthquakes must be enormously strong, that is certain And what is the strongest thing you know of in the world? Think . . .

Gunpowder?

Well, gunpowder is strong sometimes, but not always You may carry it in a flask, or in your hand, and then it is weak enough It only becomes strong by being turned into gas and steam. But steam is always strong And if you look at a railway engine, still more if you had ever seen—which God forbid you should—a boiler explosion, you would agree with me that the strongest thing we know of in the world is steam

Now I think that we can explain almost, if not quite, all that we know about earthquakes, if we believe that on the whole they are caused by steam and other gases expanding, that is, spreading out, with wonderful quickness and strength Of course there must be something to make them expand, and that is *heat* But we will not talk of that yet

Now, do you remember that riddle which I put to you the other day?—'What had the rattling of the lid of the kettle to do with Hartford Bridge Flat being lifted out of the ancient sea?'

The answer to the riddle, I believe, is—Steam has done both The lid of the kettle rattles because the expanding steam escapes in little jets, and so causes a *lid-quake* Now suppose that there was steam under the earth trying to escape; and the earth in one place was loose and yet hard, as the lid of the kettle is loose and yet hard, with cracks in it, it may

## KINGSLEY

be, like the crack between the edge of the lid and the edge of the kettle itself might not the steam try to escape through the cracks, and rattle the surface of the earth, and so cause an earthquake?

So the steam would escape generally easily, and would only make a passing rattle, like the earthquake of which the famous jester Charles Selwyn said, that it was quite a young one, so tame that you might have stroked it, like that which I myself once felt in the Pyrenees, which gave me very solemn thoughts after a while, though at first I did nothing but laugh at it, and I will tell you why

I was travelling in the Pyrenees, and I came one evening to the loveliest spot, a glen, or rather a vast crack in the mountains, so narrow that there was no room for anything at the bottom of it, save a torrent roaring between walls of polished rock. High above the torrent, the road was cut out among the cliffs, and above the road rose more cliffs, with great black cavern mouths, hundreds of feet above our heads, out of each of which poured in foaming waterfalls streams large enough to turn a mill, and above them mountains piled on mountains, all covered with woods of box, which smelt rich and hot and musky in the warm spring air. Among the box-trees and fallen boulders grew hepaticas, blue and white and red, such as you see in the garden, and little stars of gentian, more azure than the azure sky. But out of the box-woods above rose giant silver firs, clothing the cliffs and glens with tall black spires, till they stood out at last in a jagged saw-edge against the purple evening sky, along the mountain ranges, thousands of feet aloft, and beyond them again, at the head of the valley, rose vast cones of virgin snow, miles away in reality, but looking so brilliant and so near that one fancied at the first moment that one could have touched them with one's hand. Snow-white they stood, the glorious things, seven thousand feet into the air, and I watched their beautiful white sides turn rose colour in the evening sun, and when he set, fade into dull cold grey, till the bright moon came out to light them up once more. When I was tired of wondering and admiring, I went into bed, and there I had a dream—such a dream as I dare say you may have had ere now. [Some noise or stir puts into your fancy as you sleep a whole long dream to account for it, and yet that dream, which seems to you to be hours long, has not taken up a second of time, for the very same noise which begins the dream, wakes you at the end of it and so it was with me.] I dreamed that some English people had come into the hotel where I was, and were



sleeping in the room underneath me, and that they had quarrelled and fought, and broke their bed down with a tremendous crash, and that I must get up and stop the fight, and at that moment I awoke, and heard coming up the valley from the north such a roar as I never heard before or since, as if a hundred railway trains were rolling underground, and just as it passed under my bed there was a tremendous thump, and I jumped out of bed quicker than I ever did in my life, and heard the roaring sound die away as it rolled up the valley towards the peaks of snow. Still I had in my head this notion of the Englishmen fighting in the room below. But then I recollected that no Englishmen had come in the night before, and that I had been in the room below, and that there was no bed in it. Then I opened my window—a woman screamed, a dog barked, some cocks and hens cackled in a very disturbed humour, and then I could hear nothing but the roaring of the torrent a hundred feet below. And then it flashed across me what all the noise was about, and I burst out laughing, and said, 'It is only an earthquake,' and went to bed again.

Next morning I inquired whether any one had heard a noise. No, nobody had heard anything. And the driver who had brought me up the valley only winked, but did not choose to speak. At last at breakfast I asked the pretty little maid who waited, what was the meaning of the noise I heard in the night, and she answered, to my intense amusement—'Oh! it is only an earthquake, we have one every six weeks.' Now the secret was out. The little maid, I found, came from the lowland far away, and did not mind telling the truth, but the good people of the place were afraid to let out that they had earthquakes every six weeks, for fear of frightening visitors away, and because they were really very good people, and very kind to me, I shall not tell you what the name of the place is. ~~Of course, after that I could do no less than ask Madam How,~~  
 Of course, after that I could do no less than ask Madam How, very civilly, how she made earthquakes in that particular place, hundreds of miles away from any burning mountain. And this was the answer I *thought* she gave, though I am not so concerned as to say I am sure.

As I had come up the valley I had seen that the cliffs were all beautiful grey limestone marble, but just at this place they were replaced by granite, such as you may see in London Bridge or at Aberdeen. I do not mean that the limestone changed to granite, but that the granite had risen up out of the bottom of the valley, and had carried the limestone

(I suppose) up on its back hundreds of feet into the air. Those caves with the waterfalls pouring from their mouths were all on one level, at the top of the granite, and the bottom of the limestone. That was to be expected, for, as I will explain to you some day, water can make caves easily in limestone, but never, I think, in granite. But I knew that besides these cold springs which came out of the caves, there were hot springs also, full of curious chemical salts, just below the very house where I was in. And when I went to look at them, I found that they came out of the rock just where the limestone and the granite joined. 'Ah,' I said, 'now I think I have Madam How's answer. The lid of one of her great steam boilers is rather shaky and cracked just here, because the granite has broken and torn the limestone as it lifted it up, and here is the hot water out of the boiler actually oozing out of the crack, and the earthquake I heard last night was simply the steam rumbling and thumping inside, and trying to get out.'

And then, my dear child, I fell into a more serious mood. I said to myself, 'If that steam had been a little, only a little, stronger, or if the rock above it had been only a little weaker, it would have been no laughing matter then, the village might have been shaken to the ground, the rocks hurled into the torrent, jets of steam and of hot water, mixed, it may be, with deadly gases, have roared out of the riven ground, that might have happened here, in short, which has happened and happens still in a hundred places in the world, whenever the rocks are too weak to stand the pressure of the steam below, and the solid earth bursts as an engine boiler bursts when the steam within it is too strong.' And when those thoughts came into my mind, I was in no humour to jest any more about 'young earthquakes' or 'Madam How's boilers,' but rather to say with the wise man of old, 'It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed.'

Most strange, most terrible also, are the tricks which this underground steam plays. It will make the ground, which seems to us so hard and firm, roll and rock in waves, till people are sea-sick, as on board a ship, and that rocking motion (which is the most common) will often, when it is but slight, set the bells ringing in the steeples, or make the furniture, and things on shelves, jump about quaintly enough. It will make trees bend to and fro, as if a wind was blowing through them, open doors suddenly, and shut them again with a slam, make the timbers of the floors and roofs creak, as they do in a ship at sea, or give men such frights as one

of the dock-keepers at Liverpool got in the earthquake in 1863, when his watchbox rocked so that he thought some one was going to pitch him over into the dock. But these are only little hints and warnings of what it can do. When it is strong enough, it will rock down houses and churches into heaps of ruins, or, if it leaves them standing, crack them from top to bottom, so that they must be pulled down and rebuilt.

You saw those pictures of the ruins of Arica, about which our talk began, and from them you can guess well enough for yourself what a town looks like which has been ruined by an earthquake. Of the misery and the horror which follow such a ruin, I will not talk to you, nor darken your young spirit with sad thoughts which grown people must face, and ought to face. But the strangeness of some of the tricks which the earthquake shocks play is hardly to be explained, even by scientific men. Sometimes, it would seem, the force runs round, making the solid ground eddy, as water eddies in a brook. For it will make straight rows of trees crooked, it will twist whole walls round—or rather the ground on which the walls stand—without throwing them down, it will shift the stones of a pillar, one on the other, sideways, as if a giant had been trying to spin it like a teetotum, and so screwed it half in pieces. There is a story told by a wise man, who saw the place himself, of the whole furniture of one house being hurled away by an earthquake, and buried under the ruins of another house, and of things carried hundreds of yards off, so that the neighbours went to law to settle who was the true owner of them. Sometimes, again, the shock seems to come neither horizontally in waves, nor circularly in eddies, but vertically, that is, straight up from below, and then things—and people, alas! sometimes—are thrown up off the earth high into the air, just as things spring up off the table if you strike it smartly enough underneath. By that same law (for there is a law for every sort of motion) it is that the earthquake shock sometimes hurls great rocks off a cliff into the valley below. The shock runs through the mountain till it comes to the cliff at the end of it, and then the face of the cliff, if it be at all loose, flies off into the air. You may see the very same thing happen if you will put marbles or billiard-balls in a row touching each other, and strike the one nearest you smartly in the line of the row. All the balls stand still, except the last one, and that flies off. The shock, like the earthquake shock, has run through them all, but only the end one, which had nothing beyond it but soft air, has

been moved, and when you grow old, and learn mathematics, you will know the law of motion according to which that happens, and learn to apply what the lallard balls have taught you, to explain the wonders of an earthquake ! For in this case as in so many more, you must watch Madam How at work on little and common things, to find out how she works in great and rare ones. That is why Solomon says that 'a fool's eyes are in the ends of the earth,' because he is always looking out for strange things which he has not seen, and which he could not understand if he saw, instead of looking at the poor commonplace matters which are about his feet all day long, and getting from them sound knowledge, and the art of getting more sound knowledge still.

Another terrible destruction which the earthquake brings when it is close to the seaside, is the wash of a great sea wave, such as swept in last year upon the island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, such as swept in upon the coast of Peru this year. The sea moans, and sinks back, leaving the shore dry, and then comes in from the offing a mighty wall of water, as high as, or higher than, many a tall house, sweeps far inland, washing away quays and houses, and carrying in it ships in with it, and then sweeps back again leaving the ships high and dry, as ships were left in Peru this year.

Now, how is that wave made ? Let us think. Perhaps in many ways. But two of them I will tell you as simply as I can, because they seem the most likely, and probably the most common.

Suppose, as the earthquake shock ran on, making the earth under the sea heave and fall in long earth waves, the sea-bottom sank down. Then the water on it would sink down too, and leave the shore dry, till the sea-bottom rose again, and hurled the water up again against the land. This is one way of explaining it, and it may be true. For certain it is that earthquakes do move the bottom of the sea, and certain, too, that they move the water of the sea also, and with tremendous force. For ships at sea during an earthquake feel such a blow from it (though it does them no harm) that the sailors often rush upon deck fancying that the ship has struck upon a rock, and the force which could give a ship, floating in water, such a blow as that, would be strong enough to hurl thousands of tons of water up the beach, and on to the land.

But there is another way of accounting for this great sea-wave, which I fancy comes true sometimes.

Suppose you put an empty india-rubber ball into water, and then blow into it through a pipe. Of course, you know, as the ball filled, the upper side of it would rise out of the water. Now, suppose there were a party of little ants moving about upon that ball, and fancying it a great island, or perhaps the whole world—what would they think of the ball's filling and growing bigger?

If they could see the sides of the basin or tub in which the ball was, and were sure that they did not move, then they would soon judge by them that they themselves were moving, and that the ball was rising out of the water. But if the ants were so short-sighted that they could not see the sides of the basin, they would be apt to make a mistake, because they would then be like men on an island out of sight of any other land. Then it would be impossible further to tell whether they were moving up, or whether the water was moving down, whether their ball was rising out of the water, or the water was sinking away from the ball. They would probably say, 'The water is sinking, and leaving the ball dry.'

Do you understand that? Then think what would happen if you pricked a hole in the ball. The air inside would come hissing out, and the ball would sink again into the water. But the ants would probably fancy the very opposite. Their little heads would be full of the notion that the ball was solid, and could not move, just as our heads are full of the notion that the earth is solid, and cannot move, and they would say, 'Ah! here is the water rising again.' Just so, I believe, when the sea seems to ebb away during the earthquake, the land is really being raised out of the sea, hundreds of miles of coast, perhaps, or a whole island, at once, by the force of the steam and gas imprisoned under the ground. That steam stretches and strains the solid rocks below, till they can bear no more, and snap, and crack, with frightful roar and clang, then out of holes and chasms in the ground rush steam, gases—often foul and poisonous ones—hot water, mud, flame, strange stones—all signs that the great boiler down below has burst at last.

Then the strain is eased. The earth sinks together again, as the ball did when it was pricked, and sinks lower, perhaps, than it was before, and back rushes the sea, which the earth had thrust away while it rose, and sweeps in, destroying all before it.

Of course, there is a great deal more to be said about all this, but I have no time to tell you now. You will read it, I hope, for yourselves when you grow up, in the writings of

far wiser men than I. Or perhaps you may feel for yourselves in foreign lands the actual shock of a great earthquake, or see its work fresh done around you. And if ever that happens, and you be preserved during the danger, you will learn for yourselves, I trust, more about earthquakes than I can teach you, if you will only bear in mind the simple general rules for understanding the 'how' of them, which I have given you here.

But you do not seem satisfied yet? What is it that you want to know?

Oh! there was an earthquake here in England the other night while you were asleep, and that seems to you too near to be pleasant. Will there ever be earthquakes in England which will throw houses down, and bury people in the ruins?

My dear child, I think you may set your heart at rest upon that point. As far as the history of England goes back, and that is more than a thousand years, there is no account of any earthquake which has done any serious damage, or killed, I believe, a single human being. The little earthquakes which are sometimes felt in England run generally up one line of country, from Devonshire through Wales, and up the Severn valley into Cheshire and Lancashire, and the south-west of Scotland, and they are felt more smartly there, I believe, because the rocks are harder there than here, and more tossed about by earthquakes which happened ages and ages ago, long before man lived on the earth. I will show you the work of these earthquakes some day in the tilting and twisting of the layers of rock, and in the cracks (*faults*, as they are called) which run through them in different directions. I showed you some once, if you recollect, in the chalk cliff at Ramsgate—two sets of cracks, sloping opposite ways, which I told you were made by two separate sets of earthquakes, long, long ago, perhaps while the chalk was still at the bottom of a deep sea. But even in the rocky parts of England the earthquake force seems to have all but died out. Perhaps the crust of the earth has become too thick and solid there to be much shaken by the gases and steam below. In this eastern part of England, meanwhile, there is but little chance that an earthquake will ever do much harm, because the ground here, for thousands of feet down, is not hard and rocky, but soft—sands, clays, chalk, and sands again, clays, soft limestones, and clays again—which all act as buffers to deaden the earthquake shocks, and deaden, too, the earthquake noise.

And how?

Put your ear to one end of a soft bolster, and let some one hit the other end. You will hear hardly any noise, and will not feel the blow at all. Put your ear to one end of a hard piece of wood, and let some one hit the other. You will hear a smart tap, and perhaps feel a smart tap too. When you are older, and learn the laws of sound, and of motion among the particles of bodies, you will know why. Meanwhile you may comfort yourself with the thought that Madam How has (doubtless by command of Lady Why) prepared a safe soft bed for this good people of Britain—not that they may lie and sleep on it, but work and till, plant and build and manufacture, and thrive in peace and comfort, we will trust and pray, for many a hundred years to come. All that the steam inside the earth is likely to do to us is to raise parts of this island (as Hartford Bridge Flats were raised, ages ago, out of the old icy sea) so slowly, probably, that no man can tell whether they are rising or not. Or, again, the steam-power may be even now dying out under our island, and letting parts of it sink slowly into the sea, and some wise friends of mine think that the fens in Norfolk and Cambridgeshire are sinking now. I have shown you where that kind of work has gone on in Norfolk, how the brow of Sandringham Hill was once a sea-cliff, and Dersingham Bog at its foot a shallow sea, and therefore that the land has risen there. How, again, at Hunstanton Station there is a beach of sea-shells twenty feet above high-water mark, showing that the land has risen there likewise. And how, further north again, at Brancaster, there are forests of oak, and fir, and alder, with their roots still in the soil, far below high-water mark, and only uncovered at low tide, which is a plain sign that there the land has sunk. You surely recollect the sunken forest at Brancaster, and the beautiful shells we picked up in its gullies, and the millions of live Pholases boring into the clay and peat which once was firm dry land, fed over by giant oxen, and giant stags likewise, and perhaps by the mammoth himself, the great woolly elephant whose teeth the fishermen dredge up in the sea outside? You recollect that? Then remember that as that Norfolk shore has changed, so slowly but surely is the whole world changing around us. Hartford Bridge Flat here, for instance, how has it changed? Ages ago it was the gravelly bottom of a sea. Then the steam-power underground raised it up slowly, through long ages, till it became dry land. And ages hence, perhaps, it will have become a sea-bottom once more. Washed slowly by the rain, or sunk by the dying out of the steam-power underground, it will go down again.

to the place from whence it came Seas will roll where we stand now, and new lands will rise where seas now roll For all things on this earth, from the tiniest flower to the tallest mountain, change and change all day long Every atom of matter moves perpetually, and nothing 'continues in one stay' The solid-seeming earth on which you stand is but a heaving bubble, bursting ever and anon in this place and in that Only above all, and through all, and with all, is One who does not move nor change, but is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever And on Him, my child, and not on this bubble of an earth, do you, and I, and all mankind, depend

But I have not yet told you why the Peruvians ought to have expected an earthquake True I will tell you another tune — *Madam How and Lady Why*

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## JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

BORN 1814 DIED 1877

His chief works are *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, published in 1856; *History of the United Netherlands*, 1860

### *Condition of the Dutch in the Sixteenth Century.*

Thus fifteen ages have passed away, and in the place of a horde of savages, living among swamps and thickets, swarm three millions of people, the most industrious, the most prosperous, perhaps the most intelligent, under the sun Their cattle, grazing on the bottom of the sea are the finest in Europe, their agricultural products of more exchangeable value than if nature had made their land to overflow with wine and oil Their navigators are the boldest, their mercantile marine the most powerful, their merchants the most enterprising in the world Holland and Flanders, peopled by one race, vie with each other in the pursuits of civilisation The Flemish skill in the mechanical and in the fine arts is unrivalled Belgian musicians delight and instruct other nations Belgian pencils have, for a century, caused the canvas to glow with colours and combinations never seen before Flemish fabrics are exported to all parts of Europe, to the East and West Indies, to Africa The splendid tapestries, silks, linens, as well as the more homely and useful manufactures of the Netherlands, are prized throughout the world Most ingenious, as they had already been described by the



keen-eyed Cæsar, in imitating the arts of other nations, the skilful artificers of the country at Louvain, Ghent, and other places, reproduce the shawls and silks of India with admirable accuracy

Their national industry was untiring, their prosperity unexampled, their love of liberty indomitable, their pugnacity proverbial. Peaceful in their pursuits, phlegmatic by temperament, the Netherlands were yet the most belligerent and excitable population of Europe. Two centuries of civil war had but thinned the ranks of each generation, without quenching the hot spirit of the nation.

The women were distinguished by beauty of form and vigour of constitution. Accustomed from childhood to converse freely with all classes and sexes in the daily walks of life, and to travel on foot or horseback from one town to another, without escort and without fear, they had acquired manners more frank and independent than those of women in other lands, while their morals were pure and their decorum undoubted. The prominent part to be sustained by the women of Holland in many dramas of the revolution would thus fitly devolve upon a class enabled by nature and education to conduct themselves with courage.

Within the little circle which encloses the seventeen provinces are 208 walled cities, many of them among the most stately in Christendom, 150 chartered towns, 6,300 villages, with their watch-towers and steeples, besides numerous other more insignificant hamlets, the whole guarded by a belt of sixty fortresses of surpassing strength — *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*.

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### *The Siege of Leyden—1574.*

MEANTIME, the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days, being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages, they had heard its salvoes of artillery on its arrival at North Aa, but since then all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavourable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on

towers and house-tops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving, for even the misery endured at Harlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt-cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared, dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained, but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement, while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food, but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful: infants starved to death on the maternal breasts which famine had parched and withered, mothers dropped dead in the streets with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses—father, mother, children—side by side for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone, yet the people resolutely held out, women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in the centre of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of St. Pancras. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his

broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved, 'What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards?—a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once, whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved, but starvation is preferable to the dishonoured death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not, my life is at your disposal, here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive.'

On the 28th of September a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this despatch the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2nd of October, came storming from the north-west, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the south-west. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dykes. In the course of twenty-four hours the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. On it went, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten, as they approached some shallows which led into the great Meire, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. On again the fleet of Boisot still went, and, overcoming every obstacle, entered the city on the morning of the 3rd of October. Leyden was relieved.—*The Rise of the Dutch Republic*

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## MATTHEW ARNOLD.

BORN 1822 DIED 1888.

*A French School*

On the 17th of April, I visited, in company with M Ripet, a school in the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre. It was a good specimen of its class. Held in a large and imposing building, in a good street, it contained a boys' school and a girls' school, with about 200 scholars in each. The schoolrooms are built over each other, the ceilings being, in all the best and newest schools, so constructed that there is no noise. The rooms were less lofty than our best schoolrooms, but quite as well ventilated, in general I found the ventilation of schools better in France than it is in England. Each school had its covered playground, as well as its open-air playground. This covered playground, very rare in England, is a noticeable feature of all the best schools in the French towns, it is generally a large room on the same floor with the schoolroom, its use is to afford to the children a place for recreation in bad weather, and for their meals in the middle of every day. The parents are glad of an arrangement which relieves them throughout the day from the charge of their children, who also are thus saved two journeys in the crowded streets. I saw, in the covered playground of this school, the children, after a game of play, ranged at their dinners, which they bring with them from home, an assistant teacher was present, and the greatest order prevailed. The fittings of the schoolrooms were good, much on the same plan as that formerly followed in our British schools, but with better desks, the walls were bare than with us, and, indeed, it is rare to see on the walls of a French schoolroom the abundant supply of maps so common in English schoolrooms, but there is generally to be found the map of France and the map of Europe. Conspicuous were the crucifix and the bust of the Emperor—the indispensable ornaments of French public schoolrooms. The boys' school occupied two good rooms, one under the charge of the master, a well-mannered and intelligent man, the other under the charge of an assistant master, or *adjoint*. These *adjoints* play an important part in French primary instruction, they are young men not yet arrived at

the age when they may be full teachers, the law does not oblige them to be certificated, but all those employed in Paris and in the large towns are certificated, because the municipalities of these towns will employ no other, the departmental council decides whether a school needs an *adjoint* or not, the head master names him. Monitors were employed in the lower section, which was that under the assistant's care, and much the largest. The appearance of the boys was very much the same as that of the boys whom I see constantly in British schools, there were very many whom I could not have distinguished from English children. Their instruction, also, was much on a par with that of the scholars of a good British school in London, then reading was somewhat better, their writing, to my eye, not so good, but the French style of handwriting is different from ours, then grammar and dictation about equal, their arithmetic better, their history and geography not so good. The same is true, I think, of nearly all the French primary schools, the reading and arithmetic are better than ours, the arithmetic in particular being in general much more intelligently taught by their masters, and much more intelligently apprehended by their children, the information about geography and history is decidedly inferior—*Popular Education in France*

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*English and French Characteristics, Energy of Intellect  
and Flexibility of Intellect*

LET me remark, however, that not only in the moral sphere, but also in the intellectual and spiritual sphere, energy and honesty are most important and fruitful qualities, that, for instance, of what we call genius, energy is the most essential part. So, by assigning to a nation energy and honesty as its chief spiritual characteristics,—by refusing to it, as at all eminent characteristics, openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence,—we do not by any means, as some people might at first suppose, relegate its importance and its power of manifesting itself with effect, from the intellectual to the moral sphere. We only indicate its probable special line of successful activity in the intellectual sphere, and, it is true, certain imperfections and failings to which, in this sphere, it will always be subject. Genius is mainly an affair of energy, and poetry is merely an affair of genius, therefore, a nation whose spirit is characterised by energy may well be eminent

in poetry,—and we have Shakspeare. Again, the highest reach of science is, one may say, an inventive power, a faculty of divination, akin to the highest power exercised in poetry, therefore, a nation whose spirit is characterised by energy may well be eminent in science,—and we have Newton. Shakspeare and Newton in the intellectual sphere there can be no higher names. And what that energy, which is the life of genius, above everything demands and insists upon, is freedom, entire independence of all authority, prescription, and routine,—the fullest room to expand as it will. Therefore, a nation whose chief spiritual characteristic is energy, will not be very apt to set up, in intellectual matters, a fixed standard, an authority, like an Academy. By this it certainly escapes certain real inconveniences and dangers, and it can, at the same time, as we have seen, reach undeniably splendid heights in poetry and science. On the other hand, some of the requisites of intellectual work are specially the affair of quickness of mind and flexibility of intelligence. The form, the method of evolution, the precision, the proportions, the relations of the parts to the whole, in an intellectual work, depend mainly upon them. And these are the elements of an intellectual work which are really most communicable from it, which can most be learned and adopted from it, which have, therefore, the greatest effect upon the intellectual performance of others. Even in poetry, these requisites are very important, and the poetry of a nation, not eminent for the gifts on which they depend, will, more or less, suffer by this shortcoming. In poetry, however, they are, after all, secondary, and energy is the first thing, but in prose they are of first-rate importance. In its prose literature, therefore, and in the routine of intellectual work generally, a nation with no particular gifts for these will not be so successful. These are what, as I have said, can to a certain degree be learned and appropriated, while the free activity of genius cannot.

How much greater is our nation in poetry than prose! How much better, in general, do the productions of its spirit show in the qualities of genius than in the qualities of intelligence! One may constantly remark this in the work of individuals, how much more striking, in general, does any Englishman—of some vigour of mind, but by no means a poet—seem in his verse than in his prose! No doubt his verse suffers from the same defects which impair his prose, and he cannot express himself with real success in it, but how much more powerful a personage does he appear in it, by dint of feeling, and of

originality and movement of ideas, than when he is writing prose! With a Frenchman of like stamp, it is just the reverse set him to write poetry, he is limited, artificial, and impotent, set him to write prose, he is free, natural, and effective. The power of French literature is in its prose-writers, the power of English literature is in its poets. Nay, many of the celebrated French poets depend wholly for their fame upon the qualities of intelligence which they exhibit,—qualities which are the distinctive support of prose, many of the celebrated English prose-writers depend wholly for their fame upon the qualities of genius and imagination which they exhibit,—qualities which are the distinctive support of poetry—*The Literary Influence of Academies*

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MAX MULLER.

A LIVING AUTHOR.

*The Life of Buddha.*

BUDDHA, or more correctly, the Buddha,—for Buddha is an appellative, meaning Enlightened,—was born at Kapilavastu, the capital of a kingdom of the same name, situated at the foot of the mountains of Nepal, north of the present Oude. His father, the king of Kapilavastu, was of the family of the Sâkya, and belonged to the clan of the Gautamas. His mother was Mâyâdêvî, daughter of king Suprabuddha, and need we say that she was as beautiful as he was powerful and just? Buddha was therefore by birth of the Kshatriya, or warrior caste, and he took the name of Sâkya from his family, and that of Gautama from his clan, claiming a kind of spiritual relationship with the honoured race of Gautama. The name of Buddha, or the Buddha, dates from a later period of his life, and so probably does the name Siddhârtha (he whose objects have been accomplished), though we are told that it was given him in his childhood. His mother died seven days after his birth, and the father confided the child to the care of his deceased wife's sister, who, however, had been his wife even before the mother's death. The child grew up a most beautiful and most accomplished boy, who soon knew more than his masters could teach him. He refused to take part in the games of his playmates, and never felt so happy as when he

could sit alone, lost in meditation in the deep shadows of the forest. It was there that his father found him, when he had thought him lost, and in order to prevent the young prince from becoming a dreamer, the king determined to marry him at once. When the subject was mentioned by the aged ministers to the future heir to the throne, he demanded seven days for reflection, and convinced at last that not even marriage could disturb the calm of his mind, he allowed the ministers to look out for a princess. The princess elected was the beautiful Gopâ, the daughter of Dandapânî. Though her father objected at first to her marrying a young prince who was represented to him as deficient in manliness and intellect, he gladly gave his consent when he saw the royal suitor distancing all his rivals both in feats of arms and power of mind. Their marriage proved one of the happiest, but the prince remained, as he had been before, absorbed in meditation on the problems of life and death. 'Nothing is stable on earth,' he used to say, 'nothing is real. Life is like the spark produced by the friction of wood. It is lighted and is extinguished—we know not whence it came or whither it goes. It is like the sound of a lyre, and the wise man asks in vain from whence it came and whither it goes. There must be some supreme intelligence where we could find rest. If I attained it, I could bring light to man, if I were free myself, I could deliver the world.' The king, who perceived the melancholy mood of the young prince, tried every thing to divert him from his speculations but all was in vain. Three of the most ordinary events that could happen to any man, proved of the utmost importance in the career of Buddha.

One day when the prince with a large retinue drove through the eastern gate of the city on the way to one of his parks, he met on the road an old man, broken and decrepit. One could see the veins and muscles over the whole of his body, his teeth chattered, he was covered with wrinkles, bald, and hardly able to utter hollow and unmelodious sounds. He was bent on his stick, and all his limbs and joints trembled. 'Who is that man?' said the prince to his coachman. 'He is small and weak, his flesh and his blood are dried up, his muscles stick to his skin, his head is white, his teeth chatter, his body is wasted away, leaning on his stick he is hardly able to walk, stumbling at every step. Is there something peculiar in his family, or is this the common lot of all created beings?'

'Sir,' replied the coachman, 'that man is sinking under old age, his senses have become obtuse, suffering has destroyed his strength, and he is despised by his relations. He is without



support and useless, and people have abandoned him, like a dead tree in a forest. But this is not peculiar to his family. In every creature youth is defeated by old age. Your father, your mother, all your relations, all your friends, will come to the same state, this is the appointed end of all creatures.'

'Alas!' replied the prince, 'are creatures so ignorant, so weak and foolish, as to be proud of the youth by which they are intoxicated, not seeing the old age which awaits them! As for me, I go away. Coachman, turn my chariot quickly. What have I, the future prey of old age,—what have I to do with pleasure?' And the young prince returned to the city without going to his park.

Another time the prince drove through the southern gate to his pleasure garden, when he perceived on the road a man suffering from illness, parched with fever, his body wasted, covered with mud, without a friend, without a home, hardly able to breathe, and frightened at the sight of himself and the approach of death. Having questioned his coachman, and received from him the answer which he expected, the young prince said, 'Alas! health is but the sport of a dream, and the fear for suffering must take this frightful form. Where is the wise man who after having seen what he is, could any longer think of joy and pleasure?' The prince turned his chariot and returned to the city.

A third time he drove to his pleasure garden through the western gate, when he saw a dead body on the road, lying on a bier, and covered with a cloth. The friends stood about crying, sobbing, tearing their hair, covering their heads with dust, striking their breasts, and uttering wild cries. The prince, again calling his coachman to witness this painful scene, exclaimed, 'Oh! woe to youth, which must be destroyed by old age! Woe to health, which must be destroyed by so many diseases! Woe to this life, where a man remains so short a time! If there were no old age, no disease, no death, if these could be made captive for ever!' Then betraying for the first time his intentions, the young prince said, 'Let us turn back, I must think how to accomplish deliverance.'

A last meeting put an end to his hesitation. He drove through the northern gate on the way to his pleasure gardens, when he saw a mendicant who appeared outwardly calm, subdued, looking downwards, wearing with an air of dignity his religious vestment, and carrying an alms-bowl.

'Who is this man?' asked the prince.

'Sir,' replied the coachman, 'this man is one of those who are called *bhikshus*, or mendicants. He has renounced all

pleasures, all desires, and leads a life of austerity. He tries to conquer himself. He has become a devotee. Without passion, without envy, he walks about asking for alms.

'This is good and well said,' replied the prince. 'The life of a devotee has always been praised by the wise. It will be my refuge, and the refuge of other creatures, it will lead us to a real life, to happiness and immortality.'

With these words, the young prince turned his chariot, and returned to the city.

After having declared to his father and his wife his intention of retiring from the world, Buddha left his palace one night when all the guards that were to have watched him were asleep. After travelling the whole night, he gave his horse and his ornaments to his groom, and sent him back to Kapilavastu. 'A monument,' remarks the author of the *Lalitavistara*, 'is still to be seen on the spot where the coachman turned back.' Hiouen-Tsang saw the same monument at the edge of a large forest, on his road to Kusinagara, a city now in ruins, and situated about fifty miles ESE from Gorakpur.

Buddha first went to Vaisâli, and became the pupil of a famous Brâhman, who had gathered round him 300 disciples. Having learnt all that the Brâhman could teach him, Buddha went away disappointed. He had not found the road to salvation. He then tried another Brâhman at Râjagîrha, the capital of Magadha or Behar, who had 700 disciples, and there too he looked in vain for the means of deliverance. He left him, followed by five of his fellow-students, and for six years retired into solitude, near a village named Uruvilva, subjecting himself to the most severe penances, previous to his appearing in the world as a teacher. At the end of this period, however, he arrived at the conviction that asceticism, far from giving peace of mind and preparing the way to salvation, was a snare and a stumbling-block in the way of truth. He gave up his exercises, and was at once deserted as an apostate by his five disciples. Left to himself, he now began to elaborate his own system. He had learnt that neither the doctrines nor the austerities of the Brâhmins were of any avail for accomplishing the deliverance of man, and freeing him from the fear of old age, disease, and death. After long meditations, and ecstatic visions, he at last imagined that he had arrived at that true knowledge which discloses the cause, and thereby destroys the fear, of all the changes inherent in life. It was from the moment when he arrived at this knowledge, that he claimed the name of Buddha, the Enlightened. At that

moment we may truly say that the fate of millions of millions of human beings trembled in the balance. Buddha hesitated for a time whether he should keep his knowledge to himself, or communicate it to the world. Compassion for the sufferings of man prevailed, and the young prince became the founder of a religion which, after more than 2000 years, is still professed by 455,000,000 of human beings.

The further history of the new teacher is very simple. He proceeded to Benares, which at all times was the principal seat of learning in India, and the first converts he made were the five fellow-students who had left him when he threw off the yoke of the Brahmanical observances. Many others followed, but as the *Lalitavistara* breaks off at Buddha's arrival at Benares, we have no further consecutive account of the rapid progress of his doctrine. From what we can gather from scattered notices in the Buddhist canon, he was invited by the king of Magadha, Bimbisara, to his capital, Rājagriha. Many of his lectures are represented as having been delivered at the monastery of Kalantaka, with which the king or some rich merchant had presented him, others on the Vulture Peak, one of the five hills that surrounded the ancient capital.

Three of his most famous disciples, Śāriputra, Kātyāyana, and Maudgalyāyana, joined him during his stay in Magadha, where he enjoyed for many years the friendship of the king. That king was afterwards assassinated by his son, Ajātasatru, and then we hear of Buddha as settled for a time at Srāvastī, north of the Ganges, where Anāthapindada, a rich merchant, had offered him and his disciples a magnificent building for their residence. Most of Buddha's lectures or sermons were delivered at Srāvastī, the capital of Kosala, and the king of Kosala himself, Prasānagit, became a convert to his doctrine. After an absence of twelve years, we are told that Buddha visited his father at Kapilavastu, on which occasion he performed several miracles, and converted all the Śākya to his faith. His own wife became one of his followers, and, with his aunt, offers the first instance of female Buddhist devotees in India. We have fuller particulars again of the last days of Buddha's life. He had attained the good age of three score and ten, and had been on a visit to Rājagriha, where the king, Ajātasatru, the former enemy of Buddha, and the assassin of his own father, had joined the congregation, after making a public confession of his crimes. On his return, he was followed by a large number of disciples, and when on the point of crossing the Ganges, he stood on a square stone, and turning his eyes back towards Rājagriha, he said, full of

emotion, 'This is the last time that I see that city' He likewise visited Vaisâli, and after taking leave of it, he had nearly reached the city of Kusinâgara, when his vital strength began to fail. He halted in a forest, and while sitting under a sâl tree, he gave up the ghost, or, as a Buddhist would say, entered into Nirvâna.—*Chaps from a German Work-shop*

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## R. D. OSBORN.

A LIVING ANGLO INDIAN AUTHOR.

### *The Battle of Noshehra.*

IN the meanwhile a new and formidable power had risen in the Punjab. Taking advantage of the distractions in Afghanistan, Runjeet Sing had united the petty states of the Punjab under a single head. Through the treachery of a subordinate, he had made himself master of the important fortress of Attock. He had pounced upon the lovely valley of Cashmere, and that rich country, the very storehouse and granary of the Douranee kingdom, was torn away from Afghanistan for ever. His troops had even crossed the Indus, and though compelled for a time to retire, he had collected his resources, and was only waiting for a favourable opportunity to invade Peshawur in force, and annex that province to his dominions. The quarrels which broke out among the brothers of Futteh Khan soon reduced Afghanistan to a state of pitiable feebleness, and Runjeet Sing struck without delay.

On the 13th March, 1823, he conveyed his troops across the Indus. Azem Khan, despairing of other methods, proclaimed a religious war against the Sikh invaders, and his summons aroused the fierce fanaticism of the mountain tribes. From the rugged broken hills of the Khuttucks, and the grass-covered valleys of Swaut and Bonair, the followers of the Prophet hurried into the open country to avenge the insulted honour of Islam. For days the Eusofzye valley was a moving mass of human beings, priests, men, and unveiled women streaming forth in ceaseless crowds from all the valleys opening upon the Sum. They converged at Noshehra, a town built on the left bank of the Caubul river, the Vizier, with the regular Afghan army, occupying a position somewhat higher up, but on the right bank. Runjeet Sing detached a portion of his troops to

hold the Afghan vizier in check, and with the rest of his army, twenty-four thousand strong, fell upon the hill men. A wild Akhalee fanatic—Phoola Sing—headed the attack with all the fury of drunken fanaticism, but the Eusofzyes received the assault with impenetrable firmness. A Bonairee scrambled up the elephant on which Phoola Sing was seated, and cut him down with his long knife. His followers, leaving heaps of dead and wounded behind them, were compelled to recede. The Eusofzyes shouted for joy, and in their turn prepared to charge. The Bonairees, distinguished by their black turbans with a bright yellow border from the rest of the Eusofzyes, who are clothed in white, led the way. They came down with a rush, like the Highlanders at Culloden, and resolute and fearless as the Sikh is, Runjeet Sing's drilled infantry recoiled in momentary terror as the wild hurricane of waving scimitars and frantic faces, with hideous clamour whirled towards them. But the fire of the Sikh guns checked the mountaineers, and gave the regiments time to rally. The steady fire of the reunited line told with terrible effect upon the confused masses in front of them, but could not damp their ardour or their courage. Though their scanty stock of ammunition was soon expended, the Afghans fought madly on with arrows, spears, swords, and stones. Thrice were they driven back, and thrice rallied to the charge by the blows and imprecations of their women, and the wild cries of 'Allah ho Akbar!' from the crowds of Moollahs who prayed, cursed, and shouted in the rear of the battle. Runjeet Sing in person led repeated charges of cavalry against the hill men, but in spite of all his efforts, when night fell the battle was undecided. But where, it will be asked, was Azem Khan during this frantic struggle? The Caubul river was fordable in front of his position, and there can be little doubt that, had he brought his men into the field, the Afghans must have won the day. His movements were fatally encumbered by the presence of his harem with the baggage of his army, and the custody of an immense quantity of treasure. Fearful lest one or other of these precious charges should fall into the hands of the Sikhs, he had retired in the midst of the battle towards Jellalabad. His army disbanded and dispersed as he retreated, and Azem Khan himself, devoured by shame and remorse, died shortly after. In the meanwhile night had closed upon the hard-fought field of Noshehra. The hill men still maintained their position upon an elevated piece of ground, but their numbers were sadly thinned, the masses of the Sikh army surrounded them on every side, the flame of religious

zeal was quenched in blood. In truth, brave as is the Afghan personally, he lacks the steady persevering endurance of the Sikh. He is splendid when making a wild charge, but he cannot fight a losing battle. The Eusofzyes knew that they were beaten. In the middle of the night they mustered their remaining forces, and cutting their way through the Sikh troops, made good their retreat to the hills. The loss on both sides had been extremely heavy. Dead Bonaireses lying on dead Sikhs, their teeth fixed convulsively in the throats of their adversaries, testified to the desperate character of the struggle. It was a memorable day in Sikh annals. Runjeet Singh's one eye brightened with unwonted lustre when he detailed, as he loved to do, the changing 'currents of that heady fight'. The Sikh soldiers bore willing testimony to the courage of the vanquished. 'The Eusofzyes laugh at death,' was a saying among them. To the hill men, their defeat at Noshehra was a blow from which they never recovered. The whole land was thrown into mourning, and seventeen years after, an English traveller visiting the valley of Bonair, found the battle of Noshehra still the constant subject of conversation and the favourite theme of their songs. One in particular struck him on account of its peculiarly plaintive character, commencing—

'Ah! Mahommed Azeem, where is the blood of your children you sold at Noshehra!'

And when, in any of their village gatherings, unusual merriment prevailed, a white beard has been known to check them with, 'Is this a time for laughing, when the bones of your brothers are whitening Noshehra?'—*The Afghan Tribes on our Trans-Indus Frontier*

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### *The Fall of Baghdad*

UNDETERRED by the remembrance of the past, the Caliph Motassem actually sent ambassadors to Mangu Khan, praying him to send an army into Persia to destroy the Assassins. Mangu Khan immediately collected an army, which he placed under the command of his brother Houlagou, whom, on departing, he addressed as follows — 'I send thee, with much cavalry and a strong army from Turan to Iran, the land of great princes. It is thy duty to observe the laws and ordinances of Tchinguz Khan in great things and in small, and to take

possession of the countries from the Oxus to the Nile. Assemble round thee the obedient and submissive, but tread into the dust of contempt and misery the refractory and mutinous, with their wives and children. When thou hast done with the Assassins, begin the conquest of Irak. If the Caliph of Baghdad comes forward willingly to serve thee, then shalt thou do him no harm, but if he refuse, let him share the fate of the rest.' The destruction of the Caliphate was the direct result of the embassy from Baghdad.

In the month of the second Djoumada (A. H. 650), Kitbouga Noman, a famous Mongol general, quitted the court of Mangu Khan, and preceding the march of Houlagou, advanced against the fortresses of the Ismaeliens. Early in the following year he crossed the Oxus, penetrated into Kohistan, and took possession of several places. From that province, with five thousand foot and as many horse, he marched against the fortress of Kirdeh-koh, one of the strongest among the many strongholds possessed by the Assassins. He encircled the place with a deep ditch, and leaving a lieutenant to carry on the siege, carried fire and sword through the neighbouring country. A successful sally on the part of the garrison of Kirdeh-koh, in which his lieutenant perished, compelled the Mongol general to retrace his steps. Despite, however, of an infectious disease, which greatly thinned their numbers, the garrison obstinately held out. A reinforcement despatched by Alaeddin, the Grand Master, succeeded in effecting an entrance with only the loss of a single man. The Mongols were reduced to inaction, when at this crisis the Assassins in true Oriental fashion succeeded in achieving their own destruction. Alaeddin perished, murdered by his chamberlain at the instigation of his son, Rokneddin Kourshah. Kourshah became Grand Master, and his first act was to put to death the chamberlain, and burn his children in the market place for the atrocious crime of murdering a Grand Master. Rokneddin, the last of the Grand Masters, a feeble, cowardly, inexperienced youth, was utterly unable to cope with the difficulties thickening around him. The terrible Houlagou was advancing westward, leaving behind a broad path of smoking ruins and unburied dead. But accidents occasioned long delays, and it was not until A. H. 654 that the Mongol army came in sight of the fort-crowned mountains where reigned the Grand Master of the Assassins. The heart of Rokneddin died away within him at the sight of his enemy. With upwards of a hundred fortresses in his possession well provided with provisions, and incapable of reduction except by the slow process of blockade, he dared not strike a blow in his defence. A few

months elapsed in idle negotiations, and then Rokneddin surrendered himself a prisoner to the Mongol general, and sent orders to the different garrisons to dismantle their defences. A dynasty, which had lasted two hundred years, collapsed at last almost without a struggle. A terrible doom fell upon it and its adherents. The order was sent forth that the Ismaelites were to be exterminated, not even the infant at the breast was to be spared. Rokneddin himself was murdered on the banks of the Oxus, his wives, children, sisters, and slaves were massacred in the province of Kasveen. Twelve thousand Ismaeliens were slaughtered in one spot by the Governor of Khorasan. Parties of Mongol soldiers were despatched through all the provinces wherein the *dais* had proselytised successfully, to extirpate the Assassin out of the land. Numbers of innocent beings, men and women, must have been involved in one common fate with the guilty. The whole race of Kia Buzurgomid, in whose descendants the dignity of Grand Master had become hereditary, were put to the sword, and nothing now intervened between the city of Baghdad and her doom.

Inevitable as death the Mongolian host moved on. The earth and heaven were full of fearful sights and great signs, ominous of coming doom.

Most of all were these apparent in the sacred territory which contained the cities of the Prophet. For an entire month a wondrous flame shone in the sky over against the mountain of Ohod, the dazzling brilliance of which illuminated the recesses of the valleys with an awful splendour. The city of Medina was shaken by an earthquake, and fearful sounds issued from the centre of the earth, never ceasing, night nor day, from Saturday to Monday. In the valley of the Schada, the ground opened and discharged a torrent of flames mixed with stones and burning coals. The brightness was so intense that all the houses in Medina were illuminated within as by a multitude of lamps, and the light was seen as far as Mecca. The terror-stricken people commenced to free their slaves, to distribute alms, and crowding round the tomb of the Prophet implored him to intercede for them at the throne of God. Famine desolated Syria. An astonishing flood covered the province of Irak, and the waters did not subside for fifty days. Baghdad was submerged, so that in many parts of the city even the upper stories were under water, and one-half of Irak remained uncultivated. The very powers of nature, as at all great crises of this world's history, appeared by their unusual agitation to experience a kindred feeling with the sufferings of humanity. It was in truth a time of terror and perplexity, men's hearts



failing them for fear and for looking after those things that were coming upon the earth. More than six hundred years had gone by since the first Arabian Caliphs had led their warriors into Syria. As the Jews of old time, the believers in the One God had overthrown fenced cities and destroyed mighty armies. Like them they had enjoyed their period of probation, their time of earthly splendour, and like them, they had at length been weighed in the balance and found wanting. They had wrought no deliverance upon the earth, and the decree had gone forth that there was for them no longer either the time or the place for repentance.

The inhabitants of Baghdad in the meantime could think of no better way of preparing for the advent of the Mongols than by quarrelling among themselves. The city was divided into two factions, the Shias, who had suddenly acquired a more than usual degree of influence from the accident of the Vizier Muwaid Ibn Alkami having secretly espoused their tenets, and the orthodox party, headed by a young Secretary, Mudjahid-eddin Aibek. There were daily fights in the streets, and of course all sorts of bad characters took advantage of the disorders to render life and property utterly insecure. The anarchy in Baghdad went on from bad to worse, both leaders sought to work upon the fears of the Caliph and gain him as an ally. The Secretary insisted upon the duty incumbent upon the Commander of the Faithful to suppress the Shia heresy wherever it showed its head, the Vizier represented his rival as a secret conspirator against the life of the Caliph. The Commander of the Faithful was not easily roused to action. In the seclusion of his harem, surrounded by seven hundred wives, and attended by one thousand eunuchs—never but for one day in the year coming in contact with the world outside of his palace walls, the clamour of the faction fights in the streets of Baghdad sounded faint and distant like voices in a dream.

The walls of his palace enclosed not merely the world of his thoughts, they contained the only world he knew at all. With absolute power over the lives of all who came in contact with him, with every whim supplied the moment it was expressed, knowing nothing of men except from the obsequious slaves that thronged around him, the object of the adoration and awe of millions of hearts, the Caliphs passed their lives in a species of fantastic dream. They became gods in their own estimation, and the passions and turmoil of humanity fell upon their eyes 'like a tale of little meaning, though the words be strong'. The mind of Motassem—the last of the Abbasides—had, so to speak, completely lost its apprehension

of the realities of the world, and it was an almost impossible task to bring them home to him. At length, however, he caused a letter to be written, declaring the Secretary to be a most loyal and excellent servant of the State, and all who thought otherwise to be liars and calumniators, he caused him to be clothed in a robe of honour, and his name to be inserted in the public prayer immediately after his own. The disappointed Vizier vowed vengeance. Baghdad might be destroyed, the people might fall victims to the swords of the Mongols—what cared he? Vengeance on the Caliph and on his insolent favourite the Secretary he was resolved to have, be the consequences what they might. He at once placed himself in secret communication with Houlagou, urging him to advance upon Baghdad, and promising to do his utmost to deliver the city into his hands. He then persuaded the infatuated Caliph to disband a great portion of the standing army, in order to save their pay and preserve his treasure, he pointed out to the Caliph that as the Lieutenant of the Prophet he was in a special sense under the Divine protection, and needed not as ordinary mortals to trust to the arm of flesh, he recalled to his mind that all the great Asiatic conquerors had bowed in homage before the spiritual Lord of Islam, and that beyond a doubt Houlagou the Mongol would be as Mahmoud of Ghuznee, and Togrul Beg the Seljuk. In the meanwhile an embassy had arrived from Houlagou. 'Probably,' he wrote, 'you have heard by universal rumour of the punishments which the Mongolian armies have inflicted upon the people of this country, the humiliation and destruction which have overtaken the kings of the East, thanks to the aid of the eternal God. The gates of Baghdad have never been closed against any of these sovereigns, who have, one and all, established their dominion there. How then can they remain closed against us who have done such things?' He went on to warn the Caliph to learn wisdom while there was yet time. If he surrendered, all would be well with him, but if not—'I will in my just anger conduct my troops to Baghdad and not leave a living soul in your country. Your towns, your lands, and your province shall be wasted with flame.' The Caliph returned a haughty reply. He reproached Houlagou for the arrogance which assumed that he was master of the world's destinies, because he had enjoyed a brief period of success. He supposed that Houlagou was unaware that a vast host of believers from the rising to the setting sun were obedient, as slaves, to the mandates of the Caliph—that these would at a word gather around him in invincible strength—that having destroyed the insolent

invader who had presumed to enter Iran, it was his intention to march into Turan and put down the upstarts who had usurped dominion there. But, the Caliph added, he was not greedy of blood-shedding, and if Houlagou retired quietly out of Khorasan, the past should be forgotten and forgiven. Houlagou shook with rage when this message was communicated to him. He sent word to the Caliph that he was in full march upon Baghdad with an army innumerable as ants, and that he (the Caliph) had nothing now but fierce battles to look for.

Great was the consternation in Baghdad when this message was received, but the Caliph, confident of a Divine interposition in his favour, could be roused to no other measure of defence than an embassy to Houlagou, threatening him with the wrath of God if he persisted in his impious attempt against the house of Abbas. The Mongol host, meanwhile, moved steadily forward, as they approached the devoted city they threw off to right and left two large detachments to encircle and complete its investment on the further side. Houlagou retained command of the main body and advanced direct upon Baghdad by way of Kermanshah and Hulwan. At Dinawer he was met by another embassy from the Caliph offering to pay a yearly tribute if Houlagou would stay his advance. This proposal was rejected. On the 9th Mohurrum A. H. 656, the advanced guard of Houlagou's army came in contact with the Baghdad troops, who drove them back after a smart skirmish. The next day, however, the main body having come up, a second battle was fought, and the Muhammadan troops, utterly beaten, fled in confusion to Baghdad. By the 11th day of Mohurrum, the three armies advancing from three sides completely invested the doomed city. About this time the three presidents of the descendants of Ali, who resided at Helle, not far from the ruins of Babylon, sent a letter to Houlagou, tendering their submission, and complaining bitterly of the trials and persecution they had endured at the hands of the Abbasides. They added that they now hoped for relief, because from a tradition preserved by Ali, the ever victorious Lion of God, they knew that the fall of Baghdad was at hand. Houlagou was greatly pleased at the intelligence of this prophecy, and sent a detachment of his army to take possession of the district and preserve the inhabitants from violence.

The siege, in the meanwhile, had been pressed with relentless vigour. On every spot of commanding ground without the city projectile engines were planted, which threw masses

of rock and flaming naphtha Houlagou had brought with him a corps of Chinese fire-work makers, who were specially skilled in the construction and management of these engines. For six days the walls were battered without ceasing, and the city set on fire in various places. Attempts too were made to divide the inhabitants among themselves. Missives were shot into the city, declaring that the adherents of Ali had nothing to fear. On Friday, 25th Mohurram, the Persian tower crumbled into pieces, on the following Monday the Mongols stormed the breach. On the same night the defences on the eastern sides were carried by assault. Boats were then collected to form a floating bridge across the Tigris, and ten thousand men were stationed on the roads leading to Medam and Basrah to capture any of the inhabitants who sought to escape. Embassy after embassy was now despatched by the terrified Caliph to implore the clemency of the Mongol chief, but they returned without effecting anything. At last the Caliph sent his eldest son, and Houlagou so far relented as to send officers to negotiate with the Caliph. Active operations were for a while suspended. But the negotiations were still incomplete, when a chance arrow slightly wounded Houlagou himself. Mad with rage, he determined that the whole city should suffer a fearful retribution for the injury done to himself. He ordered a renegade Muhammadan to proceed to the principal gate of the city, and proclaim that all who came forth, and surrendered themselves to Houlagou, would receive pardon and mercy. The inhabitants pressed out by thousands.

They were divided into parties of ten, and hacked to pieces by the Mongol soldiery. The Secretary Mudjahid Eddin perished in this massacre, and Suleiman Shah, the chief general of the Muhammadan army, together with seven hundred of his relatives. The Caliph in despair turned to the treacherous Ibn Alkam for counsel and assistance. 'Nothing,' replied the Vizier, 'can be done now, the sword is sharpened, and already poised in air for the fatal stroke.' At last the Caliph, desperate of any other chance of saving his life, determined to throw himself on the mercy of the conqueror. On the 4th of the month Safar A. H. 656 he came forth from the beleaguered city, attended by his brother and two sons, and a train of three thousand of the principal men of Baghdad—the Syuds, Khatibs, Kazees, and principal Ministers of State. Houlagou received the fallen monarch with an appearance of kindness, asking him only to proclaim to the armed inhabitants of the city that they should throw aside their weapons and assemble before the gates in order that a general census might be taken. The order was

given and obeyed, the Muhammadan soldiery crowded into the Mongol camps, and were ruthlessly massacred. The city now lay naked and defenceless, and the savage Mongol might revel in the fierce delight of blood-shedding in absolute security. The investment round the city precluded the possibility of escape. By the orders of Houlagou the ditches were filled up, and the outer walls thrown down, and then from every side the Mongols were permitted to pour in. The inhabitants were devoted to the sword, the city to pillage and to fire. On Saturday the 7th of Safar the work commenced. The city was gradually consumed by flame, the streets run with blood, the libraries of the learned were either flung into the fire or the waters of the Tigris, and so great a quantity of Persian and Chinese gold tissues, Arab horses, Egyptian mules, Greek and Abyssinian slaves of both sexes, gold, silver, and precious stones was found, that the private soldier became richer than even the chiefs of the army had been before.

A tent in the meanwhile had been pitched for the accommodation of the Caliph and his sons. The pillage and massacre had gone on for two days, but the advancing tide of destruction had not yet reached the vast and magnificent structure where the Commanders of the Faithful had lived and reigned. On the 9th of Safar, Houlagou entered and took up his abode there. He made a great feast for a thousand of his lords. The Caliph was brought before them. 'It is you,' said the Mongol with mock politeness, 'who ought to receive us, for we are your guests. Come and let us see what worthy thing you have to give us.' The Caliph broke open his treasure chests, and displayed two thousand suits of clothes, ten thousand pieces of gold, and an immense number of jewels and precious stones. Houlagou Khan flung them contemptuously to his officers. 'These,' he said, 'any one may find and rob you of. But where are your hid treasures?' Then, under the directions of the Caliph, they dug beneath the floor of the great State-room of the palace, presently they came upon a huge cistern filled to the brim with ingots of gold. Houlagou had plates filled with this gold and placed before Motassem instead of food, and on the Caliph's observing that gold was not food, the Mongol replied, 'Because it is not food, and cannot preserve life, why didst thou not give it to thine army to defend thee, or to mine to pacify them?' The next evening Houlagou returned to his camp. 'The riches,' says the Persian panegyrist of this monster, 'that the Caliphs had amassed during five hundred years, were heaped up like mountains round the tent of the prince.' Then the work of destruction recommenced. Done

and minaret, palace and tower, came crashing down as the advancing flames licked up supporting beam and rafter. The mosque and palace of the Caliphs, the musjid of Mousa Djewad, the tombs wherein reposed the mortal remains of the Heads of Islam—in a word all the great buildings of the city were utterly consumed. The streets became a shapeless wilderness of ruins, nothing escaped except a few sheds belonging to some cowherds. The work of slaughter kept pace with that of conflagration, the river, according to the expression of the Persian historian, flowed as red as the Nile when Moses, by a miracle, changed its waters into blood. The stench of the dead bodies became so frightful that even the callous sensibilities of Houlagou Khan were unable to endure it. He left the vicinity of the wasted city, and established his residence at the villages of Wakf and Djelabieh. There, on the 14th Safar A.H. 653, the Caliph, his sons, and five eunuchs who had never quitted their master, were put to death. 'On the morrow,' continues the historian Rasid-eddin, 'all those who had accompanied the Caliph when he left the city by the gate of Kalwaza also received the crown of martyrdom. They slaughtered without pity all they could find out, of the house of Abbas, there escaped only a few who were held of no account'—*The Sect of the Assassins*

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### *A Great Famine in Bengal*

In the cold weather of 1769, Bengal was visited by a famine whose ravages two generations failed to repair. English historians, treating of Indian history as a series of struggles about the Company's charter, enlivened with startling military exploits, have naturally little to say regarding an occurrence which involved neither a battle nor a parliamentary debate. Mill, with all his accuracy and minuteness, can spare barely five lines for the subject, and the recent Famine Commissioners confess themselves unable to fill in the details. But the disaster which from this distance floats as a faint speck on the horizon of our rule, stands out in the contemporary records in appalling proportions. It forms, indeed, the key to the history of Bengal during the succeeding forty years, it places in a new light

those broad tracks of desolation which the English conquerors found everywhere throughout the Lower Valley, it unfolds the sufferings entailed on an ancient rural society, by being suddenly placed in a position in which its immemorial forms and usages could no longer apply, and then it explains how, out of the disorganised and fragmentary elements, a new order of things was evolved

Lower Bengal has three harvests each year—a scanty pulse crop in spring, a more important rice crop in autumn, and the great rice crop, the harvest of the year, in December. In the early part of 1769, high prices had ruled, owing to the partial failure of the crops in 1768, but the scarcity had not been so severe as materially to affect the Government rental. In spite of the complaints and forebodings of local officers, the authorities at head-quarters reported that the land-tax had been rigorously enforced, and the rains of 1769, although deficient in the northern districts, seemed for a time to promise relief. In the Delta they had been so abundant as to cause temporary loss from inundation, and during the succeeding year of general famine, the whole south-east of Bengal uttered no complaint. The September harvest, indeed, was sufficient to enable the Bengal Council to promise grain to Madras on a large scale, notwithstanding the high prices. But in that month the periodical rains prematurely ceased, and the crop which depended on them for existence withered. 'The fields of rice,' wrote the native superintendent of Bishenpore at a later period, 'are become like fields of dried straw.' Calamitous predictions, however, were at that time so common on the part of local officials that the Governor declined to transmit the alarm. The only serious intimation of the approaching famine to the Court of Directors in 1769 is not signed by the President, Mr. Verelst, but by Mr. John Cartier, the second in Council, who was to succeed him. The Government had deemed it necessary to lay in a supply for the troops,—a piece of foresight at that period common when a harvest was either very abundant or very scanty, and one which Mr. Cartier wholly failed to carry out in the present instance.

On the 24th of December, after the last harvest of the year had been gathered in, Mr. Verelst laid down his office, without having conveyed to his masters a single intimation of the true nature of the impending famine.

On the same day Mr. Cartier took over charge of the province, but he seems to have intimated to his masters no further anxiety until late in January 1770. In the fourth week of that month he writes that one district was suffering so severely that some

slight remission of the land-tax would have to be made, but ten days afterwards he informs the Court that, although the distress was undoubtedly very great, the Council had not 'yet found any failure in the revenue or stated payments'

New hopes had also arisen, for the spring crop now covered the fields and promised a speedy, although a scanty, relief. It was ascertained, moreover, that both banks of the Ganges, in the north of the province, had yielded an abundant barley and wheat harvest. The people suffered intensely—how intensely, it seems to have been as difficult then as now for the Central Government to ascertain until too late, and, notwithstanding alarming reports from the districts, up to the middle of February the Council believed the question to be chiefly one of revenue. The utmost that could be expected from Government, it wrote, would be a lenient policy towards the husbandman whom a bad harvest had disabled from paying the usual land-tax. It was common at that period to make temporary remissions and advances whenever a harvest proved deficient, but during 1769-70, although such indulgences were constantly proposed, they were not, except in a very few isolated instances, granted. Various charitable schemes were proposed, but no other relief measures at this period are specified in the letters home, and the local efforts, as will be afterwards seen, were on a sadly inadequate scale. In April a scanty spring harvest was gathered in, and the Council, acting upon the advice of its Mussulman Minister of Finance, added ten per cent to the land-tax for the ensuing year.

But the distress continued to increase at a rate that baffled official calculation. The marvellous and infinitely pathetic silence under suffering which characterizes the Bengal at length was broken, and in the second week of May the Central Government awoke to find itself in the midst of universal and irremediable starvation. 'The mortality, the beggary,' they then wrote, 'exceed all description. Above one-third of the inhabitants have perished in the once plentiful province of Purneah, and in other parts the misery is equal.'

The inability of the Government to appreciate the true character of the calamity is rendered more remarkable by the circumstance, that at that period the local administration continued in the hands of the former native officers. A Mussulman Minister of State regulated the whole internal Government, native revenue farmers covered the province, prying into every barn, and shrewdly calculating the crop on every field, native judges retained their seats in the rural courts, and native officers still discharged the whole functions of the police. These



men knew the country, its capabilities, its average yield, and its average requirements, with an accuracy that the most painstaking English official can seldom hope to attain to. They had a strong interest in representing things to be worse than they were, for the more intense the scarcity the greater the merit in collecting the land-tax. Every consultation is filled with their apprehensions and highly-coloured accounts of the public distress, but it does not appear that the conviction entered the minds of the Council during the previous winter months, that the question was not so much one of revenue as of depopulation. This misconception, strange as it may appear, is susceptible of explanation. From the first appearance of Lower Bengal in history, its inhabitants have been reticent, self-contained, distrustful of foreign observation, in a degree without parallel among other equally civilised nations. The cause of this taciturnity will afterwards be clearly explained, but no one who is acquainted either with the past experiences or the present condition of the people can be ignorant of its results. Local officials may write alarming reports, but their apprehensions seem to be contradicted by the apparent quiet that prevails. Outward palpable proofs of suffering are often wholly wanting, and even when, as in 1770, such proofs abound, there is generally no lack of evidence on the other side. The Bengali bears existence with a composure that neither accident nor chance can ruffle. He becomes silently rich or uncomplainingly poor. The emotional part of his nature is in strict subjection, his resentment enduring, but unspoken, his gratitude of the sort that silently descends from generation to generation. The passion for privacy reaches its climax in the domestic relations. An outer apartment, in even the humblest households, is set apart for strangers and the transaction of business, but everything behind it is a mystery. The most intimate friend does not venture to make those commonplace kindly inquiries about a neighbour's wife or daughter, which European courtesy demands from mere acquaintances. This family privacy is maintained at any price. During the famine of 1866, it was found impossible to render public charity available to the female members of the respectable classes, and many a rural household starved slowly to death without uttering a complaint or making a sign.

All through the stifling summer of 1770, the people went on dying. The husbandmen sold their cattle, they sold their implements of agriculture, they devoured their seed grain, they sold their sons and daughters, till at length no buyer of children could be found, they ate the leaves of trees and the

grass of the fields, and in June 1770, the Resident at the Durbar affirmed that the living were feeding on the dead. Day and night a torrent of famished and disease-stricken wretches poured into the great cities. At an early period of the year pestilence had broken out. In March we find small-pox at Moorsshedabad, where it glided through the Viceregal mutes, and cut off the Prince Syfut in his palace. The streets were blocked up with promiscuous heaps of the dying and dead. Interment could not do its work quick enough, even the dogs and jackals, the public scavengers of the East, became unable to accomplish their revolting work, and the multitude of mangled and festering corpses at length threatened the existence of the citizens.

At the beginning of the famine, a young civilian landed in Calcutta, who was destined to reach the highest post that a British subject can aspire to in the East. John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, was a man of singular honesty, and one who held in especial disdain the art of colouring or exaggerating. The scenes of 1770 left an impression on his mind that neither an eventful career nor an unusually prolonged period of active life could efface. When in high office he always displayed a peculiar sensitiveness with regard to the premonitory signs of scarcity, and elaborated a system by which he hoped to avert famine. His most historical act was prompted by the effects of the depopulation occasioned by the calamity we are describing, and nearly forty years afterwards, when many of the later incidents of Eastern service had passed from his remembrance, his undying recollection of the horrors of 1770 found expression in verse. It is to be regretted that the only non-official description we possess by an eye-witness is a metrical one, but it should be remembered that John Shore's poetry adheres as closely to the facts as many men's prose —

Still fresh in Memory's eye the scene I view,  
The shrivelled limbs, sunk eyes, and lifeless hue,  
Still hear the mother's shrieks and infant's moans,  
Cries of despair and agonising groans  
In wild confusion dead and dying lie, —  
Hark to the jackal's yell and vulture's cry,  
The dog's fell howl, as midst the glare of day  
They riot unmolested on their prey !  
Dire scenes of horror, which no pen can trace,  
Nor rolling years from memory's page efface

Christian humanity and enlightened government have rendered modern statesmen ignorant of the meaning of the words

pestilence and famine in their ancient sense. The recent calamity in Bengal has indeed given us a hint as to what the latter term might come to mean, but even the local officers who saw it at the worst will hardly be prepared for the effects of a famine under the old régime. Lest any one should be tempted to consider Shore's verses coloured, or my own pages strained, I copy a description, faithfully drawn from the Mussulman writers, of the calamity that befell Gour several centuries before. As the famine of 1770 stands an appalling spectre on the threshold of British rule in India, so the year in which Bengal was incorporated into the Mogul Empire is marked by a disaster from which the Hindu metropolis never recovered. 'Thousands died daily,' writes the historian of Bengal. 'The living, wearied with burying the dead, threw their bodies into the river. Thus created a stench which only increased the disease. The governor was carried off by the plague. The city was at once depopulated, and from that day to this it has been abandoned. At the time of its destruction it had existed two thousand years. It was the most magnificent city in India, of immense extent, and filled with noble buildings. It was the capital of a hundred kings, the seat of wealth and luxury. In one year was it humbled to the dust, and now it is the abode only of tigers and monkeys.'

In 1770 the rainy season brought relief, and before the end of September the province reaped an abundant harvest. But the relief came too late to avert depopulation. Starving and shelterless crowds crawled despairingly from one deserted village to another, in a vain search for food, or a resting place in which to hide themselves from the rain. The endemics incident to the season were thus spread over the whole country, and until the close of the year disease continued so prevalent as to form a subject of communication from the Government in Bengal to the Court of Directors. Millions of famished wretches died in the struggle to live through the few intervening weeks that separated them from the harvest, their last gaze being probably fixed on the densely covered fields that would ripen only a little too late for them. 'It is scarcely possible,' write the Council at the beginning of the September reaping, 'that any description could be an exaggeration.'

Three months later another bountiful harvest, the great rice crop of the year, was gathered in. Abundance returned to Bengal as suddenly as famine had swooped down upon it, and in reading some of the manuscript records of December, it is difficult to realise that the scenes of the preceding ten months have not been hideous phantasmagoria or a long troubled dream.

On Christmas Eve the Council in Calcutta wrote home to the Court of Directors that the scarcity had entirely ceased, and, incredible as it may seem, that unusual plenty had returned 'There is already,' they added, 'a great quantity of grain in this place, and a prospect of much more abundance in a short time' So generous had been the harvest, that the Government proposed at once to lay in its military stores for the ensuing year, and expected to obtain them 'at a very cheap rate'

The season of scarcity was indeed past In 1771 the harvests again proved plentiful, in 1772 they were so superabundant that the land revenue could not be realised in consequence of the excessively low price of grain, and in 1773, notwithstanding a temporary apprehension for the crops in the northern districts, the earth again yielded unwonted increase, and exportation went on briskly to less favoured provinces

The famine of 1770 was therefore a one year's famine, caused by the general failure of the December harvest in 1769, and intensified by a partial failure of the crops of the previous year and the following spring In the preceding year, 1768-69, high prices had ruled, but there had been nothing like famine, nor even a deficiency in the crops sufficient to materially affect the rents On the other hand, the one year of scarcity was followed by three years of extraordinary abundance, and nature exerted herself to the utmost to repair the damage she had done

That she failed to do so, the records of the next thirty years mournfully attest Plenty had indeed returned, but it had returned to a silent and deserted province Before the end of May 1770, one-third of the population was officially calculated to have disappeared, in June the deaths were returned 'as six is to sixteen of the whole inhabitants,' and it was estimated that 'one-half of the cultivators and payers of revenue will perish with hunger' During the rains (July to October) the depopulation became so evident that the Government wrote to the Court of Directors in alarm about 'the number of industrious peasants and manufacturers destroyed by the famine' But it was not till cultivation commenced for the following year (1771) that the practical consequences began to be felt It was then discovered that the remnant of the population would not suffice to till the land Packet after packet came home laden with the details of ruin Indeed, whatever may be the subject of a communication to begin with, it seems irresistibly to slide into the great topic of the day, and in one of two letters bearing the same date, and both adverting to the depopulation, the Council plainly avow that there has been 'such a mortality and

desertion among the ryots as to deprive the (revenue) farmers of the possibility of receiving the rents in arrear. Notwithstanding the abundant crops of 1771, the country continued to fall out of tillage, and the Commissioners appointed in 1772 to visit the various districts found the finest part of the province 'desolated by famine,' 'the lands abandoned, and the revenue falling to decay.' Two years after the dearth, Warren Hastings wrote an elaborate report on the state of Bengal. He had made a progress through a large portion of the country, instituting the most searching inquiries by the way, and he deliberately states the loss as 'at least one-third of the inhabitants.' This estimate has been accepted by all official and by the most accurate non-official writers. It represents an aggregate of individual suffering which no European nation has been called upon to contemplate within historic times. Twenty years after the famine the remaining population was estimated at from twenty-four to thirty millions, and we cannot help arriving at the conclusion that the failure of a single crop, following a year of scarcity, had within nine months swept away ten millions of human beings — *The Annals of Rural Bengal*.

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## J TALBOYS WHEELER.

A LIVING ANGLO-INDIAN AUTHOR.

### *The Rajasúya of Yudhishthira.*

Now, when all things had been made ready for the Rajasúya all the Rajas came to the place of sacrifice, bringing much wealth with them, and those who were friends to Raja Yudhishthira brought great presents, and those who had been conquered brought much tribute. And all the kinsmen of the Pandavas came in like manner to the Rajasúya. Duryodhana and all the Kauravas were there, together with the Mahárāja, and Bhíshma, and Drona, and Drupada the father of Draupadí, and Sisupála, the Raja of Chedi, and Krishna, and his brother Balaráma, and his father Vasudeva. And all the Rajas of the middle country, and all the Rajas of the south country, came in like manner to the Rajasúya, and altogether there were so many Rajas that their names cannot be recounted.

And every Raja had a lodging or pavilion of his own, in which provisions of every variety were served up in great

abundance And these pavilions were all very lofty, and of a pure white colour, inlaid with gold, and round about each pavilion were very many beautiful trees, and round about the trees was a lofty wall covered with garlands of flowers And the windows in those pavilions were made of golden network, and the doors to the rooms were made of solid gold, and the walls of the rooms were made of gold and silver And all the rooms were laid with rich carpets, and decorated with furniture fitted for a Raja, and perfumed with sandal-wood and incense And the stairs leading to the upper rooms were so made that no man found it difficult to go up or down And the moment a man entered one of these rooms he was sure to be refreshed, were he ever so weary And the Rajas beheld the sacrifice while they were seated in those rooms

And Raja Yudhishtira commanded that all the Bráhmans and Kshatriyas, and all the respectable Vaisyas and Súdras, should be invited to attend the Rajasúya And all the Rajas came and took up their abode in the pavilions, and all the Bráhmans who were to assist at the sacrifice came in like manner, and were entertained as splendidly as the Rajas And all the four castes came as they had been invited And the whole city of Indra-prastha resounded with the chaunting of Vedic hymns, and 'Take and eat' were the only words that could be heard

Meanwhile the place of sacrifice was made ready, and it was surrounded on all sides by the pavilions of the Rajas and the Bráhmans, and by very many storehouses and treasures, and it surpassed in richness and beauty every place of sacrifice which had ever been seen before And the sage Vyása was chief of the sacrifice, and appointed everything that was to be done, and he brought some very learned sages to attend the great ceremony And Sasarman was appointed to be Udgátri, or chief chaunter of the Vedic hymns And Dhaumya and Yajna-valkya were the Hotris, who cooked the sacrifice, and offered it to the gods, and their sons and pupils were the Brithis, or assistant Hotris, who chaunted the mantras whilst the sacrifice was being presented to the fire Then Raja Yudhishtira, bowing down to his uncle Dhritarashtra, asked the permission of Bhíshma, Drona, Duryodhana, and the rest, that he might begin the ceremony, saying — 'You have full control over my property and Raj, so do what is best for me all of you must assist me in this undertaking, and each one must accept a separate charge' Then Bhíshma and Drona directed the feast, and gave their counsel as to what was to be done and what was to be omitted Duryodhana was made the general

superintendent in giving and receiving presents Duhsāsana superintended the distribution of the food, and Sahadeva took charge of all the choicer provisions, and two of the most faithful servants of Arjuna distributed the rice, the butter, the sugar, the milk, and the sandal-wood Aswatthāma, the son of Drona, and Sanjaya, the minister and charioteer of Dritarāshtra, waited upon the Brāhmans, Kripa gave the gifts to the Brāhmans, and Krishna was appointed to wash the feet of the Brāhmans, and the gifts that were given to the Brāhmans were beyond all computation — *The Mahābhārata*

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### *The City of Ayodhyā.*

THE story of the Rāmāyana opens at the famous city of Ayodhyā, the modern Oude, which is situated upon the river Sarayū, the modern Gogra, about three hundred and fifty miles to the south-east of the great city of Delhi. In the present day the city of Ayodhyā has disappeared, and little is to be seen of the ancient site beyond a shapeless heap of ruins, a mass of rubbish and jungle, which stretches along the southern bank of the Gogra river. But in olden time this city was one of the largest and most magnificent in Hindūstan, and its memory is still preserved in every quarter of the Indian peninsula. Its geographical position is highly significant of the progress of Aryan invasion between two great epochs, namely, that of the war of Bhārata and that of the birth of Rāma. In the Mahā Bhārata the Aryans had apparently advanced no further towards the south-east than the neighbourhood of Delhi, but in the Rāmāyana they seem to have established a large and substantial Raj in the very centre of Hindūstan, and to have founded a metropolis which must ever be famous in the ancient history of India.

The Raj thus indicated was known as the Raj of Kosala. Its boundaries cannot be strictly defined, but it evidently covered a considerable area. In one direction it certainly stretched from the banks of the Gogra to those of the Ganges, for there is distinct mention of a frontier town which was seated on the Ganges, and which separated the territory of Kosala from the country of the Bhils. The early history of the Raj of Kosala is, however, almost a blank. The Rajas claimed to be descendants of the Sun, in the same way that the Rajas of Bhārata claimed to be descended from the Moon; and the Brāhmans improved the genealogy by representing the Sun to have sprung from a Rishi named Kāsyapa, who in

his turn was the grandson of Brahma. Thus while the Rajas of Kosala retained their ancient claim of being descendants of the Sūn, an attempt was made in the national epic to represent them as children of the peculiar deity of the Bráhmans. But scarcely a trace of an authentic family tradition is to be found in the Rámáyana earlier than Dasaratha, the father of Ráma, and in this respect the story of Ráma differs somewhat widely from that of the Kauravas and Pándavas. The poem commences with a glowing description of the Raj of Kosala, the city and people of Ayodhyá, and the virtues and accomplishments of the reigning Maharaja, the mighty Dasaratha, and this description may now be presented almost exactly as it stands in the original Sanskrit, with all those Brahmanical exaggerations of ancient Hindú glory and caste distinction, which could scarcely have had any existence excepting in the profuse imagination of a Brahmanical bard —

In ancient times there was a great country named Kosala, and that country was happy and joyous, and abounded in cattle, and grain, and riches. And in that country, on the banks of the river Sarayú, was a famous city named Ayodhyá, and there all the houses were large and beautifully arranged, and the streets were always watered, and there were very many temples richly decorated, and stately palaces with domes like the tops of mountains, with pleasant gardens full of birds and flowers, and shaded groves of trees loaded with delicious fruits, and above all there were the sacred and resplendent chariots of the gods. And the tanks in that city were magnificent beyond all description, and covered with the white lotos, and the bees thrusted for the honey, and the wind drove the white lotoses from the bees, as modesty drives away the coy bride from her husband. And the ducks and the geese swam upon the surface of the tanks, or dived under the clear waters, and the brilliant kingfishers were wroth as they beheld their own reflection in the bright wave, and under pretence of catching the fish they beat the water with their wings. And the plantain trees round the tanks were bending with the weight of the fruit, like reverential pupils bowing at the feet of their preceptors. The whole city was adorned with gems, so that it resembled a mine of jewels, and it was like unto Amarávati, the city of Indra. It was perfumed with flowers and incense, and decked out with gorgeous banners, and it was ever filled with the sweet sound of music, the sharp twanging of bows, and the holy chaunting of Vedic hymns. The city was encompassed round about with very lofty walls, which were set in with variously coloured jewels, and all



round the walls was a moat filled with water deep and impassable, and the city gates were strongly barred, and the porticoes of the gates and the towers on the walls were filled with archers, and stored with weapons of every description. Every quarter of the city was guarded by mighty heroes, who were as strong as the eight gods who rule the eight points of the universe, and as vigilant as the many-headed serpents who watch at the entrance of the regions below

The city of Ayodhyá was full of people, and every one was healthy and happy, and every one was well fed upon the best of rice, and every merchant in that city had storehouses filled with jewels from every quarter of the earth. The Bráhmans constantly kept alive the sacrificial fire, and were deeply read in the Vedas and Vedángas, and were endowed with every excellent quality, they were profusely generous, and were filled with truth, zeal, and compassion, equal to the great sages, and their minds and passions were under perfect control. All these Bráhman sages had three classes of disciples: first, the youths who served them as servants serve their masters, then the students who were receiving instruction, and then the Brahmacháris, who maintained themselves and then preceptors by collecting alms. Next to the Bráhmans were the Kshatriyas, who were all warriors, and were constantly exercised in the practice of arms in the presence of the Mahárája. After these were the Vaisyas, or merchants, who sold goods of every description, and who came from every corner of the earth. Last of all were the Súdras, who were ever engaged in devotion to the gods, and in the service of the Bráhmans. Besides these there were jewellers and artificers, singing men and dancing women, charioteers and footmen, potters and smiths, painters and oilmen, sellers of flowers and sellers of betelnut. In all that city of well-fed and happy people, no man was without learning, or practised a calling that did not belong to his family or caste, or dwelt in a mean habitation, or was without kinsmen. There were no misers, nor liars, nor thieves, nor tale-bearers, nor swindlers, nor boasters, none that were arrogant, malevolent, mean, or who lived at another's expense, and no man who had not abundance of children, or who lived less than a thousand years. The men fixed their affections upon their wives only, the women were chaste and obedient to their husbands, and all were patient and faithful in the discharge of their several duties. No one was without a marriage crown, or earrings, or a necklace, or jewels for the hands. No one was poor, or wore tarnished ornaments, and no one was without fine raiment and perfumes,

or was unclean, or fed on unclean things, or neglected the sacrifice, or gave less than a thousand rupees to the Bráhmans. All the women in Ayodhya were extremely beautiful, and endowed with wit, sweetness, prudence, industry, and every good quality, and their ornaments were always bright and shining, and their apparel was always clean and without a stain. In all Ayodhyá there was not a man or woman who was unfortunate, or foolish, or wretched, or uneasy, or diseased, or afflicted with fear, or disloyal to the Mahárajá. All were devoted to truth, practised hospitality, and paid due honour to their superiors, their ancestors, and the gods. All the four castes—the Bráhmans, the Kshatriyas, the Vaisyas, and the Súdras—were devoted to the Mahárajá. No caste intermarried with any other caste, and there were no Chandálas in all the city, either by birth or as a punishment for crime.

In the midst of that great city was the magnificent and resplendent palace of the Mahárajá, encompassed by walls, which were so high that the birds could not fly over them, and so strong that no beast could force its way through them. And there were two gates in the palace walls, one on each side, and over the gateways the music of the mohobat was playing at every quarter of the day and night, and within the walls and round about the palace were many temples to the gods, and hundreds of treasures filled with treasure. In the midst of the palace was the throne of the Mahárajá, set upon pillars, and many other pillars were round about the throne, and all the pillars and the throne were covered with precious stones. And the palace was guarded with thousands of warriors who were as fierce as flames of fire, and as watchful as the lions that guard their dens in the mountains.

In this palace reigned the mighty Dasaratha, the Mahárajá of the country of Kosala, and of the city of Ayodhyá, and he was the son of Aja and descendant of Ikshváku. And Dasaratha was very wise in the Vedas and Vedángas, and had great foresight and ability, and was beloved by all his people. He was a perfect charoteer, a royal sage, famous throughout the three worlds, the conqueror of his enemies, ever loving justice, and having a perfect command over all his passions. In riches and magnificence he was equal to Indra, and he protected his subjects like another Manu. In supplying the wants and necessities of the people, he proved himself to be their true father, rather than the real father who only begot them, and he took tribute from his subjects, not for his own use, but to return it to them again with

greater beneficence, as the sun drinks up the salt ocean to return it to the earth as vivifying rain. His Ministers were likewise possessed of every excellence, wise, capable of understanding a nod, and constantly devoted to their beloved Mahārāja. And Dasaratha had eight special Counsellors who were ever engaged upon his affairs, and the chief of all was Sumantra, and his two chosen priests and preceptors were Vasishtha and Vāmadeva. Possessed of such Ministers and priests, Dasaratha ruled the world virtuously, and rendered it very happy. Inspecting the world by his spies, as the sun inspects it by his rays, the great Dasaratha found no person of hostile mind, and he shone resplendent and illuminated the whole earth.

The foregoing description of a city, a people, and a Mahārāja is perhaps without a parallel in the whole range of Brahmanical literature. Ayodhyā is the Hindū ideal of perfection, in which the Kshatriyas and Brāhmans alike performed their respective duties of protection and worship, and the twanging of bows was heard as constantly as the chaunting of Vedic hymns. It was a city of large houses, well-watered streets, decorated temples, stately palaces, pleasant gardens, shady groves, spacious tanks, and impregnable fortifications. A poetical sympathy with external nature is also displayed both here and in other portions of the Rāmāyana, which is singularly illustrative of the dreamy character of the Hindū, and is rendered doubly curious from its occasional subordination to Brahmanical ideas. The Brahmanical conception of marriage involves a display of extreme modesty on the part of a girl wife, and thus the wind that drives away the white lotos from the thirsty bees, is likened to the modesty which drives away a coy bride from her ardent husband. Again, the respect due to Brahmanical instructors is indirectly enforced by the simile that the plantain trees bent with the weight of their fruit, like reverential pupils bowing at the feet of their preceptors. Further on, the three classes of disciples or pupils are distinctly indicated, namely, the youths who acted as servants, the students who received instruction, and the Brahmachāris who collected alms for themselves and their preceptors. The description of the people is equally significant. They possessed every moral and religious virtue, they were learned, well fed upon the best of rice, free from disease, and lived for a thousand years. Every man had abundance of children, jewels, and clean raiment. Above all, every one was so rich and so pious that no one ever gave less than a thousand rupees to the Brāhmans. A great stress is also laid upon caste distinctions.

Every man belonged to a family and caste, no man followed a calling that did not belong to his caste, and no child born of mixed castes was to be found throughout the city. As for the Maháraya, although he subsequently appears in a very different light, he is praised here as possessing every virtue, military and Brahmanical. He was at once famous as a charioteer and as a sage, a mighty warrior and a controller of his passions, endowed with great foresight, and well versed in the Vedas and Vedángas. His court was of course intended as a model for all Hindú Rajas to follow. He had eight chosen Counsellors, of whom his charioteer Sumantra was the chief, and he had two priests, who acted on all occasions as his particular guides and advisers. His palace was magnificent and resplendent, but in describing the walls the Brahmanical bard has indulged in a simile which furnishes a glimpse of the reality. They were so tall that the birds could not fly over them, and so strong that no beast could force its way through them. From this it is evident that the walls could not have been made of brick or stone, for in that case the attempt of a beast to force his way through them would never have entered the mind of the bard. In all probability the palace was surrounded by a hedge, which was sufficiently strong to keep out wild beasts or stray cattle. In other respects, however, the picture is sufficiently imposing. The treasures, which probably contained the land-revenue of rice and other grain, were placed for security within the inclosure, and little temples to the different gods, each perhaps containing a single image before which the worshipper performed his devotions, were set up in the same area. In the middle of the palace was the throne of the Maháraya raised upon pillars, and surrounded by pillars, and both the pillars and throne are said to have been adorned with precious stones.

—*The Rámáyana*

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### *The Childhood of Ráma.*

THE narrative of the Aswamedha of Dasaratha, and subsequent birth of his four sons, is followed by an interesting account of the early years of Ráma, from the days when he lay a helpless infant upon his mother's knee, until the time when his education was completed, and his marriage was contemplated. This account is valuable on two grounds. First it exhibits that love of children and sympathy with childhood which are almost peculiar to Hindú bards, and which find expression, not so much in conceptions of a boy-saint or infant deity, as in

genuine pictures of infants and children drawn from a close observation of real life. Secondly, it exhibits the domestic life of the Hindús in a succession of scenes representing every stage in the progress of the child from infancy to manhood, and Ráma appears in every character with a downright realism which may seem somewhat puerile to men of sterner mould, but which has endeared him to the hearts of Hindú mothers for countless generations. Every scene is perfect. Ráma trying to put his toe into his mouth, Ráma laughing and trotting away when called by his parents; Ráma snatching a morsel out of his father's hand and eating it with a laugh, Ráma pointing out his eyes, nose, mouth, and ears, when called upon by his mother, Ráma crying for the moon, Ráma beginning to say 'pa' and 'ma', Ráma sitting on his father's knee in the Council-hall, Ráma and the other little boys making clay images and worshipping them after the manner of the family Bráhman, Ráma going to school with his brothers and learning his letters, Ráma and his brethren dressed in different coloured frocks, and carrying their satchels and ink bottles, Ráma's progress in grammar, science, and accomplishments, Ráma examined in his proficiency by the Mahárajá in the Council-hall, Ráma playing in mock battles and at being Mahárajá, Ráma invested with the sacred thread, and Ráma perfectly educated and arrived at a marriageable age,—all these are described with a natural simplicity, of which perhaps no parallel can be found in European literature.

The story of Ráma's childhood may now be related as follows —

Now the four infant sons of the Mahárajá were exceedingly beautiful, and the three Ránís took very great delight in nursing their respective children. And Ráma, more than all the others, was a very lovely babe, and as he slept in a white cot he appeared like a blue lotos floating upon the pure water of the Ganges, and sometimes he would lift up his foot and put his toe into his mouth, as if to taste what it was in his toe which drew so much reverence from all who beheld him. When Mahárajá Dasaratha, accompanied by the priest Vasishtha, went to see his infant sons, the priest pointed to Ráma, and said — 'O Mahárajá, I perceive from the marks on Ráma that he is no ordinary child, and I am nearly assured that he is an incarnation of Vishnu. Behold his beautiful colour, like green grass, his fine hair, glossy and curled, his large head and high forehead, his brow radiant with the signs of royalty, his face smiling like the full moon, his large dark eyes, his lips red as the Bimba fruit, his nose

like that of the green parrot, his neck like that of a shell, his long hands and red palms bearing the marks of the chakra, lotos, and circle on the tips of his fingers, his wide breast, his legs resembling plantain trees, his feet red as the rising sun, bearing the marks of the shell, the chakra, the mace, and the lotos. Behold all these, and you will see that he is full of marks belonging to Vishnu.'

When the four little boys were sufficiently grown to be able to run about, they were the delight of their mothers and of the Mahārāja. Sometimes the Mahārāja would call Rāma, and Rāma would turn his back and laugh and run away, and if his mother Kausalyā or his father the Mahārāja ran after him, he would run all the faster, and afterwards would come back to them of his own accord. Sometimes Rāma would snatch a morsel of his father's food, and, going to a distance from him, he would eat it up and laugh at the Mahārāja all the while. Sometimes his mother would ask him to point out his eyes, nose, mouth, ears, or other parts of his body, and he would do so by touching those parts with his forefinger. Sometimes the women of other households would come to the palace and ask Rāma who his mother was, and then he would smile and run to his mother and sit upon her lap. And it so happened that one evening, whilst the Rānī Kausalyā was nursing Rāma in the inner court of the palace, the full moon arose in the east in all its splendour, and Rāma felt a very strong desire to have the beautiful moon to play with as a toy. And he put out both his little hands towards the moon, in order to obtain it, but his mother could not understand what it was that he wanted, and thereupon he tried to beat her. And Kausalyā asked him many times what he wished to have, and he continued to point to the moon, so that at last she came to understand what it was that he wanted, and she then spoke to him in mild terms as follows — 'Do not desire, O my child, to possess the moon, because it is thousands of miles off, and it is not a plaything for children, and no child ever got it if you wish, I will bring you some jewels that are brighter than the moon, and you can play with them.' So saying, she brought some beautiful jewels and placed them before the little boy, but Rāma threw them away in anger, and began to cry until his eyes were red and swollen with weeping. Now by this time a number of women were gathered around him, but no one could console him. One said — 'Perchance he is hungry;' and Kausalyā tried to give him suck, but this he utterly refused to take. Another woman said — 'Perchance he is sleepy,' and she took him in her lap and sung the lullaby,

but she could not quiet him, and he still continued to cry. Then one of the women said — 'The goddess Susti has become unpropitious, and must be propitiated with offerings of curds, plantains, and fried paddy.' Another said — 'A ghost is troubling him, so send for a man who can repeat a mantra and drive the ghost out.' But though all these means were tried, they were all of no effect, and Ráma was still as unpacified as before. So the Rání Kausalyá sent for the Maháraya, and when the Maháraya heard that Ráma was ill, he went to him immediately, and tried his utmost to console the child, but he could do no more than those who had tried before him, and Ráma continued to cry and would not be comforted. Then the Maháraya sent for his chief Counsellor and told him all that had taken place, and when Sumantra heard that Ráma was crying for the moon, he desired those about him to bring a mirror. So a mirror was brought and placed in the hands of Ráma, and when Ráma saw the image of the moon in the mirror, he was fully satisfied, and left off weeping, and was soon as merry as before, and the whole family were at ease.

When Ráma and his brethren had reached their second year, they could not say the words 'peeta' or 'father,' or 'mata' or 'mother,' and therefore they called their parents 'pa' and 'ma.' And if any one asked Ráma what his name was, he would answer 'Ama,' for he could not pronounce the letter 'R.' Sometimes the three mothers would sit together and make their four sons dance in a circle, whilst they clapped their hands. Sometimes the Maháraya would tell Ráma to bring him his sandals, and Ráma would take up the Maháraya's sandals with both his hands, and carry them to his father, to the great delight of all who saw him. At other times the Maháraya would take Ráma into the Council-hall, and keep the little boy on his knee during the Council, and Ráma listened to all that was going on, and as he sat upon his father's knee he appeared as beautiful as a new rain-cloud when seated on the golden mountain of Sumaru. Meantime his mother the Rání would be impatient at his absence, and would send her maid-servant every minute to the Council to bring away Ráma, for a moment's absence from her son appeared like an age in her eyes.

When the sons of Dasaratha were in their third year the Maháraya performed the ceremony of piercing their ears, and the rite was celebrated with great magnificence. After this the brethren began to play with other little boys of their own age. They made images of clay, and offered clay offerings to the images, after the manner that they had seen the priest of

their father offer up sacrifices to the gods in behalf of the household. They would first entreat the images to eat the offerings which they offered, and then when the images did not move they would put the offerings into their mouths, and when the images would not eat the offerings, they were very angry and broke up the images into pieces. Sometimes Rāma would see his own reflection in a crystal pillar, and he would say to his mother Kausalyā — 'A second Rāma has come, so keep him here that I may play with him.' But seeing in like manner the reflection of his own mother, he would say — 'Why have you left me and gone to the other Rāma? Do not take him in your lap.' And with these words he would take hold of her cloth and pull her away.

When Rāma and his brethren were five years of age they commenced their education according to the rule. Vasishtha was appointed to be their preceptor, and he initiated them in their studies in the accustomed form. He first worshipped the divine Saraswati, the goddess of all learning, and afterwards directed the four brethren to make offerings of flowers and leaves of bale fruit to the goddess. He then took a chalk stone, and drew the vowels upon the floor, and directed the boys to run over each letter three times, and when this lesson was over, the Mahārāja gave many rich presents to Vasishtha, and from that time they went every day to the house of Vasishtha to receive his instructions. And the four lads were dressed by their mothers in clothes of different colours, and Rāma was dressed in yellow, Lakshmana in purple, and Bhārata and Satrugna in green and red. And they had hundreds of servants at their command, but still each one carried his ink bottle in his right hand, and over his left shoulder was his satchel containing books, reeds, and white palm leaves. In this manner they went out of the palace every morning, and proceeded with other schoolboys to the house of their preceptor, and sometimes when a boy strayed away from school without the leave of his preceptor, they were commanded by Vasishtha to go out into the street and bring the truant in. And when they knew all the vowels, they were taught all the other letters of the alphabet, and when they knew these also, they began to teach the smaller boys under the direction of Vasishtha. And Rāma never disobeyed his preceptor, nor did aught that would excite his displeasure. And when he had learnt all his letters, he began to read the grammar, and in a short time he learnt eighteen languages, as well as the arts of singing, playing on musical



instruments, dancing, and painting, and every one of the sciences. And at certain times the Mahārāja would send for his sons and examine them in the Council-hall before his Council, and the boys always acquitted themselves to the admiration of all present, and the Ministers and Chieftains expressed their great surprise at the proficiency of the sons of the Mahārāja.

When the four brethren had passed out of their childhood, they were exercised in the use of arms and in military and royal games. At times, having obtained the permission of Vasishtha, they would go out and play at hide-and-seek, or they would form themselves into two parties, and engage in a mock combat, and it was agreed amongst them that the party who was defeated should carry the victor upon his shoulders for a hundred cubits, and when Rāma was defeated he was not excused on account of his being the son of a Mahārāja, but he was obliged to carry his victor like any other boy. Sometimes, however, Rāma would play at being the Mahārāja, and some of his playfellows would be his Ministers, and others his subjects, and some would hold the umbrella of royalty over his head, whilst others fanned him with the chāmara. Then some would bring offenders before him, and submit their complaints for his decision, and Rāma would listen to the whole of the case, and at the end he would deliver his judgment, and would award appropriate punishment to the guilty party.

Thus passed away the lives of Rāma and his brethren, until the time drew nigh when each one was to be invested with the sacred thread. Accordingly then heads were shaved by the barber, and they were clothed in red silk, and they went to the house of their preceptor Vasishtha, and were invested with the sacred string, which was made of the skin of the antelope. Vasishtha then taught them the holy Gayatrī, and throughout that day they became Brahmachārīs according to the ordinance, and each one carried his bag amongst his kinsmen to receive alms. First, Rāma went to his mother Kausalyā, and she gave him the dole of rice, and with it many precious jewels, and in this manner all the brethren went round and received alms and rich gifts from all present, from the subjects of the Mahārāja as well as from the Ministers, Chieftains, and ladies, and all the riches they received they gave to their preceptor Vasishtha.

After the four sons of Dasaratha had been thus invested with the sacred thread, they began to learn the Vedas, and in due time they grew up like four heroes, and were possessed

of every virtue and every accomplishment. They were bright as the moon, skilful in archery, expert in mounting the elephant, the horse, and the chariot, and they were devoted to all the wishes of their parents, and became deeply versed in the Vedas. But Ráma excelled all his brethren, and was as conspicuous amongst them as a flag upon a tower, and whilst all grew up in loving attachment to each other, Lakshmana was the special companion of Ráma, and rejoiced to perform whatever was pleasing to him.

Now it happened one day that Ráma was shooting with a bow that belonged to a companion of his, and he bent the bow with so much strength that it broke in two pieces. And his companion said to him — 'You have strength enough to break my bow, but if you would manifest your full might, you should go to the city of Mithilá and break the great bow of the god Siva, which is preserved in the household of Raja Janaka.' And Ráma answered — 'Tell me the story of the bow.' Then his companion said — 'Janaka, Raja of Mithilá, has a beautiful daughter named Sítá, or the 'white one,' and he has vowed to give her in marriage to that man who can break the great bow which belonged in former times to the god Siva, and which the Raja worships every day with flowers and incense.' And Ráma pondered over these words in his heart, but he said nothing, for the time had not yet come.

The foregoing narrative of the childhood of Ráma is so plain and simple as to require but little comment. The picture of the dark-coloured babe, lying in his white cot like a blue lotos floating upon the pure water of the Ganges, is perhaps somewhat foreign to European ideas accustomed to the pink complexion of Western babies. Moreover, the picture is somewhat marred by the description of the maids from which Vasishtha, the priest, is supposed to have identified the infant as an incarnation of Vishnu. The story of Ráma crying for the moon is peculiarly Hindú. The inability of the mother to console the little boy, and the suggestions of the other women, are precisely the everyday occurrences in the houses of Hindús. When a child of tender years is fractious, and refuses to eat or to sleep, the women immediately begin to propitiate the goddess Sustí, a primitive household deity who finds no place in the Vedas, but who is largely worshipped by the females of Hindústan. If the child still refuses to be comforted, a Bráhman is sent for to exorcise him with mantras. Lastly, if these resources fail, the husband is sent for to bring about a pacification. In the present instance the story turns upon the wisdom of the Chief Counsellor in

sending for a mirror, and satisfying the child with a reflection of the moon. This idea again is essentially Hindú. No one but a Hindú, with his passionate fondness for children, and his traditions of patriarchal life, would conceive the idea of a sovereign sending for his Prime Minister to pacify a fractious child. In like manner the scene in which the little boys make clay images and propitiate them with clay offerings, in the same way that they had seen the family Bráhmaṇ propitiate the household gods, could only take place in an Indian household.—*The Rámáyana*



W. G. PALGRAVE.

BORN 1826, DIED 1888

*A Visit to an Arab's House.*

WE enter. On passing the threshold it is proper to say 'Bismillah,' i.e., 'in the name of God,' not to do so would be looked on as a bad augury alike for him who enters and for those within. The visitor next advances in silence, till, on coming about half-way across the room, he gives to all present, but looking especially at the master of the house, the customary 'Es salamu'aleykum,' or 'Peace be with you,' literally, 'on you.' All this while every one else in the room has kept his place, motionless, and without saying a word. But on receiving the salaam of etiquette, the master of the house rises, and if a strict Wakhābee, or at any rate desirous of seeming such, replies with the full-length traditionary formula, 'W' 'aleykumu-s-salāmu, w'rahmat' Ullāhi w'barakātuh,' which is, as every one knows, 'And with (or, on) you be peace, and the mercy of God, and his blessings.' But should he happen to be of anti-Wakhābee tendencies, the odds are that he will say 'Marhaba,' or 'Ahlan w' sahlan,' i.e., 'welcome,' or 'worthy, and pleasurable,' or the like, for of such phrases there is an infinite but elegant variety. All present follow the example thus given, by rising and saluting. The guest then goes up to the master of the house, who has also made a step or two forwards, and places his open hand in the palm of his host's, but without grasping or shaking, which would hardly pass for decorous, and at the same time each repeats once more his greeting, followed by the set phrases of polite enquiry, 'How are you?' 'How

goes the world with you?' and so forth, all in a tone of great interest, and to be gone over three or four times, till one or other has the discretion to say 'El hamdu l'illāh,' 'Praise be to God,' or, in equivalent value, 'all right,' and this is a signal for a seasonable diversion to the ceremonious interrogatory.

The guest then, after a little contest of courtesy, takes his seat in the honoured post by the fireplace, after an apologetical salutation to the black slave on the one side, and to his nearest neighbour on the other. The best cushions and newest-looking carpets have been of course prepared for his honoured weight. Shoes or sandals—for in truth the latter alone are used in Arabia—are slipped off on the sand just before reaching the carpet, and there they remain on the floor close by. But the riding stick or wand, the inseparable companion of every true Arab, whether Bedouin or townsman, rich or poor, gentle or simple, is to be retained in the hand, and will serve for playing with during the pauses of conversation, like the fan of our great-grandmothers in their days of conquest.

Without delay Soweilm begins his preparations for coffee. These open by about five minutes of blowing with the bellows and arranging the charcoal till a sufficient heat has been produced. Next he places the largest of the coffee-pots, a huge machine, and about two-thirds full of clear water, close by the edge of the glowing coal-pit, that its contents may become gradually warm while other operations are in progress. He then takes a dirty knotted rag out of a niche in the wall close by and having untied it, empties out of it three or four handfuls of unroasted coffee, which he places on a little trencher of platted grass, and picks carefully out any blackened grains, or other non-homologous substances, commonly to be found intermixed with the berries when purchased in gross, then, after much cleansing and shaking, he pours the grain so cleansed into a large open iron ladle, and places it over the mouth of the funnel, at the same time blowing the bellows and stirring the grains gently round and round till they crackle, redden, and smoke a little, but carefully withdrawing them from the heat long before they turn black or charred, after the erroneous fashion of Turkey and Europe, after which he puts them to cool a moment on the grass platter. He then sets the warm water in the large coffee-pot over the fire aperture, that it may be ready boiling at the right moment, and draws in close between his own trouserless legs a large stone mortar, with a narrow pit in the middle, just enough to admit the black stone pestle of a foot long and an inch and a half thick, which he now takes in hand. Next, pouring the half-roasted berries into the mortar, he proceeds to

pound them, striking right into the narrow hollow with wonderful dexterity, nor ever missing his blow till the beans are smashed, but not reduced into powder. He then scoops them out, now reduced to a sort of coarse reddish grit, very unlike the fine charcoal dust which passes in some countries for coffee, and out of which every particle of real aroma has long since been burnt or ground. After all these operations, each performed with as intense a seriousness and deliberate nicety as if the welfare of the entire Djowf depended on it, he takes a smaller coffee-pot in hand, fills it more than half with hot water from the larger vessel, and then shaking the pounded coffee into it, sets it on the fire to boil, occasionally stirring it with a small stick as the water rises to check the ebullition and prevent overflowing. Nor is the boiling stage to be long or vehement, on the contrary, it is, and should be, as light as possible. In the interim he takes out of another rag-knot a few aromatic seeds called 'heyl,'—an Indian product, but of whose scientific name I regret to be wholly ignorant,—or a little saffron, and after slightly pounding these ingredients, throws them into the simmering coffee to improve its flavour, for such an additional spicing is held indispensable in Arabia, though often omitted elsewhere in the East. Sugar would be a totally unheard-of profanation. Last of all, he strains off the liquor through some fibres of the inner palm bark placed for that purpose in the jug-spout, and gets ready the tray of delicate parti-coloured grass, and the small coffee-cups ready for pouring out. All these preliminaries have taken up a good half-hour.

Meantime we have become engaged in active conversation with our host and his friends. But our Sheikrat guide, Suleyman, like a true Bedoun, feels too awkward when among townfolk to venture on the upper places, though repeatedly invited, and accordingly has squatted down on the sand near the entrance. Many of Ghāfil's relations are present, their silver decorated swords proclaim the importance of the family. Others, too, have come to receive us, for our arrival, announced beforehand by those we had met at the entrance pass, is a sort of event in the town, the dress of some betokens poverty, others are better clad, but all have a very polite and decorous manner. Many a question is asked about our native land and town, that is to say, Syria and Damascus, conformably to the disguise already adopted, and which it was highly important to keep well up, then follow enquiries regarding our journey, our business, what we have brought with us, about our medicines, our goods and wares, &c, &c. From the very first it is easy for us to perceive that patients and purchasers

are likely to abound. Very few travelling merchants, if any, visit the Djowf at this time of year, for one must be mad, or next door to it, to rush into the vast desert around during the heats of June and July, I, for one, have certainly no intention of doing it again. Hence we had small danger of competitors, and found the market almost at our absolute disposal.

But before a quarter of an hour has passed, and while blacky is still roasting or pounding his coffee, a tall thin lad, Ghāfil's eldest son, appears, charged with a large circular dish, grass-platted like the rest, and throws it with a graceful jerk on the sandy floor close before us. He then produces a large wooden bowl full of dates, bearing in the midst of the heap a cup full of melted butter, all this he places on the circular mat, and says 'Semmoos,' literally, 'pronounce the name,' of God, understood, this means, 'set to work at it.' Hereon the master of the house quits his place by the fireside and seats himself on the sand opposite to us, we draw nearer to the dish, and four or five others, after some respectful coyness, join the circle. Every one then picks out a date or two from the juicy, half-amalgamated mass, dips them into the butter, and thus goes on eating till he has had enough, when he rises and washes his hands.

By this time the coffee is ready, and Soweylim begins his round, the coffee-pot in one hand, the tray and cups on the other. The first pouring out he must in etiquette drink himself, by way of a practical assurance that there is no 'death in the pot,' the guests are next served, beginning with those next the honourable fireside, the master of the house receives his cup last of all. To refuse would be a positive and unpardonable insult, but one has not much to swallow at a time, for the coffee-cups, or finjans, are about the size of a large egg-shell at most, and are never more than half-filled. This is considered essential to good breeding, and a brummer would here imply exactly the reverse of what it does in Europe, why it should be so I hardly know, unless, perhaps, the rareness of cupstands or 'zarfs' (see Lane's 'Modern Egyptians') in Arabia, though these implements are universal in Egypt and Syria, might render an over-full cup inconveniently hot for the fingers that must grasp it without medium. Be that as it may, 'fill the cup for your enemy' is an adage common to all, Bedouins or townsmen, throughout the peninsula. The beverage itself is singularly aromatic and refreshing, a real tonic, and very different from the black mud sucked by the Levantine, or the watery roast-bean preparations of France. When the slave or freeman, according to circumstances, presents

you with a cup, he never fails to accompany it with a 'Semm,' 'say the name of God,' nor must you take it without answering 'Bismillah'

When all have been thus served, a second round is poured out, but in inverse order, for the host this time drinks first and the guests last. On special occasions, a first reception, for instance, the ruddy liquor is a third time handed round, nay, a fourth cup is sometimes added. But all these put together do not come up to one-fourth of what a European imbibes in a single draught at breakfast.

Ghāfil would have greatly wished us to set up shop and medicine in his own house, not without reason, for his domestic stock of coffee was almost at an end, and he trusted, under cover of hospitality, to drive an advantageous bargain with us for that which we had brought. But, on our part, my comrade and myself were very desirous of finding means for being sometimes alone together, we had much to talk over and consult about, and that of a nature not always exactly fitted for our friend's hearing, besides, I had my journal to write up, and for this and such like matters we had not as yet enjoyed a moment free from prying observation from the moment of our leaving Ma'an on the 16th up to this the 30th of June. Nor could we, while remaining as mere guests under another man's roof, obtain the independent position so desirable for rightly studying the land and its inhabitants. We therefore declined the Chief's repeated proffer, and insisted, under various decent prettexts, on the necessity of a separate lodging-place.

With this Ghāfil was at last obliged to comply, and promised us that we should next day be installed in a convenient and central dwelling. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to repose, and it was near sunset when our host invited us to visit his gardens in the cool of the evening—*Central and Eastern Arabia*

## PART II—POETRY

THOMAS GRAY.

BORN 1716, DIED 1771

A lyric poet, remarkable for the fire and vigour of his imagination, for the terseness and brilliance of his language, and for the harmony and variety of his versification. His chief poems were the *Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College*, the *Elegy*, and *The Bard*.

### *Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard*

(THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day, )  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness, and to me  
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds  
Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign  
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep —  
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed!  
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,  
No children run to hisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share!  
Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke  
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!



Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure  
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
 The short and simple annals of the poor —  
 The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave  
 Await, alike, the inevitable hour,  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave!  
 Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
 If Memory o'er their tombs no trophies raise,  
 Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise  
 Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust?  
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?  
 Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,  
 Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre  
 But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
 Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll,  
 Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,  
 And froze the genial current of the soul!  
 Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,  
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air!  
 Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,  
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest —  
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood  
 The applause of listening senates to command,  
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,  
 Their lot forbade, nor circumscribed alone  
 Their glowing virtues, but their crimes confined, —  
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,  
 The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray,  
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way !  
 Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,  
 Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,  
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,  
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh  
 Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,  
 The place of fame and elegy supply,  
 And many a holy text around she strews,  
 To teach the rustic moralist to die  
 For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,  
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned—  
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind !  
 On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires  
 E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,—  
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires !  
 For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead,  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,  
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,  
 Haply some hoary-headed swain may say—  
 ' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,  
 Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,  
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn  
 There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
 And pore upon the brook that bubbles by  
 Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,  
 Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,  
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love  
 One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,  
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree  
 Another came, nor yet beside the rill,  
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he  
 The next—with dirges due, in sad array,  
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne  
 Approach, and read—for thou canst read—the lay,  
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

## THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth  
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,  
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own  
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send  
 He gave to Misery all he had—a tear,  
 He gained from Heaven—'twas all he wished—a friend.  
 No further seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,  
 The bosom of his Father and his God)

*Hymn to Adversity*

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,  
 Thou tamer of the human breast,  
 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour,  
 The bad affright, afflict the best!  
 Bound in thy adamantine chain,  
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,  
 And purple tyrants vainly groan  
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When first thy sire to send on Earth  
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,  
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,  
 And bade to form her infant mind  
 Stern rugged nurse, thy rigid lore  
 With patience many a year she bore  
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,  
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly  
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,  
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,  
 And leave us leisure to be good  
 Light they disperse, and with them go  
 The summer friend, the flattering foe,  
 By vain Prosperity receiv'd  
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,  
 Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,  
 And Melancholy, silent maid,  
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,  
 Still on thy solemn steps attend -  
 Warm Charity, the general friend,  
 With Justice, to herself severe,  
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,  
 Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand !  
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad  
 Nor circled with the vengeful band,  
 (As by the impious thou art seen,)  
 With thundering voice, and threatening mien,  
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,  
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty

Thy form benign, oh, goddess ! wear,  
 Thy milder influence impart,  
 Thy philosophic train be there,  
 To soften, not to wound, my heart.  
 The generous spark extinct revive,  
 Teach me to love and to forgive,  
 Exact my own defects to scan,  
 What others are, to feel, and know myself a man

## OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BORN 1728, DIED 1771

[See page 77]

### *The Deserted Village*

SWIFT Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,  
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,  
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed  
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please  
 How often have I loiter'd o'er the green,  
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene !

How often have I paused on every charm,  
 The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,  
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
 The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,  
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
 For talking age and whispering lovers made !  
 How often have I blest the coming day,  
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
 And all the village train, from labour free,  
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree  
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
 The young contending as the old survey'd,  
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,  
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round,  
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tried,  
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired  
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,  
 By holding out to tire each other down,  
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,  
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place,  
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,  
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove,  
 These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these  
 With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please,  
 These round thy bowers then cheerful influence shed,  
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn !  
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
 And desolation saddens all thy green  
 One only master grasps the whole domain,  
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain  
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
 But choked with sedges, works its weedy way,  
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest,  
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
 And tires thee echoes with unvaried cries  
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall,  
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
 Far, far away thy children leave the land

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay,

Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;  
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made.  
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
 When once destroy'd can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
 When every rood of ground maintain'd its man,  
 For him light labour spread her wholesome store,  
 Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more  
 His best companions, innocence and health,  
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd, trade's unfeeling train  
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain,  
 Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,  
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,  
 And every want to opulence allied,  
 And every pang that folly pays to pride  
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,  
 Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,  
 Lived in each look, and brightened all the green,—  
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,  
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r!  
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds,  
 Amidst thy tugging walks and ruin'd grounds,  
 And, many a year elapsed, return to view  
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,  
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
 In all my griefs—and God has given my share—  
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down.  
 To husband out life's taper at the close,  
 And keep the flame from wasting, by repose.  
 I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—  
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,  
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw,  
 And, as a hire, whom bounds and horns pursue,  
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,  
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,  
 Retreats from care that never must be mine,  
 How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,  
 A youth of labour with an age of ease,  
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !  
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep,  
 No surly porter stands, in guilty state,  
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate,  
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend,  
 Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,  
 While resignation gently slopes the way,  
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,  
 His heaven commences ere the world be past

Sweet was the sound, when, oft, at evening's close,  
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose,  
 There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,  
 The mingling notes came soften'd from below,  
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,  
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,  
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
 The playful children just let loose from school.  
 The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,  
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,  
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made  
 But now the sounds of population fail,  
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,  
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,  
 For all the bloomy flush of life is fled  
 All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,  
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring,  
 She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,  
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,  
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn  
 She only left of all the harmless train,  
 The sad historian of the pensive plain

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,  
 And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,  
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose

A man he was to all the country den,  
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year,  
 Remote from towns he run his godly race,  
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place,  
 Unlislful he to fawn, or seek for power  
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour,  
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,  
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise  
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
 He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain,  
 The long remember'd beggar was his guest,  
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast,  
 The rain'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
 Claim'd hindred there, and had his claims allow'd,  
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away,  
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,  
 Shouldered his crutch, and show'd how fields were won  
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,  
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe,  
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
 His pity gave ere charity began

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
 And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side,  
 But in his duty prompt at every call,  
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all  
 And, as a lurd each fond endearment tries  
 To tempt its new fledg'd offspring to the skies,  
 He triel each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,  
 The reverend champion stood At his control,  
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul,  
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
 And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place  
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
 And souls, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.  
 The service past, around the pious man,  
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran  
 Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,  
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile,



Yet count our gains this wealth is but a name  
 That leaves our useful product still the same  
 Not so the loss the man of wealth and pride  
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied,  
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,  
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds,  
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth  
 Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth,  
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,  
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green,  
 Around the world each needful product flies,  
 For all the luxuries the world supplies  
 While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,  
 In barren splendour feebly waits the fall

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,  
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,  
 Slight's every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,  
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes,  
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,  
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,  
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,  
 In all the glaring impotence of dress  
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,  
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,  
 But verging to decline, its splendours rise,  
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise,  
 While, scourg'd by famine, from the smiling land  
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band,  
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,  
 The country blooms—a garden and a grave!

Where, then, ah! where shall poverty reside,  
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?  
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,  
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,  
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,  
 And e'en the bare-worn common is denied

If to the city sped—what waits him there?  
 To see profusion that he must not share,  
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd  
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind,  
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,  
 Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe  
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,  
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade,

Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp display,  
 There the black rattle glooms beside the way,  
 The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign  
 Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train,  
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,  
 The rattling chariot's clash, the torches glare  
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!  
 Sure these denote one universal joy!  
 Are these thy serene thoughts!—Ah! turn thine eyes,  
 Where the poor houseless shivering female lies:  
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,  
 Has wept at tales of innocence's distress,  
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn,  
 Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue, fled,  
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,  
 And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,  
 With heavy heart deploras that luckless hour,  
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,  
 She left her wheel and robes of country brown  
 Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,  
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain!  
 Here now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,  
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread  
 Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,  
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,  
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,  
 Where wild Altair's murmurs to their woe  
 Far distant rent there from all that charm'd before,  
 The various terrors of that horrid shore,  
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,  
 And fiercely shed intolerable day,  
 Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,  
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling,  
 Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,  
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around  
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake  
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake,  
 Where ravenous tigers wait their hapless prey,  
 And savage men more murderous still than they;  
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,  
 Murching the ravag'd landscape with the skies  
 Far distant from the stream every former scene,  
 The cooling brook, the purple-veined green,

The breezy covert of the warbling grove,  
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love

Good Heaven ! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day  
That call'd them from their native walks away ,  
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,  
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd then last ,  
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain  
For seats like these beyond the western main  
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,  
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep  
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go  
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ,  
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,  
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave  
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,  
The fond companion of his helpless years,  
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
And left a lover's for a father's arms  
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,  
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose ,  
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,  
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear ,  
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief  
In all the silent manliness of grief

O luxury ! thou curs'd by Heaven's decree,  
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee !  
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,  
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !  
Kingdoms, by thee, to sickly greatness grown,  
Boast of a florid vigour not their own  
At every draught more large and large they grow,  
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe ,  
Till, sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,  
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,  
And half the business of destruction done ,  
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,  
I see the rural virtues leave the land  
Down where yon anchoring vessels spreads the sail,  
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,  
Downward they move, a melancholy band,  
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.  
Contented toil, and hospitable care,  
And kind connubial tenderness, are there ,

And piety with wishes plac'd above,  
 And steady loyalty and faithful love  
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,  
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade !  
 Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,  
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame,  
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decay'd,  
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride,  
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,  
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so,  
 Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,  
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well,  
 Farewell ! and O ! where'er thy voice be tried,  
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,  
 Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,  
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,  
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,  
 Redress the rigours of the inclement clime,  
 Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,  
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain,  
 Teach him that states of native strength possess,  
 Though very poor, may still be very blest,  
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,  
 As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away,  
 While self-dependent power can time defy,  
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky

*The Traveller, or, a Prospect of Society.*

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,  
 Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po,  
 Or onward, where the rude Carinthian booi  
 Against the houseless stranger shuts the door,  
 Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,  
 A weary waste expanding to the skies,  
 Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
 My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee  
 Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,  
 And drags at each remove a lengthening chain  
 Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,  
 And round his dwelling guardian-saints attend :  
 Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire  
 To prouse from toil, and trim their evening fire :

Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,  
 And every stranger finds a ready chan  
 Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,  
 Where all the ruddy family around  
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,  
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,  
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
 And learn the luxury of doing good

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,  
 My prime of life in wandering spent, and care,  
 Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue  
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view,  
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,  
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies,  
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone  
 And find no spot of all the world my own

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,  
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend,  
 And plac'd on high above the storm's career,  
 Look downward where an hundred realms appear,  
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,  
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride

When thus Creation's charms around combine,  
 Amidst the store, should thankless Pride repine?  
 Say, should the philosophic mind disdain  
 That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?  
 Let school-taught Pride dissemble all it can,  
 These little things are great to little man,  
 And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind  
 Exults in all the good of all mankind  
 Ye glittering towns with wealth and splendour crown'd,  
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,  
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,  
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale,  
 For me your tributary stores combine,  
 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,  
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,  
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,  
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still  
 Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,  
 Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man supplies  
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,  
 To see the hoard of human bliss so small,

And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find  
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,  
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,  
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest  
But where to find that happiest spot below,  
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?  
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone  
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,  
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,  
And his long nights of revelry and ease  
The naked negro, panting at the line,  
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,  
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,  
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave  
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,  
His first, best country ever is at home  
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,  
And estimate the blessings which they share,  
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find  
An equal portion dealt to all mankind,  
As different good, by art or nature given,  
To different nations makes their blessing even  
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,  
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call,  
With food as well the peasant is supplied  
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side,  
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,  
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down  
From art more various are the blessings sent,  
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content  
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,  
That either seems destructive of the rest  
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,  
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.  
Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,  
Conforms and models life to that alone  
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,  
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends  
Till carried to excess in each domain,  
Thus fav'rite good begets peculiar pain  
But let us try these truths with closer eyes,  
And trace them through the prospect as it lies  
Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,  
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind,

Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,  
 That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast  
     Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,  
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends,  
 Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,  
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride,  
 While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between  
 With venerable grandeur mark the scene

    Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,  
 The sons of Italy were surely blest  
 Whatever fruits in different climes are found,  
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground,  
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,  
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year,  
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky  
 With vernal lives, that blossom but to die  
 These here disporting own the kindred soil,  
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil,  
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand  
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land

    But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,  
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows  
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear,  
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here  
 Contrasted faults through all his manners reign,  
 Though poor, luxurious, though submissive, vain,  
 Though grave, yet trifling, zealous, yet untrue,  
 And e'en in penance planning sins anew  
 All evils here contaminate the mind,  
 That opulence departed leaves behind,  
 For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,  
 When commerce proudly flourished through the state,  
 At her command the palace learnt to rise,  
 Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies,  
 The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,  
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form  
 Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,  
 Commerce on other shores display'd her sail,  
 While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,  
 But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave.  
 And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,  
 Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

    Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied  
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride,

From these, the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind  
 An easy compensation seem to find  
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,  
 The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade,  
 Processions form'd for piety and love,  
 A mistress or a saint in every grove  
 By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,  
 The sports of children satisfy the child  
 Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,  
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul,  
 While low delights succeeding fast behind,  
 In happier meanness occupy the mind  
 As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,  
 Defac'd by time and tott'ring in decay,  
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,  
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed  
 And, wondering man could want the larger pile,  
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey  
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display,  
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,  
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread  
 No product here the barren hills afford,  
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword  
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,  
 But winter lingering chills the lap of May  
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,  
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,  
 Redress the crime, and all its rage disarm  
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,  
 He sees his little lot the lot of all,  
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head  
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed,  
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal  
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal,  
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,  
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil  
 Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,  
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes,  
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,  
 Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep,  
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way  
 And drags the struggling savage into day



At night returning, every labour sped,  
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed;  
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys  
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze,  
 While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,  
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board  
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,  
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,  
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart,  
 And e'en those ills, that round his mansion rise,  
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies  
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms,  
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,  
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,  
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,  
 But bind him to his native mountains more

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd,  
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd  
 Yet let them only share the praises due,  
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few,  
 For every want that stimulates the breast,  
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest  
 Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,  
 That first excites desire, and then supplies  
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,  
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy,  
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,  
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame  
 Their level life is but a smouldering fire,  
 Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire  
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer  
 On some high festival of once a year,  
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,  
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow,  
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;  
 For, as refinement stops, from sire to son  
 Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run,  
 And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart  
 Falls blunted from each indurated heart  
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast  
 May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest,

But all the gentler morals such as play  
Thro' life's most cultur'd walks, and chain the way,  
These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,  
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,  
I turn, and France displays her bright domain  
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,  
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,  
How often have I led thy sportive choir,  
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire !  
Where shading elms along the margin grew,  
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew  
And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,  
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,  
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,  
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour  
Alike all ages Dames of ancient days  
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,  
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic loire,  
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,  
Thus idly busy rolls their world away  
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,  
For honour forms the social temper here  
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,  
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,  
Here passes current, paid from hand to hand,  
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land  
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,  
And all are taught an avarice of praise,  
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,  
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,  
It gives their follies also room to rise,  
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,  
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought,  
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,  
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast  
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,  
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart,  
Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,  
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace  
Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,  
To boast one splendid banquet once a year,

# MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE

The kind still turns where shifting fashion draws,  
Now weighs the solid worth of self-applause

To men of other minds my fancy flies,  
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies  
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,  
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,  
And sedulous to stop the coming tide,  
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride  
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,  
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,  
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,  
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore  
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,  
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile,  
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,  
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,  
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,  
A new creation rescued from his reign

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil  
Impels the native to repeated toil,  
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,  
And industry begets a love of gain  
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,  
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,  
Are here display'd Their much-lov'd wealth imparts  
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts  
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,  
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here  
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,  
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys,  
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,  
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,  
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,  
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic sires of old !  
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold  
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow,  
How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

Fix'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,  
And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;  
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,  
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide,  
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,  
There gentle music melts on every spray ,

GOLDSMITH.

Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,  
 Extremes are only in the master's mind !  
 Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,  
 With daring aims irregularly great,  
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,  
 I see the lords of human kind pass by,  
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,  
 By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand  
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,  
 True to imagin'd right, above control,  
 While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,  
 And learns to venerate himself as man

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,  
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear  
 Too blest indeed were such without alloy,  
 But, foster'd e'en by Freedom, ills annoy  
 That independence Britons prize too high,  
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie.  
*The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,*  
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown,  
 Here, by the bonds of Nature feebly held,  
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd  
 Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,  
 Represt Ambition struggles round her shore,  
 Till, over-wrought, the general system feels  
 Its motions stop, or frenzy fires the wheels

Nor thus the worst As Nature's ties decay,  
 As duty, love, and honour, fail to sway,  
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,  
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe  
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,  
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown,  
 Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,  
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,  
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,  
 Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,  
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,  
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,  
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great  
 Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,  
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire,  
 And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel  
 The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel,

Thou transitory flower, alike undone  
 By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,  
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure !  
 I only would repress them to secure ,  
 For just experience tells, in every soil,  
 That those that think must govern those that toil ,  
 And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,  
 Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each  
 Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,  
 Its double weight must ruin all below

O then how blind to all that truth requires,  
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires !  
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in aims,  
 Except when fast approaching danger warms ,  
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,  
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own ,  
 When I behold a factious band agree  
 To call it freedom when themselves are free ,  
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,  
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law,  
 The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,  
 Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home  
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,  
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ,  
 Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,  
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,  
 When first ambition struck at regal power ,  
 And thus polluting honour in its source,  
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force  
 Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,  
 Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore ?  
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,  
 Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste ?  
 Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,  
 Lead stern depopulation in her train,  
 And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,  
 In barren solitary pomp repose ?  
 Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,  
 The smiling long-frequented village fall ?  
 Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,  
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,  
 Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,  
 To traverse climes beyond the western main

Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,  
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound ?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays,  
Through tangled forests and through dangerous ways,  
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,  
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim,  
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,  
And all around distressful yells arise,  
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,  
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,  
Casts a long look where England's glories shune,  
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find  
That bliss which only centres in the mind  
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,  
To seek a good each government bestows ?  
In every government, though terrors reign,  
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,  
How small of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !  
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,  
Our own felicity we make or find  
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,  
Ghdes the smooth current of domestic joy  
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,  
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,  
To men remote from power but rarely known,  
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

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### WILLIAM COWPER

BORN 1731, DIED 1800

His chief poems were *John Gilpin*, published in 1783, *The Task*, 1785, *Miscellaneous Poems*, 1788 and 1798, *Translation of Homer*, 1791. He was the most popular poet of his day, and his poems, breathing as they do a deep religious feeling and a tender sense of the sacredness and beauty of the domestic affections, will always be regarded as peculiarly suited to the reading of the young

*Verses supposed to be Written by Alexander Selkirk  
during his solitary abode in the Island of Juan  
Fernandez*

I AM monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute,  
From the centre all round to the sea,  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute

O solitude ! where are the charms  
 That sages have seen in thy face ?  
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
 Than reign in this horrible place

I am out of humanity's reach,  
 I must finish my journey alone,  
 Never hear the sweet music of speech,—  
 I start at the sound of my own  
 The beasts that roam over the plain  
 My form with indifference see,  
 They are so unacquainted with man,  
 Their tameness is shocking to me

Society, friendship, and love,  
 Divinely bestow'd upon man,—  
 Oh had I the wings of a dove,  
 How soon would I taste you again  
 My sorrows I then might assuage  
 In the ways of religion and truth,  
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold  
 , Resides in that heavenly word !  
 More precious than silver and gold,  
 Or all that this earth can afford  
 But the sound of the church-going bell  
 These valleys and rocks never heard,  
 Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,  
 Or smiled when a sabbath appear'd

Ye winds that have made me your sport,  
 Convey to this desolate shore  
 Some cordial endearing report  
 Of a land I shall visit no more !  
 My friends do they now and then send  
 A wish or a thought after me ?  
 Oh tell me I yet have a friend,  
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !  
 Compared with the speed of its flight,  
 The tempest itself lags behind,  
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.

When I think of my own native land,  
 In a moment I seem to be there,  
 But alas! recollection at hand  
 Soon hurries me back to despair

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,  
 The beast is laid down in his lair,  
 Even here is a season of rest,  
 And I to my cabin repair  
 There is mercy in every place,  
 And mercy, encouraging thought!  
 Gives even affliction a grace,  
 And reconciles man to his lot

*On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture out of Norfolk,  
 the Gift of my Cousin, Anne Bodham*

O THAT those lips had language! Life has pass'd  
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last  
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,  
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me,  
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,  
 'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'  
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
 (Blest be the art that can immortalise,  
 The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim  
 To quench it!) here shines on me still the same

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,  
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here!  
 Who bidst me honour with an artless song,  
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long,  
 I will obey, not willingly alone,  
 But gladly, as the precept were her own,  
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,  
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,  
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,  
 A momentary dream, that thou art she  
 My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,  
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?  
 Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,  
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?  
 Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss,  
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
 Ah, that maternal smile!—it answers—yes



I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,  
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,  
 And, turning from my nursery window, drew  
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !  
 But was it such ?—It was —Where thou art gone  
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown  
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,  
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more !  
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,  
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return  
 What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,  
 And disappointed still, was still deceived,  
 By expectation every day beguiled,  
 Dupe of to-morrow even from a child  
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,  
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,  
 I learn'd at last submission to my lot,  
 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot

Where once we dwelt, our name is heard no more,  
 Children not thine have trod my nursery floor,  
 And where the gardener Robin, day by day,  
 Drew me to school along the public way,  
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt,  
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,  
 'Tis now become a history little known,  
 That once we call'd the pastoral house our own  
 Short-lived possession ! But the record fair,  
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,  
 Still outhlives many a storm, that has effaced  
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced  
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
 That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid,  
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,  
 The biscuit, or confectionary plum,  
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd  
 By thine own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd :  
 All this, and more endearing still than all,  
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,  
 No'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,  
 That humour interposed too often makes ;  
 All this still legible in memory's page,  
 And still to be so to my latest age,  
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;

Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,  
 Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here  
 Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,  
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,  
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,  
 I prick'd them into paper with a pin,  
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,  
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile,)  
 Could those few pleasant days again appear,  
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?  
 I would not trust my heart, —the dear delight  
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might —  
 But no—what here we call our life is such,  
 So little to be loved, and thou so much,  
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast  
 (The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)  
 Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,  
 Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,  
 There sits quiescent on the floods, that show  
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,  
 While airs impregnated with incense play  
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay,  
 So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,  
 'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,'  
 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide  
 Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side  
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,  
 Always from port withheld, always distress'd,—  
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,  
 Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,  
 And day by day some curient's thwarting force  
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course  
 Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!  
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me  
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
 From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth,  
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—  
 The son of parents pass'd into the skies  
 And now, farewell!—Time unrevoked has run  
 His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done  
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,  
 I seem t' have lived my childhood o'er again,

To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,  
 Without the sin of violating thine,  
 And, while the wings of fancy still are free,  
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft,—  
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left

---

*The Poplar Field.*

THE poplars are fell'd, farewell to the shade,  
 And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade!  
 The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,  
 Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives  
 Twelve years have elapsed since I first took a view  
 Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew,  
 And now in the grass behold they are laid,  
 And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade!  
 The blackbird has fled to another retreat,  
 Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat,  
 And the scene where his melody charmed me before  
 Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more  
 My fugitive years are all hasting away,  
 And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,  
 With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,  
 Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead  
 'Tis a sight to engage me, if anything can,  
 To muse on the perishing pleasures of man,  
 Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see,  
 Have a being less durable even than he

---

*Ode to Peace.*

COME, peace of mind, delightful guest!  
 Return and make thy downy nest  
 Once more in this sad heart  
 Nor riches I, nor power pursue,  
 Nor hold forbidden joys in view,  
 We therefore need not part  
 Where wilt thou dwell if not with me,  
 From avarice and ambition free,  
 And pleasure's fatal wiles?

For whom, alas ! dost thou prepare  
 The sweets that I was wont to share,  
 The banquet of thy smiles ?  
 The great, the gay, shall they partake  
 The heaven that thou alone canst make,  
 And wilt thou quit the stream  
 That murmurs through the dewy mead,  
 The grove, and the sequester'd shed,  
 To be a guest with them ?  
 For thee I panted, thee I prized,  
 For thee I gladly sacrificed  
 Whate'er I loved before,  
 And shall I see thee start away,  
 And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—  
 Farewell ! we meet no more ?

---

### *Human Frailty*

WEAK and irresolute is man,  
 The purpose of to-day,  
 Woven with pains into his plan,  
 To-morrow rends away  
 The bow well bent and smart the spring,  
 Vice seems already slain,  
 But passion rudely snaps the string,  
 And it revives again  
 Some foe to his upright intent  
 Finds out his weaker part,  
 Virtue engages his assent,  
 But pleasure wins his heart  
 'Tis here the folly of the wise  
 Through all his art we view,  
 And while his tongue the charge denies,  
 His conscience owns it true  
 Bound on a voyage of awful length  
 And dangers little known,  
 A stranger to superior strength,  
 Man vainly trusts his own  
 But oars alone can ne'er prevail  
 To reach the distant coast,  
 The breath of heaven must swell the sail  
 Or all the toil is lost

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## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BORN 1770, DIED 1850

Poet-laureate He published *An Evening Walk* in 1798, a collection of *Poems* in 1807, and *The Excursion*, his greatest work, in 1814. He was the founder of the 'Lake' school of poetry—so called because the chief poets of that school, Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, lived near the English lakes. The natural and simple style of poetical writing which had been used by Goldsmith and Cowper was considerably developed by Wordsworth, who has been called 'the Poet of Nature,' as Cowper has been called 'the Poet of the Domestic Affections.' Coleridge says of Wordsworth's style, that it possesses 'an austere purity of language,' and 'a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning.'

*Ode to Duty*

STERN Daughter of the voice of God !  
 O Duty ! if that name thou love,  
 Who art a light to guide, a rod  
 To check the erring, and reprove,  
 Thou who art victory and law  
 When empty terrors overawe,  
 From vain temptations dost set free,  
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye  
 Be on them, who, in love and truth  
 Where no misgiving is, rely  
 Upon the genial sense of youth  
 Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot,  
 Who do thy work, and know it not.  
 Long may the kindly impulse last !  
 But Thou, if they should totter, teach them to  
 stand fast

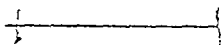
Serene will be our days, and bright  
 And happy will our nature be  
 When love is an unerring light,  
 And joy its own security  
 And they a blissful course may hold  
 Ev'n now who, not unwisely bold,  
 Live in the spirit of this creed,  
 Yet find that other strength, according to their need

I, loving freedom, and untried,  
 No sport of every random gust,  
 Yet being to myself a guide,  
 Too blindly have reposed my trust  
 And oft, when in my heart was heard  
 Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd  
 The task, in smoother walks to stray,  
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul  
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
 I supplicate for thy control,  
 But in the quietness of thought  
 Me thus uncharter'd freedom tires,  
 I feel the weight of chance desires  
 My hopes no more must change their name,  
 I long for a repose which ever is the same

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear  
 The Godhead's most benignant grace !  
 Nor know we anything so fair  
 As is the smile upon thy face  
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,  
 And fragrance in thy footing treads,  
 Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong,  
 And the most ancient Heavens, through Thee, are fresh  
 and strong

To humbler functions, awful Power !  
 I call thee I myself commend  
 Unto thy guidance from this hour,  
 O let my weakness have an end !  
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice,  
 The confidence of reason give,  
 And in the light of Truth thy bondman let me live



*To Sleep.*

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by  
 One after one, the sound of rain, and bees  
 Murmuring, the fall of rivers, winds and seas,  
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky,—

I've thought of all by turns, and still I lie  
 Sleepless, and soon the small birds' melodies  
 Must hear, first utter'd from my orchard trees,  
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry  
 Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,  
 And could not win thee, Sleep ! by any stealth .  
 So do not let me wear to-night away  
 Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth ?  
 Come, blessed barrier between day and day,  
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health !

---

### *Hart-Leap Well*

THE Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor  
 With the slow motion of a summer's cloud ,  
 And now, as he approached a vassal's door,  
 ' Bring forth another horse ! ' he cried aloud  
 ' Another horse ! '—That shout the vassal heard,  
 And saddled his best steed, a comely grey ,  
 Sir Walter mounted him , he was the third  
 Which he had mounted on that glorious day.  
 Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes ,  
 The horse and horseman are a happy pair ,  
 But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,  
 There is a doleful silence in the air  
 A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,  
 That as they galloped made the echoes roar ,  
 Both horse and man are vanished, one and all ,  
 Such race, I think, was never seen before  
 Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,  
 Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain  
 Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,  
 Follow, and up the weary mountain strain  
 The Knight hallooed, he cheered and chid them on  
 With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern ,  
 But breath and eyesight fail , and one by one,  
 The dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.  
 Where is the throng, the tumult of the race ?  
 The bugles that so joyfully were blown ?  
 —This chase it looks not like an earthly chase ,  
 Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone

The poor Hart toils along the mountain-side ,  
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,  
Nor will I mention by what death he died ,  
But now the Knight beholds him lying dead  
Dismounting, then, he leaned against a thorn ,  
He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy  
He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his horn,  
But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy  
Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned,  
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat ,  
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned ,  
And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet  
Upon his side the Hart was lying stretched  
His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill,  
And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched  
The waters of the spring were trembling still  
And now, too happy for repose or rest,  
(Never had living man such joyful lot !)  
Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west,  
And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot.  
And climbing up the hill—(it was at least  
Four roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found  
Three several hoof-marks which the hunted Beast  
Had left imprinted on the grassy ground  
Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, ‘Till now  
Such sight was never seen by human eyes  
Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow,  
Down to the very fountain where he lies  
I’ll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,  
And a small arbour, made for rural joy ,  
’Twill be the traveller’s shed, the pilgrim’s cot,  
A place of love for damsels that are coy  
A cunning artist will I have to frame  
A basin for that fountain in the dell !  
And they who do make mention of the same,  
From this day forth, shall call it **HART-LEAP WELL**.  
And, gallant stag ! to make thy praises known,  
Another monument shall here be raised ,  
Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn stone,  
And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed  
And, in the summer-time when days are long,  
I will come hither with my paramour ,  
And with the dancers and the minstrel’s song  
We will make merry in that pleasant bower



Till the foundations of the mountains fail  
 My mansion with its arbour shall endure,—  
 The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,  
 And them who dwell among the woods of Ure '—  
 Then home he went, and left the Hart, stone-dead,  
 With breathless nostrils stretched above the spring  
 —Soon did the Knight perform what he had said;  
 And far and wide the fame thereof did ring  
 Ere thrice the Moon into her port had steered,  
 A cup of stone received the living well;  
 Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared,  
 And built a house of pleasure in the dell  
 And near the fountain, flowers of stature tall  
 With trailing plants and trees were intertwined,—  
 Which soon composed a little sylvan hall,  
 A leafy shelter from the sun and wind  
 And thither, when the summer days were long  
 Sir Walter led his wondering paramour,  
 And with the dancers and the minstrel's song  
 Made merriment within that pleasant bower  
 The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course of tune,  
 And his bones lie in his paternal vale—  
 But there is matter for a second rhyme,  
 And I to this would add another tale

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### PART SECOND

THE moving accident is not my trade,  
 To freeze the blood, I have no ready arts  
 'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,  
 To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts  
 As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,  
 It chanced that I saw standing in a dell  
 Three aspens at three corners of a square,  
 And one, not four yards distant, near a well.  
 What this imported I could ill divine  
 And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop,  
 I saw three pillars standing in a line,—  
 The last stone pillar on a dark hill-top  
 The trees were grey, with neither arms nor head;  
 Half wasted the square mound of tawny green;  
 So that you just might say, as then I said,  
 'Here in old time the hand of man hath been'

I looked upon the hill both far and near,  
 More doleful place did never eye survey,  
 It seemed as if the spring-time came not here,  
 And Nature here were willing to decay  
 I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,  
 When one, who was in shepherd's garb attired  
 Came up the hollow — him did I accost,  
 And what this place might be I then inquired  
 The Shepherd stopped, and that same story told  
 Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed  
 'A jolly place,' said he, 'in times of old'  
 But something ails it now — the spot is curst  
 You see these lifeless stumps of aspen wood—  
 Some say that they are beeches, others elms—  
 These were the bowers, and here a mansion stood,  
 The finest palace of a hundred realms'  
 The arbour does its own condition tell,  
 You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream,  
 But as to the great lodge! you might as well  
 Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream  
 There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,  
 Will wet his lips within that cup of stone,  
 And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,  
 This water doth send forth a dolorous groan  
 Some say that here a murder has been done,  
 And blood cries out for blood — but, for my part,  
 I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,  
 That it was all for that unhappy Hart  
 What thoughts must through the creature's brain have past!  
 Even from the topmost stone, upon the steep,  
 Are but three bounds—and look, Sir, at this last—  
 O Master! it has been a cruel leap  
 For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race,  
 And in my simple mind we cannot tell  
 What cause the Hart might have to love this place,  
 And come and make his death-bed near the well  
 Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,  
 Lulled by this fountain in the summer-tide,  
 This water was perhaps the first he drank  
 When he had wandered from his mother's side  
 In April here beneath the flowering thorn  
 He heard the birds their morning carol sing,  
 And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born  
 Not half a furlong from that self same spring

Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade,  
 The sun on drearier hollow never shone,  
 So will it be, as I have often said,  
 Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are gone'  
 'Grey-headed Shepherd thou hast spoken well,  
 Small difference lies between thy creed and mine.  
 This beast not unobserved by Nature fell,  
 His death was mourned by sympathy divine.  
 The Being, that is in the clouds and air,  
 That is in the green leaves among the groves,  
 Maintains a deep and reverential care  
 For the unoffending creatures whom he loves  
 The pleasure-house is dust — behind, before,  
 This is no common waste, no common gloom,  
 But Nature, in due course of time, once more  
 Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom  
 She leaves these objects to a slow decay,  
 That what we are, and have been, may be known,  
 But at the coming of the milder day,  
 These monuments shall all be overgrown  
 One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,  
 Taught both by what she shows, and what conceals  
 Never to blend our pleasure or our pride  
 With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels'

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### SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BORN 1771, DIED 1832

[ See page 130 ]

#### *Introduction to the ' Lay of the Last Minstrel.'*

THE way was long, the wind was cold,  
 The Minstrel was infirm and old,  
 His withered cheek, and tresses grey,  
 Seemed to have known a better day  
 The harp, his sole remaining joy,  
 Was carried by an orphan boy  
 'The last of all the Bards was he  
 Who sung of Border chivalry,  
 For, well-a-day! their date was fled,  
 His tuneful brethren all were dead,  
 And he, neglected and oppressed,  
 Wished to be with them, and at rest

No more, on prancing palfrey borne,  
 He carolled, light as lark at morn,  
 No longer, courted and caressed,  
 High placed in hall, a welcome guest,  
 He poured, to lord and lady gay,  
 The unpremeditated lay  
 Old times were changed, old manners gone  
 A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne,  
 The bigots of the iron time  
 Had called his harmless art a crime  
 A wandering harper, scorned and poor,  
 He begged his bread from door to door,  
 And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,  
 The harp a king had loved to hear

He passed where Newark's stately tower  
 Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower  
 The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—  
 No humbler resting-place was nigh  
 With hesitating step, at last,  
 The embattled portal-arch he passed,  
 Whose ponderous grate, and massy bar,  
 Had oft rolled back the tide of war,  
 But never closed the iron door  
 Against the desolate and poor  
 The Duchess marked his weary pace,  
 His timid mien, and reverend face  
 And bade her page the menials tell,  
 That they should tend the old man well  
 For she had known adversity,  
 Though born in such a high degree,  
 In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,  
 Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

When kindness had his wants supplied,  
 And the old man was gratified,  
 Began to rise his minstrel pride  
 And he began to talk, anon,  
 Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,  
 And of Earl Walter, rest him God!  
 A braver ne'er to battle rode  
 And how full many a tale he knew  
 Of the old warriors of Buccleuch,  
 And, would the noble Duchess deign  
 To listen to an old man's strain,  
 Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,  
 He thought e'en yet, the sooth to speak,

That if she loved the harp to hear,  
 He could make music to her ear  
 The humble boon was soon obtained;  
 The aged Minstrel audience gained.  
 But, when he reached the room of state,  
 Where she with all her ladies sate,  
 Perchance he wished his boon denied:  
 For, when to tune his harp he tried,  
 His trembling hand had lost the ease  
 Which marks security to please,  
 And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,  
 Come wildering o'er his aged brain—  
 He tried to tune his harp in vain  
 The pitying Duchess praised his chime,  
 And gave him heart, and gave him time,  
 Till every string's according glee  
 Was blended into harmony  
 And then, he said, he would full fain  
 He could recall an ancient strain,  
 He never thought to sing again  
 It was not framed for village churls,  
 But for high dames and mighty eils,  
 He had played it to King Charles the Good,  
 When he kept court at Holyrood,  
 And much he wished, yet feared, to try  
 The long-forgotten melody  
 Amid the strings his fingers strayed,  
 And an uncertain warbling made—  
 And oft he shook his hoary head  
 But when he caught the measure wild,  
 The old man raised his face, and smiled,  
 And lightened up his faded eye,  
 With all a poet's ecstasy!  
 In varying cadence, soft or strong,  
 He swept the sounding chords along.  
 The present scene, the future lot,  
 His toils, his wants, were all forgot.  
 Cold diffidence, and age's frost,  
 In the full tide of song were lost.  
 Each blank, in faithless memory void,  
 The poet's glowing thought supplied,  
 And, while his harp responsive rung,  
 'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

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## ROBERT SOUTHEY.

BORN 1774, DIED 1834

[See page 145]

*An Eastern Funeral*

MIDNIGHT, and yet no eye  
 Through all the Imperial City closed in sleep !  
 Behold her streets a-blaze  
 With light that seems to kindle the red sky,  
 Her myriads swarming through the crowded ways !  
 Master and slave, old age and infancy,  
 All, all abroad to gaze,  
 House-top and balcony  
 Clustered with women, who throw back their veils  
 With unimpeded and insatiate sight  
 To view the funeral pomp which passes by,  
 As if the mournful rite  
 Were but to them a scene of joyance and delight

Vainly, ye blessed twinklers of the night,  
 Your feeble beams ye shed,  
 Quench'd in the unnatural light which might out-stare  
 Even the broad eye of day,  
 And thou from thy celestial way  
 Pourest, O Moon, an ineffectual ray !  
 For lo ! ten thousand torches flame and flare  
 Upon the midnight air,  
 Blotting the lights of heaven  
 With one portentous glare  
 Behold the fragrant smoke in many a fold  
 Ascending, floats along the fiery sky,  
 And hangeth visible on high,  
 A dark and waving canopy

Hark ! 'tis the funeral trumpet's breath !  
 'Tis the dirge of death !  
 At once ten thousand drums begin,  
 With one long thunder-peal the ear assailing,  
 Ten thousand voices then join in,  
 And with one deep and general din

Pour their wild wailing  
 The song of praise is drown'd  
 Amid the deafening sound,  
 You hear no more the trumpet's tone,  
 You hear no more the mourner's moan,  
 Though the trumpet's breath, and the dirge of death,  
 Swell with commingled force the funeral yell  
 But rising over all in one acclaim  
 Is heard the echoed and re-echoed name,  
 From all that countless rout,  
     Arvalan ! Arvalan !  
     Arvalan ! Arvalan !  
 Ten times ten thousand voices in one shout  
 Call Arvalan ! The overpowering sound,  
 From house to house, repeated rings about,  
 From tower to tower rolls round

The death-procession moves along,  
 Then bld heads shining to the torches' ray,  
 The Brahmms lead the way,  
 Chaunting the funeral song  
 And now at once they shout,  
     Arvalan ! Arvalan !  
 With quick rebound of sound,  
     All in accordance cry,  
     Arvalan ! Arvalan !  
 The universal multitude reply  
 In vain ye thunder on his ear the name,  
     Would ye awake the dead ?  
 Borne upright in his palankeen,  
     There Arvalan is seen !  
 A glow is on his face      a lively red,  
     It is the crimson canopy  
 Which o'er his cheek a reddening shade hath shed  
     He moves.      he nods his head,  
 But the motion comes from the beater's tread,  
     As the body, borne aloft in state,  
 Sways with the impulse of its own dead weight

Close following his dead son, Kehrma came,  
     Nor joining in the ritual song,  
     Nor calling the dear name,  
 With head deprecst and funeral vest,  
     And arms enfolded on his breast,  
 Silent and lost in thought he moves a slave

King of the World, his slaves, unenvying now,  
 Behold their wretched Lord, rejoiced they see  
     The mighty Rajah's misery,  
 That Nature in his pride hath dealt the blow,  
     And taught the Master of Mankind to know  
 Even he himself is man, and not exempt from woe

O sight of grief! the wives of Arvalan,  
 Young Azla, young Nealliny, are seen!  
     Then widow-robcs of white,  
     With gold and jewels bught,  
     Each like an Eastern queen  
 Woe! woe! around then palankeen,  
     As on a bridal day,  
 With symphony, and dance, and song,  
 Then kindred and their friends come on  
 The dance of sacrifice! the funeral song!  
 And next the victim slaves in long array,  
     Richly bedight to grace the fatal day,  
     Move onward to their death,  
     The clarions' stirring breath  
 Lifts then thin robes in every flowing fold,  
     And swells the woven gold,  
     That on the agitated air  
 Flutters and glitters to the torch's glare

A man and maid of aspect wan and wild,  
 Then, side by side, by bowmen guarded, came,  
     O wretched father! O unhappy child!  
 Them were all eyes of all the throng exploring  
     Is this the daring man  
     Who raised his fatal hand at Arvalan?  
     Is this the wretch condemn'd to feel  
     Kehama's dreadful wrath?  
 Them were all hearts of all the throng deploring  
     For not in that innumerable throng  
 Was one who loved the dead, for who could know  
     What aggravated wrong  
     Provoked the desperate blow?

Far, far behind, beyond all reach of sight,  
 In order'd files the torches flow along,  
 One ever-lengthening line of gliding light  
     Far            far behind,



Rolls on the undistinguishable clamour,  
 Of horn, and trump, and tambour,  
     Incessant as the roar  
 Of streams which down the wintry mountain pour,  
 And louder than the dread commotion  
     Of breakers on a rocky shore,  
 When the winds rage over the waves,  
 And Ocean to the Tempest raves.

And now toward the bank they go,  
 Where winding on their way below,  
     Deep and strong the waters flow  
 Here doth the funeral pile appear  
 With myrrh and ambergris bestrew'd,  
 And built of precious sandal wood  
 They cease their music and their outcry here,  
     Gently they rest the bier,  
     They wet the face of Arvalan,  
 No sign of life the sprinkled drops excite,  
 They feel his breast,      . no motion there,  
     They feel his lips,      no breath,  
 For not with feeble, nor with erring hand,  
 The brave avenger dealt the blow of death  
 Then with a doubling peal and deeper blast,  
 The tambours and the trumpets sound on high,  
     And with a last and loudest cry  
     They call on Arvalan

Woe! woe! for Azla takes her seat  
     Upon the funeral pile!  
     Calmly she took her seat,  
 Calmly the whole terrific pomp survey'd,  
     As on her lap the while  
 The lifeless head of Arvalan was laid

Woe! woe! Nealliny,  
     The young Nealliny!  
 They strip her ornaments away,  
 Bracelet and anklet, ring, and chain, and zone,  
     Around her neck they leave  
 The marriage knot alone,      .  
 That marriage band, which when  
 Yon waning moon was young,  
     Around her virgin neck  
 With bridal joy was hung

Then with white flowers, the coronal of death,  
Her jetty locks they crown,

O sight of misery !  
You cannot hear her cries,            their sound  
In that wild dissonance is drown'd ,  
But in her face you see  
The supplication and the agony,  
See in her swelling throat the desperate strength  
That with vain effort struggles yet for life ,  
Her arms contracted now in fruitless strife,  
Now wildly at full length  
Towards the crowd in vain for pity spread,  
They force her on, they bind her to the dead

Then all around retire ,  
Cuching the pile the ministering Brahmins stand,  
Each lifting in his hand a torch on fire  
Alone the Father of the dead advanced  
And lit the funeral pyre

At once on every side  
The circling torches drop,  
At once on every side  
The fragrant oil is pour'd,  
At once on every side  
The rapid flames rush up  
Then hand in hand the victim band  
Roll in the dance around the funeral pyre ,  
Their garments' flying folds  
Float inward to the fire ,  
In drunken whirl they wheel around ,  
One drops,            . another plunges in ,  
And stall with overwhelming din  
The tambours and the trumpets sound ,  
And clap of hands, and shouts, and cries,  
From all the multitude arise ,  
While round and round, in giddy wheel,  
Intoxicate they roll and reel,  
Till one by one whirl'd in they fall,  
And the devouring flames have swallow'd all.  
Then all was still , the drums and clarions ceased ,  
The multitude were hush'd in silent awe ,  
Only the roaring of the flames was heard  
*The Curse of Kehama.*

## THOMAS MOORE

BORN 1779, DIED 1852

An Irish poet, the biographer of Byron and Sheridan. His chief poems are *Lalla Rookh* and the *Loves of the Angels*, of which the former, whose scene is laid in the East, is by far the best. Moore is perhaps most widely known and admired as the author of a number of short and very beautiful lyrics, chiefly patriotic, called the *Irish Melodies*.

*Patriotism.*

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the name  
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,  
 O! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame  
 Of a life that for thee was resign'd?  
 Yes! weep, and however my foes may condemn,  
 Thy tears shall efface their decree,  
 For, Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,  
 I have been but too faithful to thee

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,  
 Every thought of my reason was thine  
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above  
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine!  
 O! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live  
 The days of thy glory to see,  
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give  
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee

*Irish Melodies**The Light of other Days.*

OFt in the stilly night  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Fond memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me  
 The smiles, the tears  
 Of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love then spoken,  
 The eyes that shone,  
 Now dimm'd and gone,  
 The cheerful hearts now broken.

Thus in the stilly night  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me

When I remember all  
 The friends so link'd together  
 I've seen around me fall  
 Like leaves in wintry weather,  
 I feel like one  
 Who treads alone  
 Some banquet-hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled,  
 Whose garlands dead,  
 And all but he departed !  
 Thus in the stilly night  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me

*Irish Melodies*

## THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BORN 1777, DIED 1844

A poet, and the author of some of the finest lyrical poems in the English language. His chief works were *The Pleasures of Hope*, published in 1799, *Hohenlinden*, *The Mariners of England* (the most popular of his songs), and *Lochiel's Warning*, all published in 1802, and *Gertrude of Wyoming*, 1809

### *Battle of Hohenlinden.*

ON Linden when the sun was low,  
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
 And dark as winter was the flow  
 Of Iser rolling rapidly

But Linden saw another sight  
 When the drum beat at dead of night,  
 Commanding fires of death to light,  
 The darkness of her scenery

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
 And furious every charger neighed  
 To join the dreadful revelry

'Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;  
 Then rushed the steed, to battle driven,  
 And louder than the bolts of Heaven  
 Far flashed the red artillery

But redder yet that light shall glow  
 On Lunden's hills of stained snow,  
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
 Of Iser rolling rapidly

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
 Shout in their sulph'rous canopy

The combat deepens On, ye brave,  
 Who rush to glory or the grave!  
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,  
 And charge with all thy chivalry

Few, few shall part where many meet,  
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
 And every turf beneath their feet  
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre

---

*Battle of the Baltic.*

Of Nelson and the North  
 Sing the glorious day's renown,  
 When to the battle fierce came forth  
 All the might of Denmark's crown,  
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone;  
 By each gun the lighted brand  
 In a bold, determined hand,  
 And the Prince of all the land  
 Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat  
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine;  
 While the sign of battle flew  
 On the lofty British line

It was ten of April morn by the chime  
 As they drifted on their path,  
 There was silence deep as death,  
 And the boldest held his breath  
 For a time

But the might of England flushed  
 To anticipate the scene,  
 And her van the fleeter rushed  
 O'er the deadly space between  
 'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried, when each gun  
 From its adamant lips  
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
 Like the hurricane eclipse  
 Of the sun

Again! again! again!  
 And the havoc did not slack,  
 Till a feebler cheer the Dane  
 To our cheering sent us back,—  
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—  
 Then ceased—and all is wail,  
 As they strike the shattered sail,  
 Or, in conflagration pale,  
 Light the gloom

Out spoke the victor then,  
 As he hailed them o'er the wave,  
 'Ye are brothers! ye are men!  
 And we conquer but to save —  
 So peace instead of death let us bring,—  
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
 With the crews at England's feet,  
 And make submission meet  
 To our King'

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,  
 That he gave her wounds repose,  
 And the sounds of joy and grief  
 From her people wildly rose,  
 As death withdrew his shades from the day  
 While the sun looked smiling bright  
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,  
 Where the fires of funeral light  
 Died away

Now joy, Old England, raise !  
 For the tidings of thy might,  
 By the festal cities' blaze,  
 Whilst the wine cup shines in light,  
 And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,  
 Let us think of them that sleep,  
 Full many a fathom deep,  
 By thy wild and stormy steep,  
 Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride  
 Once so faithful and so true,  
 On the deck of fame that died,  
 With the gallant good Riou  
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !  
 While the billow mournful rolls,  
 And the mermaid's song condole,  
 Singing glory to the souls  
 Of the brave !

---

*The Rainbow.*

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky,  
 When storms prepare to part,  
 I ask not proud philosophy  
 To teach me what thou art

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,  
 A midway station given  
 For happy spirits to alight  
 Betwixt the earth and heaven

Can all that optics teach unfold  
 Thy form to please me so,  
 As when I dreamt of gems and gold  
 Hid in thy radiant bow ?

When Science from Creation's face  
 Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
 What lovely visions yield their place  
 To cold material laws !

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,  
 But words of the Most High,  
 Have told why first thy robe of beams  
 Was woven in the sky

CAMPBELL

When o'er the green undeluged earth  
Heaven's covenant, thou didst shine,  
How came the world's grey fathers forth  
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled  
O'er mountains yet untrod,  
Each mother held aloft her child  
To bless the bow of God

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,  
The first-made anthem rang  
On earth delivered from the deep,  
And the first poet sang

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye  
Unraptured greet thy beam  
Theme of primeval prophecy,  
Be still the prophet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,  
The lark thy welcome sings,  
When glittering in the freshened fields  
The snowy mushroom springs

How glorious is thy girdle, cast  
O'er mountain, tower, and town,  
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,  
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
As young thy beauties seem,  
As when the eagle from the ark  
First sported in thy beam

Foi, faithful to its sacred page,  
Heaven still rebuilds thy spin,  
Nor lets the type grow pale with age  
That first spoke peace to man

---

*The Mother.*

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,  
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps



She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,  
 Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,  
 And weaves a song of melancholy joy—  
 'Sleep, mine, of thy father, deep, my boy  
 No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine,  
 No sigh that reaches thy father's heart and mine,  
 Bright as his memory, sure the son shall be  
 In form and soul, but ah! more blest than he!  
 Thy form, thy worth, thy final love, it last,  
 Shall come this evening heart for all the past—  
 With many a smile my solitude repay,  
 And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away  
 And now, when summoned from the world and thee  
 I lay my head beneath the willow-tree,  
 Wilt thou, sweet mother! at my stone appear,  
 And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?  
 Oh, wilt thou come at evening hour, to shed  
 The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed,  
 With aching temples on thy hand reclined,  
 Mute on the last fire, all I leave behind,  
 Be thou a deep sigh to wind that murmur low,  
 And think on all my love, and all my woe!  
 Surprised affection, o'er the infant eye  
 Can look, regard, or brighten in reply  
 But when the cherub lip hath learnt to clum  
 A mother's ear by that endearing name,  
 Soon as the playful innocent can prove  
 A tear of pity, or a smile of love,  
 Or come his murmuring task beneath her care,  
 Or hope, with holy look, his evening prayer,  
 Or gaze, mutely pensive, sits to hear  
 The mournful ballad warbled in his ear,  
 How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,  
 At every artless tear, and every smile!  
 How glows the joyous parent to descri  
 A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

*The Pleasures of Hope*

REGINALD, HEBER,

BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

BORN 1783, DIED 1826

[See page 178]

*An Evening Walk in Bengal.*

OUR task is done ! on Gunga's breast  
 The sun is sinking down to rest ,  
 And, moor'd beneath the tamarind bough,  
 Our bark has found its harbour now  
 With furled sail, and painted side,  
 Behold the tiny frigate ride  
 Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams, ,  
 The Moslem's savoury supper steams ,  
 While all apart, beneath the wood,  
 The Hindoo cooks his simpler food  
 Come, walk with me the jungle through ,  
 If yonder hunter told us true,  
 Far off, in desert dank and rude,  
 The tiger holds his solitude ,  
 Nor (taught by recent harm to shun  
 The thunders of the English gun)  
 A dreadful guest, but rarely seen,  
 Returns to scare the village green  
 Come boldly on ! no venom'd snake  
 Can shelter in so cool a brake  
 Child of the sun ! he loves to lie  
 'Midst Nature's embers, parched and dry,  
 Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,  
 The peepul spreads its haunted shade ,  
 Or round a tomb his scales to wreath,  
 Fit warder in the gate of death !  
 Come on ! Yet pause ! behold us now  
 Beneath the bamboo's arch'd bough,  
 Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,  
 Grows the geranium's scarlet bloom,  
 And winds our path through many a bower  
 Of fragrant tree and giant flower ,  
 The ceiba's crimson pomp display'd  
 O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade, }  
 And dusk ananas' prickly blade , }

While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,  
 The belted waver hovers in air  
 With pendant tail and ringing wing,  
 Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs  
 And he the bird of hundred dyes,  
 With a plumage the doves of Asia prize—  
 So rich, so lovely, so green and red,  
 Out English hares never tread!  
 Yet a hound is hound before his wood,  
 But the night on Plover's good green wood?  
 At the hound's bay, beneath the palmy shade,  
 Hee the hound's bay, beneath the palmy shade,  
 And breathe the prayer (his oft refrain)  
 To gaze upon his lord's dog and  
 A to do to thought the jack larry  
 Remember the glory of a revelry,  
 And through the tall grassy fielding ray  
 Will surely come to you before day.  
 Yet mark the side the upper sky,  
 Each throat open to the sun and sea,  
 Before, behind, and round,  
 The fiery light in leap of day,  
 Retreating, changing, curling, & coming,  
 The dawning of the copse exploring  
 While to the east an even light  
 The broad Decuss bars his breast  
 Of fragrant scent, and virgin white  
 A pearl around the holes of night!  
 Still as you pass, in softest hum,  
 Along the breeze, all as you come  
 The village scene, the horn the dream  
 Still as we pass, from bush and bramb,  
 The shrill eagle strike his lyre,  
 And, what is there like a liquid stream  
 Falls through you eyes of sugar-cane?  
 I know that soul's strutting swell!  
 It is—it must be—Phidmel!  
 Enough, enough, the rustling trees  
 Announce a shower upon the breeze,—  
 The flashes of the summer sky  
 Assume a deeper, ruddier dye,  
 You lamp that trembles on the stream,  
 From forth our cabin sheds its beam  
 And we must only sleep, to find  
 Betwixt the morning's healthy wind

But oh !, with thankful hearts confess  
 Ev'n hero there may be happiness,  
 And He, the bounteous Sue, has given  
 His peace on earth—his hope of heaven

*Indian Journal*

## HORACE HAYMAN WILSON.

BORN 1786, DIED 1860

A great Sanskrit scholar. He published his *Hindoo Theatre* in 1827. He translated Kalidasa's *Meghaduta* in 1813, and many other Sanskrit works at various times.

### *The Yaksha's Wife \**

THERE in the fane, a beauteous creature stands,  
 The first best work of the Creator's hands,  
 Whose teeth like pearls, whose lips like *Bimbas* show,  
 And fawn-like eyes still tremble as they glow  
 Lone as the widowed *Chakravāki* mourns,  
 Her faithful memory to her husband turns,  
 And sad, and silent, shalt thou find my wife,  
 Half of my soul, and partner of my life,  
 Nipped by chill sorrow, as the flowers enfold  
 Their shrinking petals, from the withering cold  
 I view her now ! long weeping swells her eyes,  
 And those dear lips are dried by parching sighs,  
 Sad on her hand her pallid cheek declines,  
 And half unseen through veiling tresses shines,  
 As when a darkling night the moon enshrouds,  
 A few faint rays break straggling through the clouds  
 Now at thy sight I mark fresh sorrows flow,  
 And sacred sacrifice augments her woe  
 I mark her now, with fancy's aid retrace,  
 This wasted figure, and this haggard face,  
 Now from her favourite bud she seeks relief,  
 And tells the tuneful *Sārikā* her grief,  
 Mourns o'er the feathered prisoner's lashed fate,  
 And fondly questions of its absent mate

\*[A Yaksha, servant of the god Kuvera, having been banished for a year from his home, sends a message to his wife by a cloud—whence the name of the poem, *Meghaduta* or *Cloud-messenger*. The above is the description of his wife which the Yaksha gives to the cloud.]

In vain the lute for harmony is strung,  
 And round the ~~rob-~~neglected shoulder slung,  
 And faltering accents strive to catch in vain,  
 Our race's old commemorative strain  
 The falling tear that from reflection springs,  
 Corrodes incessantly the silvery strings;  
 Recurring woe still pressing on the heart,  
 The skilful hand forgets its graceful art,  
 And idly wandering strikes no measured tone,  
 But wakes a wild and warbling of its own  
 At times such solace animates her mind,  
 As widowed wives in cheerless absence find,  
 She counts the flowers now siled on the floor,  
 That graced with monthly piety the door,  
 Thence reckons up the period since from home,  
 And far from her, I was compelled to roam,  
 And deeming fond my term of exile run,  
 Conceives my homeward journey is begun.  
 Lightened by tasks like these the day proceeds,  
 But much I dread a bitterer night succeeds  
 When thou shalt view her on the earth's cold breast,  
 Or lonely couch of separation rest,  
 Disturbed by tears those pallid cheeks that burn,  
 And visions of her dearer half's return  
 Nor seeking sleep, a husband to restore,  
 And waking now, his absence to deplore,  
 Deprived of slumber by returning woes,  
 Or mocked by idle phantoms of repose,  
 Till her slight form, consumed by ceaseless pain,  
 Shows like the moon, fast hastening to its wane  
 Crisp from the purifying wave her hair  
 Conceals the charms, no more her pleasing care,  
 And with neglected nails her fingers chase,  
 Fatigued, the tresses wandering o'er her face  
 Firm winds the fillet, as it first was wove,  
 When fate relentless forced me from my love,  
 And never flowery wreaths, nor costly pearls,  
 Must hope to decorate the fettered curls,  
 Loosed by no hand, until the law divine  
 Accomplished, that delighted hand is mine  
 Dull as the flower when clouds through æther sweep,  
 Not wholly waking, nor resigned to sleep,  
 Her heavy eyelids languidly unclosed,  
 To where the moon its silvery radiance throws

Mild through the chamber, once a welcome light,  
 Avoided now, and hateful to her sight  
 Those charms that glittering ornaments oppress,  
 Those restless slumbers that proclaim distress,  
 That slender figure worn by grief severe,  
 Shall surely gain thy sympathizing tear,  
 For the soft breast is swift to overflow,  
 In moist compassion, at the claims of woe  
 The same fond wife as when compelled to part,  
 Her love was mine, I still possess her heart,  
 Her well known faith this confidence affords,  
 Nor vain conceit suggests unmeaning words,  
 No boaster I! and time shall quickly teach,  
 With observation joined, how just my speech

*Translation of Kâlidâsa's Meghadûta.*

## LORD BYRON.

BORN 1788, DIED 1824

Author of a large number of poems of great beauty, of which the most important are *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, published in 1812, *The Giaour* and *The Bride of Abydos* in 1813, *The Corsair* and *Lara* in 1814, *The Prisoner of Chillon* in 1816, and *Don Juan* in 1818-1823,

### *Farewell to England.*

ADIEU, adieu! my native shore  
 Fades o'er the waters blue,  
 The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
 Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
 We follow in his flight,  
 Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
 My native land—Good night!

'A few short hours and he will rise  
 To give the morrow birth,  
 And I shall hail the main and skies,  
 But not my mother earth  
 Deserted is my own good hall,  
 Its hearth is desolate,  
 Wild weeds are gathering on the wall,  
 My dog howls at the gate.

'Come hither, hither, my little page!  
 Why dost thou weep and wail?  
 Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,  
 Or tremble at the gale?  
 But dash the tear drop from thine eye,  
 Our ship is swift and strong,  
 Our fleetest falcon course can fly  
 More merrily along

'Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,  
 I fear not wave nor wind.  
 Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I  
 Am sorrowful in mind,  
 For I have from my father gone,  
 A mother whom I love,  
 And have no friend, save these alone,  
 But thee—and One above

'My father bid me fervently,  
 Yet did not much complain,  
 But sorely will my mother sigh  
 Till I come back again'—  
 'Enough, enough, my little lad!  
 Such tears become thine eye,  
 If I thy guile should own had,  
 Mine own would not be dry

'Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,  
 Why dost thou look so pale?  
 Or dost thou dread a French foeman?  
 Or shiver at the gale?'  
 'Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?  
 Sir Childe, I'm not so weak,  
 But thinking of an absent wife  
 Will blanch a faithful cheek

'My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,  
 Along the bordering lake,  
 And when they on their father call,  
 What answer shall she make?'  
 'Enough, enough, my yeoman good,  
 Thy grief let none gainsay,  
 But I, who am of lighter mood,  
 Will laugh to flee away'

'And now I'm in the world alone,  
 Upon the wide, wide sea  
 But why should I for others groan,  
 When none will sigh for me?  
 Perchance my dog will whine in vain,  
 Till fed by stranger hands,  
 But long ere I come back again,  
 He'd tear me where he stands

'With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go  
 Athwart the foaming brine,  
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
 So not again to mine  
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!  
 And when you fail my sight,  
 Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!  
 My native land—Good night!'

*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

### *Address to the Ocean*

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
 Stops with the shore, upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields  
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise  
 And shake him from thee, the vile strength he wields  
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,  
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,  
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray  
 And howling, to his gods, where haply lies  
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
 And dashest him again to earth —there let him lay

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make



Their clay created the vain title take  
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—  
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
 Ah! the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?  
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey  
 The stranger, slave, or savage, their decay  
 Has dried up realms to deserts—not so thou,  
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,  
 'Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—  
 Such as creation's day n beheld, thou rollest now

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests, in all time,—  
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
 Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,  
 The image of Iternity, the throne  
 Of the Invisible, even from out thy slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made, each zone  
 Obays thee, thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy  
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy  
 I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me  
 Were a delight, and if the freshening sea  
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,  
 For I was as it were a child of thee,  
 And trusted to thy billows fur and near.  
 And hnd my hand upon thy mane—as I do here

*Child's Harold's Pilgrimage.*

## REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

BORN 1791, DIED 1823

A poet, famous only for the *Burial of Sir John Moore*, which was published anonymously in 1817

*The Burial of Sir John Moore*

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried,  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning,  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
And the lanthorn dimly burning

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him,  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him

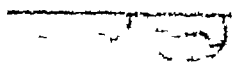
Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,  
But we steadfastly gaz'd on the face that was dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,  
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him

But half of our heavy task was done,  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory,  
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—  
 But we left him alone with his glory!



## FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

LORN 17 1, DIED 1833

Well known as the writer of many pleasant little poems, treating chiefly of domestic affections.

### *Casabianca*

Our boy stood on the burning deck,  
 Whence all but him had fled,  
 The flames that lit the battle's wreck,  
 Shone round him o'er the dead

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
 As born to rule the storm,  
 A creature of heroic blood,  
 A proud, though child-like form

The flames roll'd on—he would not go,  
 Without his father's word,  
 That father, faint in death below,  
 His voice no longer heard

He call'd aloud—'Saw father, say,  
 If yet my task is done?'  
 He knew not that the chieftain lay  
 Unconscious of his son

'Speak, father!' once again he cried,  
 'If I may yet be gone'  
 —And but the booming shots replied,  
 And fast the flames roll'd on

Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
 And in his waving hair,  
 And look'd from that lone post of death,  
 In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,  
'My father! must I stay?'  
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,  
The wreathing fires made way

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,  
They caught the flag on high,  
And stream'd above the gallant child,  
Like banners in the sky

There came a burst of thunder sound—  
The boy—oh! where was he?  
—Ask of the winds that far around  
With fragments strew'd the sea!

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
That well had borne their part—  
But the noblest thing that perish'd there,  
Was that young faithful heart

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## ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BORN 1809, DIED 1861

Mrs. Browning's best known works are *Aurora Leigh* and the *Casa Guidi Windows*, published in 1861

### *A Child Asleep*

How he sleepeth, having drunken  
Weary childhood's mandragore!  
From its pretty eyes have sunken  
Pleasures to make room for more,  
Sleeping near the withered nosegay which he pulled the day  
before

Vision unto vision calleth  
While the young child dreameth on  
Fair, O dreamer, thee befalleth  
With the glory thou hast won!  
Darker wast thou in the garden yesternorn by summer sun

We should see the spirits ringing  
 Round thee, were the clouds away  
 'Tis the child-heart draws them, singing  
 In the silent-seeming clay—  
 Singing! stars that seem the mutest go in music all the way  
 As the moths around a taper,  
 As the bees around a rose,  
 As the gnats around a vapour,  
 So the spirits group and close  
 Round about a holy childhood as if drinking its repose  
 Softly, softly! make no noises!  
 Now he lieth dead and dumb,  
 Now he hears the angels' voices  
 Folding silence in the room  
 Now he muses deep the meaning of the Heaven-words as they  
 come  
 Could ye bless him, father—mother,  
 Bless the dimple in his cheek?  
 Dare ye look at one another  
 And the benediction speak?  
 Would ye not break out in weeping and confess yourselves too  
 weak?  
 He is harmless, ye are sinful,  
 Ye are troubled, he at ease  
 From his slumber, virtue winful  
 Floweth outward with increase  
 Dare not bless him! but be blessed by his peace, and go in peace

---

## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BORN 1807, DIED 1882

### *A Psalm of Life*

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
 'Life is but an empty dream!'—  
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
 And things are not what they seem  
 Life is real! Life is earnest!  
 And the grave is not its goal,  
 'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'  
 Was not spoken of the soul

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way,  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act,—act in the living Present!  
Heart within and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time,—

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait

*Voices of the Night*

### *The Light of Stars*

THE night is come, but not too soon,  
And sinking silently,  
All silently, the little moon  
Drops down behind the sky

There is no light in earth or heaven,  
But the cold light of stars,  
And the first watch of night is given  
To the red planet Mars

Is it the tender star of love ?  
 The star of love and dreams ?  
 Oh, no ! from that blue tent above,  
 A hero's armour gleams

And earnest thoughts within me rise,  
 When I behold afar,  
 Suspended in the evening skies,  
 The shield of that red star

O star of strength ! I see thee stand  
 And smile upon my pain,  
 Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,  
 And I am strong again

Within my breast there is no light,  
 But the cold light of stars,  
 I give the first watch of the night  
 To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,  
 He rises in my breast,  
 Serene, and resolute, and still,  
 And calm, and self-possessed

And thou too, whosoe'er thou art  
 That readest this brief psalm,  
 As one by one thy hopes depart,  
 Be resolute and calm

Oh, fear not in a world like this,  
 And thou shalt know ere long,  
 Know how sublime a thing it is  
 To suffer and be strong

*Voices of the Night.*

ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L.

THE LATE POET LAUREATE.

BORN 1809, DIED 1892

*The Lord of Burleigh.*

IN her ear he whispers gaily,  
 'If my heart by signs can tell,  
 Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily,  
 And I think thou lov'st me well.'

She replies, in accents fainter,  
‘ There is none I love like thee ’  
He is but a landscape-painter,  
And a village maiden she  
He to lips, that fondly falter,  
Presses his without reproof  
Leads her to the village altar,  
And they leave her father’s roof  
‘ I can make no marriage present  
Little can I give my wife  
Love will make our cottage pleasant,  
And I love thee more than life ’  
They by parks and lodges going  
See the lordly castles stand  
Summer woods, about them blowing,  
Made a murmur in the land  
From deep thought himself he rouses,  
Says to her that loves him well,  
‘ Let us see these handsome houses  
Where the wealthy nobles dwell ’  
So she goes, by him attended,  
Hears him lovingly converse,  
Sees whatever fair and splendid  
Lay betwixt his home and hers,  
All he shows her makes him dearer  
Evermore she seems to gaze  
On that cottage growing nearer,  
Where they twain will spend their days.  
O but she will love him truly !  
He shall have a cheerful home,  
She will order all things duly,  
When beneath his roof they come.  
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,  
Till a gateway she discerns  
With armorial bearings stately,  
And beneath the gate she turns,  
Sees a mansion more majestic  
Than all those she saw before  
Many a gallant gay domestic  
Bows before him at the door  
And they speak in gentle murmur,  
When they answer to his call,  
While he treads with footstep firmer,  
Leading on from hall to hall



And, while now she wonders blindly,  
 Nor the meaning can divine,  
 Proudly turns he round and kindly,  
 'All of this is mine and thine'  
 Here he lives in state and bounty,  
 Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,  
 Not a lord in all the county  
 Is so great a lord as he.  
 All at once the colour flushes  
 Her sweet face from brow to chin  
 As it were with shame she blushes,  
 And her spirit changed within  
 Then her countenance all over  
 Pale again as death did prove  
 But he clasp'd her like a lover,  
 And he cheer'd her soul with love  
 So she strove against her weakness,  
 Tho' at times her spirit sank  
 Shaped her heart with woman's meekness  
 To all duties of her rank  
 And a gentle consort made he,  
 And her gentle mind was such  
 That she grew a noble lady,  
 And the people loved her much.  
 But a trouble weigh'd upon her,  
 And perplex'd her night and morn,  
 With the burthen of an honour  
 Unto which she was not born.  
 Faint she grew, and ever fainter,  
 And she murmured, 'Oh, that he  
 Were once more that landscape-painter  
 Which did win my heart from me !'  
 So she droop'd and droop'd before him,  
 Fading slowly from his side  
 Three fair children first she bore him,  
 Then before her time she died  
 Weeping, weeping late and early,  
 Walking up and pacing down,  
 Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh,  
 Burleigh-house by Stamford-town  
 And he came to look upon her,  
 And he look'd at her and said,  
 'Bring the dress and put it on her,  
 That she wore when she was wed'

Then her people, softly treading,  
Bore to earth her body, drest  
In the dress that she was wed in,  
That her spirit might have rest.

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## ROBERT BROWNING.

BORN 1812, DIED 1889

*Incident of the French Camp.*

## I

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon  
A mile or so away,  
On a little mound, Napoleon  
Stood on our storming-day,  
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,  
Legs wide, arms locked behind,  
As if to balance the prone brow  
Oppressive with its mind

## II

Just as perhaps he mused 'My plans  
'That soar, to earth may fall,  
'Let once my army-leader Lannes  
'Waver at yonder wall,'—  
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew  
A rider, bound on bound  
Full-galloping, nor bridle drew  
Until he reached the mound

## III

Then off there flung in smiling joy,  
And held himself erect  
By just his horse's mane, a boy  
You hardly could suspect—  
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,  
Scarce any blood came through)  
You looked twice ere you saw his breast  
Was all but shot in two

## IV

'Well,' cried he, 'Emperor, by God's grace  
 'We've got you Ratsbon!  
 'The Marshal's in the market-place,  
 'And you'll be there anon  
 'To see your flag-bird flap his vans  
 'Where I, to heart's desire,  
 Perched him!'—The Chief's eye flashed, his plans  
 Sonied up again like fire

## V

The Chief's eye flashed, but prescntly  
 Softened itself, as sheathes  
 A film the mother-eagle's eye  
 When her bruised eaglet breathes  
 'You're wounded!'—'Nay,' his soldier's pride  
 Touched to the quick, he said  
 'I'm killed, Sire!'—And his Chief beside,  
 Smiling the boy fell dead

*'How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix'*

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he,  
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three,  
 'Good speed!' cried the watch, as the gate bolts undrew,  
 'Speed!' echoed the wall to us galloping through,  
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,  
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast

'Twas moonset at starting, but while we drew near  
 Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear,  
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see,  
 At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be,  
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,  
 So Joris broke silence with, 'Yet there is time!'

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,  
 And against him the cattle stood, black every one,  
 To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,  
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,  
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away  
 The haze, as some bluff river-headland its spray

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back  
 For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track,  
 And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance  
 O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!  
 And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon  
 His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned, and cried Joris, 'Stay spur!  
 'Your Ross galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,  
 'We'll remember at Aix'—for one heard the quick wheeze  
 Of her chest, saw her stretched neck and staggering knees,  
 And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,  
 As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank

So we were left galloping, Joris and I, *west*,  
 Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky,  
 The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,  
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff  
 Till over by Dalhem a dome spire sprang white,  
 And 'Gallop,' gasped Joris, 'for Aix is in sight!'

'How they'll greet us!'—and all in a moment his roan  
 Rolled neck and crop over, lay dead as a stone,  
 And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight  
 Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,  
 With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,  
 And with circles of red for his eye sockets' rim

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,  
 Shook off both my jack boots, let go belt and all,  
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,  
 Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer,  
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or  
     good,  
 Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood

And all I remember is, friends flocking round  
 As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,  
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,  
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,  
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)  
 Was no more than his due who brought good news from  
 Ghent—*Lyrics*

R. T. H. GRIFFITH, M.A.

*Principal of Benares College*

A LIVING ANGLO INDIAN AUTHOR.

*Ayodhya.\**

On pleasant Sarju's† fertile side  
 There lies a rich domain,  
 With countless herds of cattle thronged,  
 And gay with golden grain  
 There, built by Manu,‡ Prince of men,  
 That saint by all revered,  
 Ayodhya, famed through every land,  
 Her stately towers upreared  
 Her vast extent, her structures high,  
 With every beauty deckt,  
 Like Indra's city,§ showed the skill  
 Of godlike architect  
 Or, like a bright creation sprung  
 From limner's magic art,  
 She seemed too beautiful for stone  
 So fair was every part  
 Twelve leagues the queenly city lay  
 Down the broad river's side,  
 And, guarded well with moat and wall,  
 The foeman's power defied  
 Here ample streets were nobly planned,  
 And streams of water flowed  
 To keep the fragrant blossoms fresh  
 That strewed her royal road  
 There many a princely palace stood,  
 In line, on level ground,  
 Here temple, and triumphal arc,  
 And rampart banner-crowned  
 There gilded turrets rose on high  
 Above the waving green  
 Of mango-groves and bloomy trees,  
 And flowery knots between.

\* The ruins of the ancient capital of Rama and the Children of the Sun may still be traced in the present Ayudhya, near Fyzabad. Ayudhya is the Jerusalem or Mecca of the Hindus

† The Sarju or Ghagra, anciently called Sarayu, rises in the Himalayas, and after flowing through the province of Oudh falls into the Ganges.

‡ This Manu was the first prince of the Solar dynasty 'First Manu reigned, revered by every sage.'—*Raghuransa*, I 16

§ Indra is the Hindu Jove The name of his celestial city is Amaravati.

On battlement and gilded spire  
     The pennon streamed in state,  
 And warders, with the ready bow,  
     Keep watch at every gate  
 She shone a very mine of gems,  
     The throne of Fortune's Queen  
 So many-hued her gay parterres,  
     So bright her fountains' sheen.  
 Her pleasure-grounds were filled at eve  
     With many a happy throng,  
 And ever echoed with the sound  
     Of merry feast and song  
 For meat and drink of noblest sort  
     In plenty there were stored  
 And all enjoyed their share of wealth,  
     Nor heaped the miser's hoard.  
 At morn the blossom-scented air  
     The clouds of incense stirred,  
 And blended, with the wreath's perfume,  
     The sweet fresh smell of curd  
 Streamed through her streets, in endless line,  
     Slow wain and flying car  
 Horse, elephant, and merchant train,  
     And envoys from afar  
 Her ample arsenals were filled  
     With sword, and club, and mace  
 And wondrous engines, dealing death,\*  
     Within her towers had place  
 Nor there unknown the peaceful arts  
     That youthful souls entrance,  
 Of player, minstrel, mime, and bard,  
     And girls that weave the dance  
     here rose to heaven the Veda-chant,  
     Here blent the lyre and lute  
 There rang the stalwart archer's string,  
     Here softly breathed the flute  
 The swiftest horses whirled her cars,  
     Of noblest form and breed  
 Vanayu's † mare that mocked the wind,  
     And Vahli's ‡ fiery steed.

\* The *sataghni*, i.e. *centicide*, or slayer of a hundred, is generally supposed, says Wilson, to be a sort of fire-arms, or the ancient Indian rocket, but it is also described as a stone set round with iron spikes

† The situation of Vanayu is not exactly determined it seems to have lain to the north-west of India

There elephants, that once had roamed  
     On Vindhya's mountains, vied  
 With monsters from the bosky dells  
     That shag Himalaya's side  
 The best of Brahmans, gathered there,  
     The flame of worship fed,  
 And, versed in all the Vedas' lore,  
     Their lives of virtue led  
 By penance, charity, and truth,  
     They kept each sense controlled,  
 And, giving freely of their store,  
     Rivalled the saints of old  
 Her dames were peerless for the charm  
     Of figure, voice, and face  
 For lovely modesty and truth,  
     And woman's gentle grace  
 Their husbands, loyal, wise, and kind,  
     Were heroes in the field,  
 And, sternly battling with the foe,  
     Could die, but never yield  
 The poorest man was richly blest  
     With knowledge, wit, and health,  
 Each lived contented with his own,  
     Nor envied others' wealth  
 All scorned to lie no miser there  
     His buried silver stored  
 The braggart and the boast were shunned,  
     The slanderous tongue abhorred  
 Each kept his high observances,  
     And loved one faithful spouse,  
 And troops of happy children crowned,  
     With fruit, their holy vows

*Scenes from the Rámáyana.*

### *Mother and Son*

Rama goes from the presence of his afflicted father and exulting stepmother to pay a farewell visit to Kausalyá, who is full of joyful anticipations on her son's account.

ON to his mother's splendid bower he went,  
 And found the queen on holy rites intent

There oil, and rice, and brimming vases stood,  
 With wreaths of flowers and curds, and cates, and wood.  
 She with her thin cheek pale with many a fast,  
 And many a night in painful vigil past,  
 In linen robes of purest white arrayed,  
 To Lakshmi, Queen of Heaven, her offerings made  
 Soon as she saw the dailng of her soul,  
 As a fond mare who springs to meet her foal,  
 To greet her son, unseen so long, she flew,  
 And round his neck her tender arms she threw  
 'May all the glories of thy royal line,'  
 She cried, with kisses on his brow, 'be thine  
 Be wise and mighty like thy sres of old,  
 Be good and noble, pious, lofty-souled  
 This day thy father's faithful love is shown  
 This day he sets thee on his ancient throne'

Then answered Rama, 'Dearest lady, know  
 That danger threatens, fraught with mighty woe  
 My father's choice this day makes Bharat heir,  
 And I must hence to Dandak's wood, and there,  
 Living on fruit and honey, hermit's food,  
 Pass twice seven dreary years in solitude'

Swift as a Sal branch, by the woodman lopt  
 In some primeval grove, the lady dropt  
 And lay upon the ground So falls a mare  
 Beneath the load she strives in vain to bear  
 And Rama raised her up, and brusht away  
 The dust that on her arms and shoulders lay  
 'A grief more sore, she cried, 'I ne'er could mourn  
 If thou hadst never, O my son, been born,  
 Yet, well I know, their childless fate, to those  
 Who pine for offspring, is the crown of woes  
 I, eldest queen, to those I scorn, must bend,  
 And let my rival's taunt my bosom rend  
 What woman's lot can be so hard as mine,  
 In endless woe and mourning doomed to pine?  
 Have they not scorned me when my son was near?  
 And death will follow when thou art not here  
 'Twas ne'er my lot my husband's love to gain,  
 And now I'm mockt by proud Kaikeyi's train,  
 And those who served me once, a faithless band,  
 Now far aloof in gloomy silence stand  
 How shall I brook her scolding tongue to hear,  
 And, better far than she, her anger fear?



Since thou wast born ('tis seventeen years ago),  
 I've lookt to thee one day to end my woe  
 Now what remains but shame and grief, a share  
 Of trouble heavier than my soul can bear !  
 How will my gloomy days go darkly by  
 Without thy moon-bright face to cheer mine eye ?  
 Alas ! my cares thy tender years to train,  
 And all my vows and fasts and prayers were vain.  
 Hard is my heart, or surely it had burst  
 When the wild rush of sorrow reacht it first,  
 As in the rains no river bank can hold  
 The headlong torrent from the mountains rolled  
 Ah no ! my death is not allowed by fate,  
 Nor open for me the Gloomy King his gate  
 He will not take me to his home away,  
 A lion pitying his weeping prey  
 Death will not listen to a wretch's cry,  
 Nor take his soul ere fate would have him die,  
 Or I, bereaved of my son, had fled  
 To Yama's home, and been among the dead  
 Why should I live without thee ? I will go  
 After thee, Rama, though my steps be slow,  
 As a poor cow, in her great love, will run  
 Watching the wanderings of her little one '

While sad Kausalya wept and groined and sighed,  
 Thus, moved with righteous anger, Lakshman cried  
 'O venerable queen, I like it not  
 That Rama, victim of a woman's plot,  
 Should fly an exile to the woods, and leave  
 The land to languish and his friends to grieve  
 The king, luxurious, doting, old, and weak,  
 Will hear her voice and, as she orders, speak  
 But why should Rama, pure of sin and stain,  
 Flee from his kingdom to a life of pain ?  
 What man could ever, deaf to duty's call,  
 Forsake his God-like son beloved of all ?  
 What son, that father's senseless will, obey,  
 In second childhood 'neath a woman's sway ?  
 Come, Rama, come, and, ere this plot be known,  
 Accept my succour and secure the throne  
 Before thy face what foe will dare to stand  
 When thou art guarded by my good right hand ?  
 Nay, like the grisly Monarch of the Dead,  
 Thine eye alone will strike the bold with dread  
 Or, if thou wilt, mine arrows and my bow  
 Shall lay all dwellers in Ayodhya low .

GRIFFITH

So shall the foemen find mine arm is strong ,  
 The patient ever are the prey of wrong.  
 Nay, were it not that Queen Kaikeyi's art  
 Has swayed our father and destroyed his heart,  
 My voice should now his ruthless hate arraign,  
 And cry, The monarch shall be slain, be slain  
 Queen, by this bow and by my faith I swear,  
 To thy dear Rama such the love I bear,  
 Come life, come death, our path shall be the same,  
 To the wild forest or the deadly flame  
 Come, try my love, and let me prove my might  
 Before thy presence and in Rama's sight  
 Before my power thy woe shall flee away,  
 As the night flees before the morning ray ' &  
 ' O Rama, hear him,' thus, with streaming eyes,  
 Cried sad Kausalya, ' for his words are wise  
 Wilt thou, obedient to my rival's will,  
 Please her who hates thee, and thy mother kill ?  
 If love and honour to thy sire be due,  
 Hast thou no honour for thy mother too ?  
 My life were woe without thee, but how sweet,  
 With thee, dear son, though grass were all my meat !  
 But if no prayers thy firm resolve can bend,  
 I fly to death, my hopeless woe to end ,  
 And thou, thy mother's murderer, wilt bear  
 The punishment of Hell and torment there '  
 ' Forgive me, mother,' thus the hero spake,  
 ' I have no power my sire's command to break  
 See, at thy honoured feet I bend me low  
 Once more forgive me, for I needs must go  
 Not I the first this path of duty tread,  
 Of yore 'twas trodden by the mighty dead.  
 Now let me hear, dear queen, thy kind farewell ,  
 But if I go in distant wilds to dwell,  
 'Tis not for ever, mother, that I leave  
 My home and thee    Again thou shalt receive  
 Thy son with rapture, all his exile o'er ,  
 Then be thou comforted and grieve no more '  
 ' If thou wilt listen to no prayers of mine,  
 Go forth,' she cried, ' thou best of Raghu's line !  
 Go forth, my darling, and return with speed,  
 And tread the path where noble spirits lead.  
 May Virtue ever on thy steps attend,  
 And thee, her lover, from all woe defend  
 May all the gods to whom thy vows are paid,  
 And all the mighty saints afford their aid.

# MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE

The heavenly arms, that Viswamitra \* gave,  
 Thy precious life in hours of danger save !  
 Thy filial love and meek obedience arm  
 Thy soul, my Rama, like a mystic charm !  
 May every shrine where sacred grass is spread,  
 And every altar where the flame is fed,  
 Lake and wild mountain, bush and towering tree,  
 Give ready succour, O my son, to thee  
 May Vishnu, Brahma, and the Sun befriend,  
 And all the powers their high protection lend  
 The years, the seasons, months, and nights and days,  
 And hours, watch over thee in all thy ways !  
 Eternal Scripture and the Law revealed  
 To ancient sages be thy trusty shield !  
 The War-god aid thee, and the Moon on high,  
 And wise Brihaspati be ever nigh  
 Thy help be Narad † and the sainted Seven,  
 And the great liminary lords of heaven ! ‡  
 Yea, these shall guard thee, when their praise I sing,  
 The hills, the waters, and the waters' king  
 The sky and ether, earth and wandering air,  
 Protect thee ever with their fostering care !  
 Each lunar mansion be for thee benign  
 With happier light for thee the planets shine !  
 Thou shalt not fear, by guardian angels screened,  
 The savage giant or night-roving fiend  
 Before thy steps let cruel tigers flee,  
 Let bears and lions never injure thee,  
 And mighty elephants that wander wild  
 Forbear to touch thy life, my noble child  
 May all thy ways be happy ! may success  
 With golden fruit thy hope and labour bless !  
 Loved by all gods around, above, below,  
 Go forth, my son, my pride and glory, go !  
 Then, on his knees before her, Rama fell,  
 Prest her dear feet and said his last farewell ,  
 And, radiant with the light her blessings lent,  
 To Sita's home his anxious steps he bent

*Scenes from the Rámáyana.*

\* A saint, the friend and preceptor of Rama

† A son of Brahma.

‡ Eight gods, regents of the four quarters and intermediate points of the compass.

*The Triumph of Love.*

But Rama's hardest trial yet remains, the parting from Sita, his lovely and beloved wife. He briefly tells her of his altered lot, and bids her in his absence carefully discharge her duties to the gods, his father, the three queens, the new king Bharat, and his brothers. She tells him that man and wife are not thus to be parted, and declares that whithersoever he goes she will go also. In vain he sets before her the dangers and miseries that wait on banishment. Truth smiles at fear, and Love sees a paradise in the wild with him. Rama yields to the passionate prayers of his devoted wife, and allows her to accompany him to the forest.

As through his stately halls the hero past,  
His eye was drooping and his brow o'ercast  
And Sita rose and trembled, quick to trace  
The thought and sorrow on his darkened face,  
For his strong bosom could no longer bear  
The load of anguish that was heavy there  
Soon as she markt the clammy drops that hung  
On his pale cheek, she cried, with faltering tongue •  
'What ails thee, O my lord? This happy day  
Should see thee joyful all but thou art gay  
Why does no royal canopy, like foam  
For its white beauty, shade thee to thy home?  
Where are the tuneful bards thy deeds to sing?  
Where are the fans that wave before the king?  
Why doth the city send no merry throng  
To bring thee home with melody and song?  
Why doth no gilded car thy triumph lead,  
With four brave horses of the swiftest breed?  
No favoured elephant precede the crowd,  
Like a black mountain or a thunder-cloud?  
No herald march in front of thee to hold  
The precious burthen of thy throne of gold?  
If thou be king, ordained this day, then why  
This sorry plight, pale cheek, and gloomy eye?'

Thus Sita questioned in her wild suspense  
And Rama said 'My father sends me hence  
An exile to the forest hear me tell  
The story, Sita, as it all befell  
Of old, to Queen Kaikeyi, bound by oath,  
Two boons he granted now she claims them both.  
All was prepared for me my father now  
Is forced by Duty's mightier law to bow,

MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

So Bharat sits upon the throne, and I  
 For twice seven years to distant forests fly.  
 Only to see thee ere we part I came,  
 And now, dear Sita, never praise my name  
 [n Bharat's presence ! others' praise to hear  
 [s never welcome to a monarch's ear  
 To him my father gives divided sway,  
 Do thou with willing love his rule obey  
 With tender care the king's desire prevent,  
 Be ever gentle, humble, and content  
 I go be firm and strong, my noble spouse,  
 Keep well thy fasts and guard thy holy vows  
 Rise from thy bed when day begins to break,  
 And to the gods thy constant offerings make  
 Then let the king thy duteous thoughts engage,  
 And cheer Kausalya worn with woe and age  
 Then to the consort-queens thy love be shown,  
 They are my mothers even as mine own.  
 And O, forget not, Rama's brothers' claim,  
 Loved like his life, the love of Rama's dame  
 And never vex King Bharat's soul, for he  
 Is lord of all the land, our house, and thee  
 Then here, obedient to his will, remain  
 Honour thy king and all thy vows maintain'  
 'Beseems,' she cried, 'this speech thy royal race  
 To thee a blot, to me a foul disgrace?  
 Master of weapons, lord of deadly strife,  
 Hear thou the duty of a warrior's wife  
 Know that the father, mother, brother, son,  
 Obtain the lot their former deeds have won  
 The wife alone her husband's fate must share,  
 And in thy trouble I my part will bear  
 For not on father, mother, son, or friend,  
 But on her husband, must the wife depend  
 And, if thou seek the wood, thy wife has sworn  
 To smooth thy path, nor let thy feet be torn.  
 No guile is in me from thy bosom throw  
 The dregs of doubt, and give me leave to go  
 I spurn the terrace and the pleasant seat  
 Mine be the joy to guard thy cherished feet  
 Obedient ever to my parents' sway,  
 I will not hearken if they bid me stay.  
 I will go forth, the lonely wood to roam,  
 The lion's dwelling and the tiger's home,

Happy and heedless, from all terror free,  
Careless of empire, caring but for thee  
With thee, delighted, will I wander where  
Blooms, dropping honey, scent the woodland air.  
Obeying thee, and keeping still my vow,  
I will not tremble by thy side, for thou  
Wouldst keep a stranger safe, and, sure, thine arm  
Will guard thy Sita from all fear of harm  
I will not be a charge to thee sweet fruits  
The trees will yield me, and the earth her roots  
I will go first and, treading down the grass,  
Make the way pleasant for my love to pass,  
On the soft turf disclose my gathered store,  
And sit and banquet when thy meal is o'er  
O, how I long, dear lord, to gaze my fill,  
Guarded by thee, on lake, and wood, and hill,  
See the red lilies in their native springs,  
And gay flamingoes with their rosy wings!  
And o'er my limbs those pleasant waters poured  
Shall banish languor, O my large eyed lord  
A thousand years would seem a single day  
If spent with thee, but, were my love away,  
Heaven would not charm me O, be sure of this,  
Without my love there is no heaven, no bliss'

Lost in deep thought awhile the hero stood,  
And feared to lead her to the lonely wood  
With soothing words he strove her tears to dry,  
And gently answered with a moistened eye  
'O virtuous daughter of a noble line,  
To hear my words thy tender heart incline  
Here, dutious ever, still in peace remain  
Life in the woods is nought but grief and pain.  
There roars the lion in his rocky cave,  
Loud as the torrents down the hill that rave.  
There savage beasts in horrid ambush lie,  
And rend the heedless wretch who passes by  
Floods, where the crocodile delights to play,  
And furious elephants, the eye dismay  
Then on the gale the wolf's long howl is borne  
Through a wild wilderness of sand and thorn  
On the cold ground or on a scanty heap  
Of gathered leaves the homeless wretch must sleep,  
And stay his hunger with what fruit the blast  
Hurls from the branches for his sad repast.  
A coat of bark or skin his only wear,  
Rough and untrimmed must be his matted hair

MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE

Now on a snake the heedless foot will fall,  
Now in thy path a deadly scorpion crawl,  
And slimy reptiles creeping from the lake,  
And clouds of gnats, thy troubled slumber break.  
Enough, dear love, the wood is full of fear  
Remain, my Sita, and be happy here'

Then Sita spoke once more with weeping eyes,  
Her voice half mastered by her sobs and sighs  
'The woe, the terror, all the toil and pain,  
Joined with thy love, to me are joy and gain  
Lion and tiger, elephant and boat,  
And all the monsters thou hast counted o'er,  
Soon as my Rama's glorious form they see,  
In trembling fear will turn away and flee  
Not Indra's self, the ruler of the sky,  
Would dare to harm me when my lord is nigh  
Long years ago I heard a sage foretell  
That in the woods should be my fate to dwell  
The time is come now make that promise true,  
And when thou goest take thy Sita too  
O, let me go, whate'er I may endure,  
Following thee, will make my soul more pure,  
So joy shall crown me in the after life,  
For thou art God unto thy loving wife  
Hear the high truth which saintly priests declare,  
The after life rejoins the wedded pair  
But if thou wilt to no entreaties bend,  
Poison or flood or flame my life shall end  
Fear not for me when by thy side I go  
My happy feet will never weary grow  
Though wild and rough the thorny ways I tread,  
They shall feel softer than a silken bed.  
When the wild wind with dust my raiment dims,  
I'll call it perfume to refresh my limbs.  
And when with thee in grassy glades I lie,  
Watching the landscape with delighted eye,  
Till, by thy side, I gently sink to rest,  
What thing on earth shall be so richly blest?  
The fruit thy dear hand gives me there to eat,  
Little or much, shall be, like amrit, sweet  
Ne'er will I murmur at my lot, or grieve  
For mother, father, or the home I leave  
My food shall be wild fruit, the flower, the weed;  
I will not vex thee by a word or deed.

With thee is heaven, where'er thou art not, hell  
 O lead me hence, that I in heaven may dwell '  
 Then with a bitter cry her arms she flung  
 Round Rama's neck, and there in anguish clung,  
 While from her eyes-pure floods, as from a pair  
 Of lotuses, poured down at every prayer

He gently held her, raised her drooping head,  
 And stayed the sweet soul that had well-nigh fled  
 'Not heaven shall bribe me from my wife to part  
 I knew not, love, the strength of thy fond heart,  
 And hence in doubt thy prayer I first denied,  
 Though nought can harm thee by thy Rama's side  
 Yea, thou wast formed by heaven to share my fate,  
 To soothe my sorrows and divide their weight  
 As powerless I to leave my love behind,  
 As a high saint his pity for mankind  
 And now my duty leads me far away  
 My sire commands it, and I must obey  
 Whate'er the order that my parents give,  
 I yield obedience, or must cease to live  
 No, Sita, not the sacrificial blaze,  
 True heart, or liberal hand, or lip of praise,  
 Will with such lasting joy the spirit fill,  
 As glad obedience to a father's will  
 Come to the wood and aid my duties there,  
 But first at home thy helping hand prepare  
 Arise, dear wife, nor let thy steps be slow,  
 Scatter our treasures quickly ere we go  
 Bring forth thy corn and oil the poor to feast,  
 Give gold and jewels to each white-robed priest,  
 Gems and rich raiment, all thou hast beside,  
 Among thy maidens and the men divide '

Then Lakshman's eyes with generous tears o'erflowed  
 As his breast laboured with its grievous load  
 He with fond touch his brother's feet caress'd,  
 And thus the hero and his wife address'd  
 'Is such the purpose of thy changeless mind?  
 I with my trusty bow will walk behind  
 Thy distant way through forest wilds will lead,  
 Where many a bird and gallant stag may bleed  
 I would not leave thee to arise a god,  
 Though heaven and earth and hell obeyed my nod '  
 'Dear as my life, my good and faithful friend,  
 Mine own dear brother,' Rama cried, 'attend.  
 Then were Sumitra of her hope bereft,  
 And sad Kausalya with no guardian left



MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE

He who rains gifts, as Indra rains above,  
Lies a poor captive in the snares of love,  
And she, proud captor, now a queen indeed,  
Will reckon but little of her rival's need  
Thine be the sacred duty to protect  
Our honoured mothers from the queen's neglect'  
'O Rama, fear not' Lakshman thus replied  
'In Bharat's love and Bharat's care confide  
If through his crime the kingdom suffer ill,  
My vengeful hand the traitor's blood shall spill  
Yea, though auxiliar worlds were ranged in aid,  
They should not save him be not thou afraid  
For Queen Kausalya, from her ample stores,  
Can raise a host like me to guard her doors  
Her thousand hamlets, rich with golden grain,  
Will keep her nobly and a regal train  
Turn me not back allow the earnest claim  
Which all will own, and hardly thou canst blame  
I shall rejoice, and thou wilt fain confess  
Thy brother's presence makes thy labour less  
For in my hand I'll bear my shafts and bow,  
A spade and basket o'er my shoulder throw  
I'll go before thee, and with watchful care  
The way for Sita and for thee prepare  
I'll fetch thee roots and berries, ripe and sweet,  
And the best fruits the gentle hermits eat  
Thou shalt with Sita on the slopes recline,  
And all the labour shall be only mine'

And Rama answered, joying at his speech  
'Then seek thy friends and bid farewell to each,  
And those two bows of heavenly fabric bring  
Which ocean's lord erst gave Videha's king,  
Those death-fraught quivers, coats of steel-proof mail,  
And swords whose flashes make the sunbeams pale'

*Scenes from the Rāmāyana.*

— Singh

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